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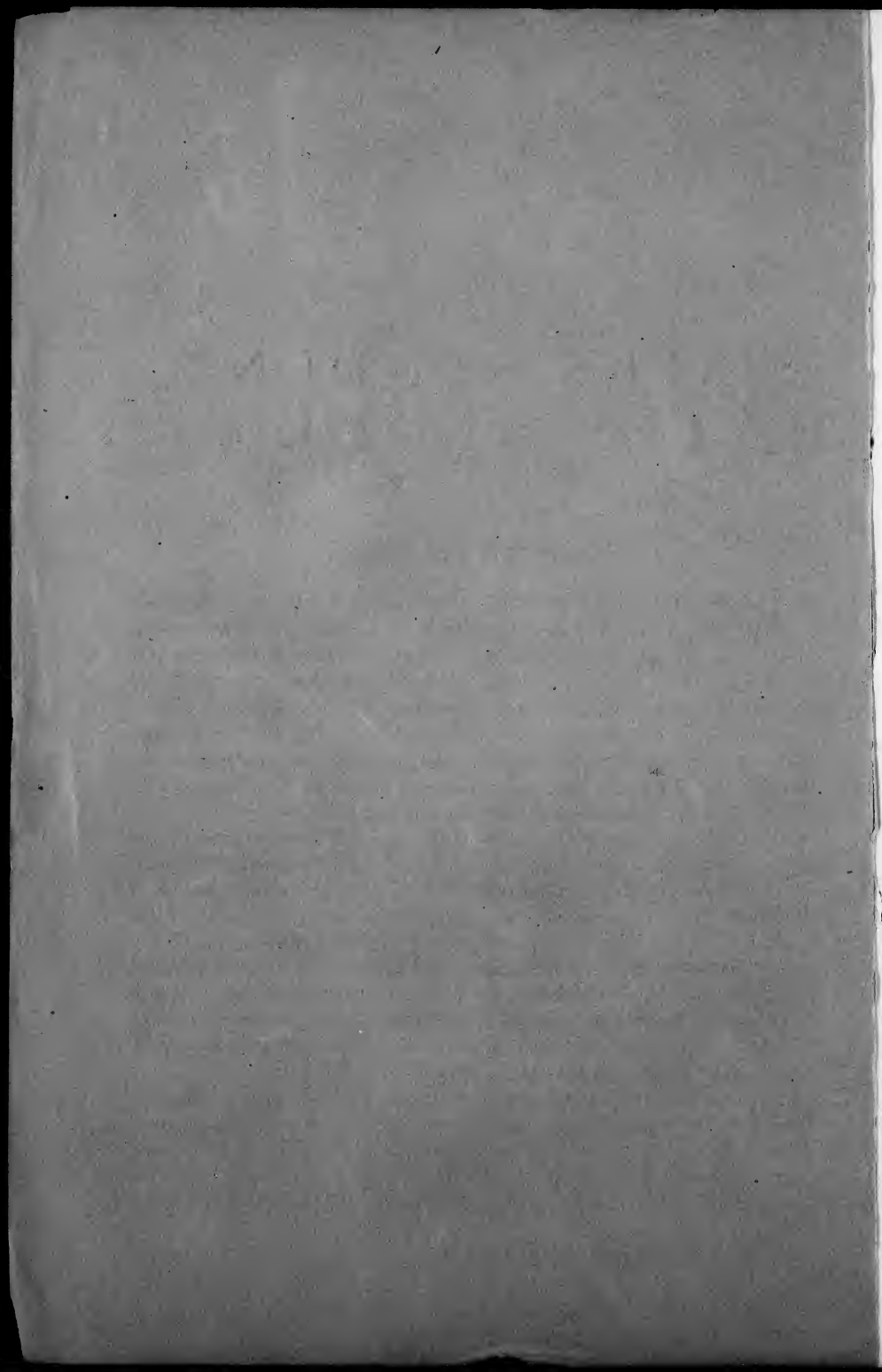
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JOHN STUART MILL.

“**B**EWARE,” says Emerson, “when a great thinker is let loose upon the planet.” Perhaps no man of the present century has done more to give form and tone to philosophic thought, among English-speaking people, than the subject of this article. Since the decease of Mill, his autobiography has awakened fresh interest in a life most remarkable and unique. It has a special interest for American students from the fact that during the late rebellion, when almost the entire upper and middle classes in England were in sympathy with the Confederacy Mill’s voice and pen were employed in hearty support of the Government. His timely publication, in 1862, of the “Contest in America,” furnished a nucleus of liberal opinion which rapidly increased till the end of the contest. Mill was emphatically a man of culture. His has

been called “the most elaborate mind of our age.” But he was no recluse. His interest in social and political questions was deep and constant. The highest ambition, even of his youth, was to become a reformer. He is known as an advanced liberal, in Parliament, but he is best and most widely known as a publicist. His most important works treat of logic, political and social economy, and prevailing systems of philosophy; the psychological basis of his system is that of his father and Dr. Brown. His metaphysical system is substantially that of Hobbs and Comte; and he did more than any other man to introduce Comte’s works into England.

It may be said, however, that he sometimes seems to be inconsistent with the systems which he adopts. He derives all knowledge from experience. His definition of matter

is "a permanent possibility of sensation," and of mind "a series of feelings with a background of possibilities of feeling." He is so far an idealist as to admit that the existence of the external world cannot be proved. His "System of Logic," illustrated from his familiar acquaintance with modern discoveries in physics, is the most elaborate treatise on that subject in the language.

In ethics he was a Utilitarian, and was the first to assume that name. He says he did not invent the term, but found it in one of Galt's novels. His real views are those of his father, for whom he had a profound respect, and Bentham, modified by his own original thinking. He makes moral sensibilities the result of association, and innate emotion, if it exists at all, "a regard to the pleasures and pains of others."

At first an advocate of pure democracy, he came to embrace a theory of government by the educated few, who should be, in some way, responsible to the people, but whose decisions should be the ultimate authority. This was his Utopia.

In religion he was simply negative. His ideal of a true life was to be wholly without religion, and free from its influence. He says, in his Autobiography, "I am one of the very few examples, in this country, of one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it. I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as

something which in no way concerned me. It did not seem to me more strange that English people should believe what I did not, than that the men I read of in Herodotus should have done so." He had early learned from his father to regard all that religion claimed to teach, as belonging to the unknowable. But if anything is needed to counteract the influence of this side of Mill's character, it is found in his own confession of restlessness and misery, partially relieved by recourse to poetry, and finally smothered by an idolatrous love for the woman who became his wife, till, at her death at Avignon, he buried, not only his joy, but his hope.

He says that in writing his Autobiography, his first object was the influence which it might have on education; and the story of his studies is, perhaps, the most interesting and important part of the history of his life. His father determined to educate him according to his own plan, and, at the age of three years, he began to teach him Greek. He tells us that before he was eight years old he had read all of Herodotus, Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, Memorials of Socrates, and parts of Diogenes Laertius, and Isocrates. At twelve he had written, from Livy and Dionysius, a history of the Roman government; had read more of the Latin classics than is read in any American college, and was studying logic and political

economy. At fourteen, before most boys seriously begin the work of education, his education, so far as it was directed by others, was finished. Mill says that he was "neither extremely quick of apprehension, nor possessed of a very retentive memory." "What I could do," he says, "could assuredly be done by any boy or girl of average capacity." Do not such cases as this suggest some radical change in the methods of primary education? He attributes his intellectual pre-eminence solely to the fact that he had the "advantage of at least a quarter of a century over his contemporaries."

Another peculiarity of his education is that he was very early required to think for himself. "Nothing that could be thought out," he says, "was ever told me." His lessons were recited, not from his books, but from notes which he took of them. His education was not cramming, but culture; not a burdening of his faculties, but a strengthening of them. One result of this independent thinking was that, while he always regarded his father as an almost infallible oracle of truth, he yet held many of his opinions in greatly modified form, and wholly

rejected others. Is not the great fault of the American system of public education, both in school and college, what Agassiz so earnestly declared it to be, that it is too much a mere text-book education? And does not this account for much of the lack of vigor and originality in modern literature?

Mill's culture, however, was mainly intellectual. He was little more than a thinking machine, and this had its legitimate effect upon his life and character. It made him an egotist, and it took away his sympathy with men. Of the society of England he says, "To a person of any but a very common order of thought and feeling, it must be supremely unattractive." And he adds, "A person of high intellect should never go into unintellectual society, unless he can enter it as an apostle." While Mill's education was thorough, it was one-sided. It broadened his mind, but it narrowed his heart. No culture is complete which does not develop the whole man, and broaden his sympathies as well as his opinions. Mill felt estranged from the human brotherhood, because he did not recognize the Divine Fatherhood.

AD STELLAM.

THOU of the silver sheen, that, poised in heaven's stupendous height,
 Hung gleaming o'er foul Chaos ere Creative Word brought light,
 Say, as from out thy caverned chambers in eternal space,
 Thou glimmered through unmeasured depths in thine aerial race,
 Were thy faint rays a witness when God's power strode the earth,
 And to the dead, dull, moonless orb, gave glorious life and birth?
 And have not all these years, that saw great kingdoms born and die,
 Brought *thee* decay nor wrinkled age to dim thy glorious eye?
 How hast thou seen proud potentates their golden sceptres wave,
 Then watched their majesty decline and give them to the grave,
 While over all in life and death, from out thy vaulted home,
 Far-flaming 'satellite of God, thy silver light hath shone!
 And over peoples yet unborn shall beam thy fulgent light,
 When they and I are shrouded in the mists of death's dark night.
 Yet art not *thou* immortal! for the power that bids thee stay
 In heaven's great arch to light the world, shall sweep thee, too, away.
 And when from out the hour-glass of my life the sands are gone,
 When earthly eve is melted into heaven's eternal morn,
 I'll joy to think that though the flesh must yield to fiat high,
 The spark outshone by thee on earth outlives thee in the sky!

WEIMAR.

SHALL we stop in Weimar on our way from Dresden to the Rhine? "No," says a traveled friend; "many another town has finer galleries, grander palaces, and far more magnificent streets." All of which is true. Many a vale of Scotland is more beautiful than Lanrick Mead, and other lakes in themselves as charming as Loch Katrine, yet these we had visited with especial interest

because Scott had made them populous with mustering warriors, and elequent with tragedies of ambition and love. Similar attractions, but stronger, because historic and personal, cluster about the quiet streets and sombre edifices of Weimar. For this town of only thirteen thousand inhabitants, at the end of the last century, held in Germany a rank and importance like that of Corinth when

she was called the eye of Greece. Weimar was the eye of Germany, kindled with the light of poetry, art, and philosophy, flashing with genius, wit, and eloquence.

The taste and ambition of Duke Karl August is commonly accredited with making the little Duchy of Saxe-Weimar the literary and artistic metropolis of Germany. But it was his mother, the Duchess Amalia, who nursed his ambition and formed his taste. Left a widow when the young duke was scarcely more than a year old, she not only managed the affairs of the duchy so as vastly to increase its prosperity, freeing it from debt, and during nearly twenty years piloting the little state craft safely through war and famine; but by her taste in art, by her social influence, and by the literary men whom she drew about her as companions and instructors for her sons, she commenced the fame of their city and court.

The young duke on receiving the government, continued that series of literary courtships on behalf of Weimar already begun by his mother, which resulted in making their little capital the favorite of art and culture, and the delight of a more famous circle of literary men than honored any other city of that most brilliant period of German literature.

Here Wieland, during nearly forty years, shed on society the radiance of his genial wit and kindly spirit, a radiance which, through more than forty volumes, besides periodicals

which he edited, warmed and quickened Germany; with a quickening, however, which would have been far more grateful and healthful had some of his earlier books been inspired by a less voluptuous imagination and a more correct faith.

Here, in his maturity, for twenty-seven years beginning from the date of American independence, Herder preached those sermons which gave to Weimar a pre-eminence in pulpit eloquence corresponding to its literary distinction; and here the fruits of his versatile mind were gathered into his sixty volumes of History, Criticism, Theology, Poetry, Philosophy. Here Schiller passed the happiest part of his literary life; while he lived, dividing with Goethe the homage of cultured and courtly circles, as, now that they are dead, he shares with him the homage which their country pays to transcendent genius.

It was the interest awakened by a knowledge of these and similar facts which led us to reject the advice of our friend to pass by Weimar, and caused us to find no little satisfaction in the time spent in this town. It is this which makes us solicit your company in an imaginary walk through its historic haunts, though it offers to the eye nothing that is unique or striking, except perhaps the interior of its theatre—which we did not see—its monumental bronzes, and its park. We will start, if you please, from Wieland street.

The inscription, "Hier wohnte Wieland," on a house at the right, shows why the street is so named. At the end of the street, and directly in front of the theatre, we come into the square that contains Rietschel's admired bronze statue of Schiller and Goethe. Almost colossal in size, they seem perfect in attitude and proportion. One would say energy and passion predominate in Goethe, frankness and gentleness in Schiller. I could hardly forgive the sculptor for placing the wreath in the hand of Goethe, and seeming to represent Schiller as reaching after it. For though it must be admitted, I suppose, that even Schiller only approached Goethe in grasp and power of imagination and in vigor of expression, yet when we weigh their manhood, the hearts of the men together with their intellects, the scales will tip in favor of Schiller. I can not but think this is the verdict of the popular heart of the German people. Every city in which these men for any time dwelt, places with pride a tablet announcing the fact on the house or street so honored; but everywhere we found the Schiller house not only accessible to all visitors, but generally, as the property of the city or of some literary club, converted into a cabinet of mementoes of the life and works of Schiller. While the Goethe houses are shut, sombre and forbidding—a not unfitting illustration of the respective

generosity and patriotism of the two men.

Passing from the Theatre Platz, we soon reach the Schiller street and the house in which the poet lived and where he wrote his latest and best works. The first room is an exhibition- and sales-room containing mementoes of the poet and illustrations of his works: pictures, busts, and bas-reliefs. On the second floor, where the best rooms of German houses are usually found, his study, parlor, and sleeping-room, plain and modestly furnished apartments, remain much as they were when he occupied them. Some of the furniture, however—that of the bed-chamber—has been remorselessly hacked by the knives of acquisitive visitors. Perhaps, thought I, enthusiastic young Germans have wanted a whittling to dream over. I may have thought aloud, for the attendant said, pointing to the scarred bedstead, "That is the work of Americans." She evidently meant to compliment my countrymen by calling attention to this mark of reverence for the demigod of whose shrine she was a vestal. I would not undeceive her, and I knew that if circumstantial evidence were to convict, most American visitors would be found in possession, if not of the whittling, at least of the implement by which it might be secured, and the propensity which prompts to its use. In the other two rooms, which are connected by

folding doors, are the ancient chairs, the sofa on which the poet was wont to seat his guests—for in Germany the sofa is the seat of honor—the desk at which he wrote, and the antique piano with which he cheered the hours of weariness. Just above this, hangs Marshall's engraving of Abraham Lincoln! I might have thought, "Here is another token of the German hero-worship! They all shed tears of reverence here, and intend that Americans at least shall do the same." A glance into the eyes of one of our party—to whom every memento of the dear native land is now doubly precious—would have proved the device a success. But our cicerone no sooner observed our attention fixed on this portrait than she said, "That was placed here by an American." We visit the garden and receive from the attendant a flower and leaves from an ivy planted by Schiller. After purchasing some other mementoes of the poet, we proceed to the market place. Every German city has one or more open, paved areas, often several acres in extent, where on certain days of the week throughout the year, all kinds of commodities, in booths, on rough tables, or spread upon the pavement, are exposed for sale. The market place of Weimar is, as is usual, surrounded by prominent edifices, among which is the "Rath-haus," or city hall. Here also is the house of Cranach, the painter of the Reforma-

tion. A short distance from here, on one of the many streets leading from the market, stands the church in which Herder preached; just behind is the parsonage in which he lived, and in the square by the side of the church, is the monument erected to his memory by the grand-duke, bearing the inscription, *Licht, Liebe, Leben* (Light, Love, Life). Leaving the square, we turn to take one last look at the Herder house and the church. While observing the enormous size and altitude of the tower, we notice what appears to be grass growing in an angle of the roof against it, and wonder by whom the seed was sown, when our attention is attracted to a far more interesting sign of life in the person of a little girl looking from a window of the belfry; no chance visitor, but one of the residents of that aerial tenement, looking from the window of her room at the party of strangers below. For they are no ghouls, but genuine

" . . . people
Who live up in the steeple."

What a weariness it must be to her to go home from school, even though the shadow of her home at noonday fall on the school-house. If it is the sexton who lives up there so far away, we will no longer wonder that we found the door closed when we sought to enter the church and see Cranach's celebrated painting of the Crucifixion. From here we direct our steps to the grand-ducal palace,

which is neither very old nor very grand. Its principal attraction is a suite of rooms bearing the names, respectively, of the most distinguished of the brilliant literary circle who, in the time of Charles Augustus, were wont to assemble there. The walls of these apartments are adorned with frescoes by Preller and other artists of Weimar, illustrative of scenes in the principal works of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland, and symbolical of the versatile activity of Herder. In the apartment of the grand-duchess are the original cartoons of Da Vinci's "Last Supper."

From the close atmosphere within these walls, and the imaginations which, it would seem, must always people these apartments, we are glad to emerge into the open air. One may take, at this time of day, twice as long a walk here as we have yet made, without meeting as many people in the streets as we presently see on the bank of the river and standing in its shallow edges engaged in washing clothes. One can not wonder that they prefer to bring their clothes to the river for washing, when he has seen the women carrying water from the street pumps to their homes, in wooden tanks strapped on their backs.

A few rods from the castle, the river Ilm forms a cascade, and flows under a fine bridge, crossing which we descend into a most charming valley, where all that art could do to enhance the beauty of nature has been done,

and so exquisitely done that only careful examination detects the presence of art. Delicious water is gushing here and there from picturesque fountains. Beautiful little cascades fall with soft, rippling music over the rocks between mossy walls into the river below. Whether these are native or wholly artificial, it is impossible, from the appearance, to say. The river winds through a grove called the "Star." The best description of its beauty will seem extravagant before you have seen it, and then utterly inadequate. The magnificence of its gigantic trees, interlacing their branches in an archway far above the broad avenue; and its dense and charmingly variegated foliage, scarcely allowing a ray of the noonday sun to shimmer on the sward, or on the flint and jasper graveling of its paths, make a walk through it a pleasure to be remembered, even without the additional interest one might derive from the fact that this was a favorite walk of the poets.

Turning to the right from this avenue, recrossing the Ilm, and entering the park, we descry, on a low bluff which skirts the park next the river, a ruin — apparently an ancient and interesting ruin, only as much of whose walls has been left as would leave unmarred the beauty of the park. We found a date cut in the stone — 1577. Though surprised to find it was no older, we copied the date, intending to inquire

into its history. The result of inquiry is a discovery—a discovery which would long since have been made practical in America, were it not that investments for old castles, like those for castles in the air, pay no dividends—that old ruins can be extemporized! The whole thing is—I will not say a sham, a cheat, a sell,—it is one of the devices of Goethe, whose taste supervised the laying-out of the park, and who sought to bring into it every beautiful feature which belongs to an ideal landscape, and so to hide the art, so to exclude the stiffness and regularity which belong to most artificial parks, that all should appear the spontaneous work of nature; and, indeed, except the paths, all did appear as truly so as the unshaven lawns with their profusion of wild flowers and the peacocks that were prinking themselves and screaming on the trees.

In the middle of the park are the botanical garden, and the museum, a quaint building surmounted by a row of statues around the edge of the roof. At the upper extremity of the park is "*das Römische Haus*," once a summer residence of Goethe, and a little beyond is a villa called the "*Belvidere*." In spite of the curiosity to visit these, awakened by a glimpse of gilded domes and minarets, we turn toward the city, passing, at the lower end of the park, another castle more venerable in appearance than the ducal residence.

From here, passing through two

or three streets not yet visited, we reach "*Goethe Strasse*," where an inscription on one of the grim, angular houses, informs us which was the home of the great dramatist. A little beyond, where this street ends in a triangular space, we come to the Wieland monument. Here begins the street leading to the new cemetery. We wish to go thither, drawn, not by the ducal tomb nor by the renowned names of those who slumber within and around it, but chiefly that we may stand by the grave of John Falk, the poet and critic. His talent won first for his works, and through them for himself, a flattering invitation and reception at Weimar. Yet he alone, among its artists and literati, lived and labored, not for himself nor merely for the happiness of his own class, but for the welfare of another and very low stratum of society—for those who were outcasts through misfortune and crime. He had himself risen from the ranks of the poor, having received from charity the means of obtaining his education. When he was leaving his native city, Dantzic, to enter the University of Halle, one of the old burgomasters is reported to have said to him, "If ever a needy orphan appeals to you for aid, think that it is one of those who now help you, calling for the repayment of what they have bestowed!" When the wars of Napoleon were devastating Germany and filling even Weimar with orphans, while Goethe,

with indifference to the sufferings of his countrymen, was pleasing himself with the creations of his own fancy, in a way that showed him wanting, in some degree, both in patriotism and humanity, Falk was hearing this appeal, and opened his doors for the reception of destitute and wicked children, who were happy to have found a new father in "Papa Falk." One evening, as he sat among them at the head of the table, after the customary blessing, one of the little ones, who perhaps had never witnessed in his former home this act of devotion, said: "Papa, why do we always ask the Lord Jesus to be with us at the table? He never comes." "If you only believe that he comes, he is here," replied Falk. "I am going," said the little one, suiting the action to the word, "to bring a chair for him." Presently there was a knock at the door: it was a homeless, hungry youth asking for food. Falk immediately brought him to the table, seating him in the chair which had been placed by the child, who observing it said, "The Lord Jesus could not come himself, and so he has sent this man, has he not?" "Yes, that is it," replied Falk; "He accepts as given to Him whatever we give to any one in need."

From this time till his death, Falk's life was devoted to his philanthropic work. His lyric muse, his social influence, were enlisted in its service. His institution was not a

mere asylum, but a veritable reform school, supplied with teachers specially trained for their work under Falk's own supervision. To those who had esteemed him chiefly for the readiness of his wit and the keenness of his satire, this must have seemed a wonderful career, as indeed it was, and the motive that led to it was doubtless to them a mystery. For the heart of Falk, whose four children had been taken from him by death, had been opened to love all whom Christ came into the world to bless. His inspiration and his methods were love. He employed no external restraints, not even locks on his doors. With cords of love he bound, and by its power he transformed many hundreds of vagrant and wicked children into good men and useful citizens. It is needless to add that his death was like his life, that of a Christian. His epitaph, written by himself, has been rendered into English as follows:—

"Underneath this linden shade
John Falk, a sinner saved, is laid;
The blood of Christ his freedom made.

"Born upon the East Sea strand,
Home he left, and friends, and land,
Led to Weimar by God's hand.

"When the little children round
Stand beside this grassy mound,
Asking, Who lies underground?

"Heavenly Father, let them say
Thou hast taken him away;
In the grave is only clay."

How much of the social, literary, or philanthropic splendor of the olden time now irradiates the homes and sombre streets of Weimar, a transient

visitor has little means of observing. Those with whom he converses prefer to direct attention to the glories and the worthies that have been. But he can not doubt that its library of one hundred and thirty thousand volumes still furnishes food to many book-worms who spin the light threads of story and song, or the heavier material of science, history, and didactics; that its museum is still frequented by both artists and students. In its theatre, at least in

winter, when its titled citizens are not abroad in travel or in summer resorts, the dramatic masterpieces that were born on its soil are still reproduced, not by strolling actors, but by home talent, amateur and professional, which lives, if it does not thrive, on a salary which in America would not suffice for a printer's devil. Musical talent of the highest order must still find here both employment and appreciation, since this is the home of Liszt.

GERMANY, 1874.

SOME PHILOSOPHICAL TERMS.

HE who intends becoming much acquainted with any art or science must make himself conversant with its nomenclature. In no other study does the young student find such a vast and perplexing variety of terms employed with no well defined and stable meaning, as he meets at once in the study of Philosophy. It is the object of the present essay to state, as clearly as the space allowed and the abstruse nature of the subject will permit, what Philosophy itself is, and to define a few of its chief divisions, showing to some extent, the relations which they bear one to another. No attempt to be original is here made. On the contrary, the writer has relied, for many of his thoughts and forms of expres-

sion, on works which are of established authority on the subjects discussed.

Philosophy broadly signifies an inquiry into the origin, nature, and laws of all phenomena which come within the range of human observation, both those which pertain to matter and those which pertain to spirit. It means, therefore, a knowledge of causes rather than of results. "All philosophy," says Sir William Hamilton, "is knowledge, but all knowledge is not philosophy. Philosophy is, therefore, a kind of knowledge." Knowledge may be considered as of two kinds. There is the knowledge of results, effects, things as they exist. This is called *historical* or *empirical* knowledge.

By empirical is meant simply "what belongs to or is the product of experience or observation." There is also the knowledge of the reasons and causes of things. This is called *philosophical* knowledge. I know that it rains; that knowledge is empirical. I know also why it rains, the laws by which moisture is collected and precipitated in the air; that knowledge is philosophical. I know that when I sleep, I dream; that knowledge is empirical. He who tries to tell me why I dream, and to explain the nature of dreams, is the philosopher. So then, *empiricism* or *history* regards only facts—phenomena as they are; *philosophy* is concerned with their reasons and causes. These two terms, empirical and philosophical, were used, as here explained, by Aristotle, in the fourth century before Christ, and are thus used at the present day in the writings of Sir William Hamilton and many others. "Philosophy," wrote John Locke, "is the knowledge of the reasons of things—in opposition to history, which is only the knowledge of facts; or to mathematics, which is the knowledge of the quantity of things;—the hypothesis or system upon which natural effects are explained."

Philosophy, then, means an inquiry into the origin, nature, and laws of all phenomena observed by men. Now, there are two great classes of phenomena of facts—those which pertain to matter and those which

pertain to mind. Philosophy applied to the study of material objects gives *Physics*, which includes Natural Philosophy and Natural History. Philosophy applied to the study of immaterial objects gives Psychology, Logic, Ethics, and Metaphysics. We will briefly consider these four great divisions of supersensual philosophy.

Psychology may be regarded as that part of philosophy which relates solely to the immaterial part of man. It deals "first, with the phenomena of consciousness; secondly, with the faculties to which these phenomena may be referred; and thirdly, with the *Ego*, that is, the soul or mind in its unity, individuality, and personality." "The soul which thinks, and the faculties or powers of thinking," are what the psychologist considers. He aims at a systematic knowledge of the faculties, operation, and laws of the immaterial part of man, so far as they are known by consciousness. Psychology has sometimes been divided into two parts—*empirical* psychology, and *rational* psychology. By the first is meant a knowledge of the faculties and phenomena of the mind; by the second, a knowledge of the mind itself, and so of the causes of the various phenomena which it presents.

Now it is evident that Psychology, so far as it is purely empirical, is entirely outside of philosophy. Empirical knowledge and philosophical knowledge are distinct from each

other. Rational psychology, which, so far as it can be shown to have any existence, is purely philosophical, has been stoutly assailed by Kant and some English thinkers, as being an impossible science. We readily admit the existence of an empirical psychology, but many scholars are unwilling to deny the existence of a strictly philosophical psychology. Men have striven long and earnestly for a knowledge of the mind itself, and of the causes of its phenomena, and have thought that they toiled not in vain. Whether they grasp phantoms or realities, whether their science is true or false, they have established a psychology which has commanded more than mere respect, and which is not empirical, but rational and philosophical.

Psychology relates to the mind and soul very much as physiology to the body; and since the nerves and the brain are so intimately connected with the mental operations, psychology may be looked upon as only one step beyond and above physiology. Between these two runs the dividing line between physical and supersensual philosophy. Just here stands the materialist, contending that mind does not exist apart from matter, that the two are one, and that the sciences of Physiology and Psychology are one science. "God only knows whether the two substances which we call matter and mind have not something

which is common to both. But the phenomena which they exhibit are so different as to lead us to infer a difference in the cause." While denying the claims of the materialist, some thinkers have wrongly extended Psychology to certain physiological phenomena. Psychology proper relates only to the mind and soul.

Logic has received a great many definitions to suit the different conceptions which have been held of its nature and province. It stands intimately connected with Psychology. Both deal with the laws of thought; but Psychology seems to aim at the discovery of these laws, while Logic makes use of them in guiding the mind aright, especially in its acts of reasoning. Psychology deals more directly with the mind itself; Logic, more directly with its products. Assuming that the mind is, that it acts, and that it proceeds in accordance with certain laws which Psychology states, Logic deals first with concepts; secondly, with judgments; and thirdly, with reasonings. The immediate object of Logic seems to be not so much the discovery of truth, as the testing of that which may be either true or false. It is used, on the one hand, to confirm truth; on the other, to expose error. By Aristotle and the ancients generally, Logic was regarded as "*the instrument of all science—the rule by which true and false are to be tried.*" Plato speaks of it as a part of phi-

losophy, and also as the organ of philosophy. According to Mansel, the logician's branch of inquiry is twofold, partly constructive and partly critical. "In the former capacity, he inquires what are the several forms, legitimate or illegitimate, which Thought as a product will assume, according as the act of thinking is or is not conducted in conformity to its given laws. In the latter capacity, he sifts and examines the special products of this or that thinker, and pronounces them, according to the features which they exhibit, to be legitimately produced or otherwise." Very many logicians of this century, following Archbishop Whately, have held that "Logic, in its most extensive application, is the science as well as the art of reasoning. So far as it institutes an analysis of the process of the mind in reasoning, it is strictly a *science*; while so far as it investigates the principles on which argumentation is conducted, and furnishes rules to secure the mind from error in its deductions, it may be called the *art* of reasoning." Sir William Hamilton, however, has declared that the *laws of thought*, and not merely the *laws of reasoning*, constitute the adequate object of Logic. The laws of thought include the laws of reasoning, and much else besides. Thinking is employed by Hamilton "as comprehending all our cognitive energies." There are, he says, "certain supreme laws which express the ab-

solute and fixed rules not only of the human intellect, but of all thought, whatever be the subject which frames it or the object which it concerns. To determine those universal laws of thought in general, in order that the human mind in particular may find in all its researches a means of control, and an infallible criterion of the legitimacy of its procedure, is the object of Logic." To many thinkers, this appears to make Logic invade the domain which properly belongs only to Psychology.

Ethics "explores the nature and excellence of virtue, the nature of moral obligation, on what it is founded, and what are the proper motives of practice." Psychology, as dealing with the constitution of the human mind, and expounding those principles by which men are seen to be moral and responsible beings, has been regarded as the basis of Ethics. "Taken in its widest signification, as including the moral sciences or natural jurisprudence, Ethics may be divided into Moral Philosophy, International Law, Public or Political Law, Civil Law, and History, Profane, Civil, and Political."

Metaphysics refers to *being* itself as distinguished from its phenomena. Aristotle defined it to be "the science which contemplates being as being, and the attributes which belong to it as such." According to Hamilton, it is "the science conversant about all inferences of unknown being from its known

manifestations." It is the same as Ontology. There is a science of matter, called Physics; there is a science of mind, called Psychology; "Metaphysics is the science of being as common to both." According to J. S. Mill, one step from Physiology and we are in Psychology, one step from Psychology and we are in Metaphysics. Since the publication of Locke's *Essay*, the term Metaphysics has been used as more or less synonymous with Psychology. But, in the realm of Psychology, Metaphysics proper deals only with that which Psychology possesses in common with all other sciences—namely, Being. "It contemplates pure existence apart from the sensible accidents of matter or figure." "It considers things in their essence, independent of the particular properties or determined modes which make a difference between one thing and another." The real essence and ground of all being is God. Therefore Aristotle applied the term Theology to that which afterwards was called Metaphysics. Ontology or Metaphysics, at the present day, may be treated in two ways, "according as its exponent is a believer in one or many fundamental principles of things." Some believe that there is only one distinct being in the Universe, and that, even in a

closer sense than Pope may have meant, all things are but "parts of one stupendous whole." Other metaphysicians hold that Deity, the human soul, and matter, are, in a certain sense, distinct and independent. "According to the latter method, which professes to treat of different classes of Being independently, Metaphysics will contain three co-ordinate branches of inquiry: Rational Cosmology, Rational Psychology, and Rational Theology. The first aims at a knowledge of the real essence, as distinguished from the phenomena, of the material world; the second discusses the nature and origin, as distinguished from the faculties and the affections, of the human soul, and of other finite spirits; the third aspires to comprehend God Himself, as cognizable *a priori* in his essential nature, apart from the indirect and relative indications furnished by his works, as in Natural Theology, or by his word, as in Revealed Religion. These three objects of metaphysical inquiry—God, the World, the Mind—correspond to Kant's three Ideas of the Pure Reason; and the object of his Critique is to show that, in relation to all three, the attainment of a system of speculative philosophy is impossible."

PROBITAS LAUDATUR, ET ALGET.

IT'S always been the standard rule,
Since Judas played the traitor's part,
That those talk most in virtue's praise
Who have its progress least at heart.

This truth is not, nor ever was,
Confined, alone, to artful man;
The scenes of nature, teaching us,
Adopt the same deceitful plan.

The ocean chants no mournful hymn,
When still are storms and rushing waves,
To tell of thousands who, beneath,
Sleep their last sleep in shifting graves.

The world gives fame to unjust acts;
We cringe, and words of praise repeat;
With lips, we loudly cry, Success!
At heart, we whisper, Sad defeat!

As man expires he sees his heirs,
Officious round the bed of death;
But hears them count, in undertones,
Each labored, painful, gasping breath.

We often laugh the loudest laugh
When tears would best our hearts relieve;
The gales of fortune often blow
Most smoothly, just on ruin's eve.

In public life the most corrupt
Reform and right discusses best;
He seeks, in this delusive way,
Substantial down to plume his nest.

That student, whom you may have seen,
With look so bold, and yet so meek,
Recite the more, the less he knew,
Was, as you guessed, employing "cheek."

Whene'er I see a man so pure
He fears to go where sinners throng,
I always muse if right *is* right
That fears to meet and combat wrong.

But there will come a day at last,
When all of earth and life is o'er,
When we shall see as we are seen,
And lovely truth shall starve no more.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

SALUTATORY.

ANOTHER year, with its joys and sorrows, its labors and rewards, its successes and failures, has passed away. A new year now begins. It is the time for new vows, new plans, new enterprises—the time for a general beginning anew. How bright will be the success of some, and how sad the failure of others. The beginning of the new year is the anniversary birthday of many an institution and enterprise.

The STUDENT, under the care of '76, now enters upon its third year. Though we dare not hope its success will be the brightest, we trust, by persevering effort, to save it from becoming a total failure.

It is not without much hesitation and anxiety that we enter upon the duties of the position to which we have been elected, feeling, as we do, that there are broader shoulders on which this responsibility ought to rest. But we bow to what seems to be a decree of the Fates, promising to do the best we are able, and all that can be reasonably expected. The object of the STUDENT is, of course, to afford the undergraduates one more opportunity for practice and improvement in writing, and to show our friends, and the friends of the College, what we can do, and are

doing from month to month. Neither the general plan, nor the size of the STUDENT will be materially changed while under our charge, though it will be our aim to make it even more interesting as a College paper, than it has yet been. We shall look to the Alumni for some assistance each month, and hope that those to whom we most naturally look, will not think our requests too frequent. We trust, that as the several classes leave these halls and grounds, they will not lose their interest in the STUDENT, nor feel that it is any less their magazine than while they were here. To the members of other classes, we would say what has been so often said here, that the columns of the STUDENT are open to you especially, and we earnestly solicit contributions from all who are interested in its success. To the members of '76 we say, after the interest and feeling some of you manifested in the choice of officers for the STUDENT, it is your duty to rally to their support. That you will do all in your power to make the magazine a financial success, we have no doubt. But what will you do to make it a literary success? Our class is the largest in College, and surely it has as good writers in it as any. We know that you are not

willing that the STUDENT should decrease in merit while in our hands, but are anxious, rather, that its rank among other College publications should be even higher than heretofore. Let each put a shoulder to the wheel, then, and show what '76 can do.

SPECIALTIES.

It is the firm belief of many persons that every man possesses special talents for some particular business or profession. Without stopping to discuss this idea, to the support of which many able men, and especially phrenologists, lend their aid, we would consider for a moment another idea growing out of this, viz., that every young man on entering College should know what is to be his business after graduating, and should devote his time specially to the studies and books bearing upon that business. What we wish to say here has nothing to do with the much-discussed elective system. We refer to the idea that in Colleges where there is no elective system, students should give special attention to the studies for which they think they have an especial talent, and which they fancy will be most profitable to them in after life, even if by so doing they neglect other studies of the course.

And it is not merely among people who are inclined to question the benefit of a College course, but even among students themselves, that this

idea is found. One who has chosen medicine for his profession says, "I will devote myself chiefly to Chemistry, Anatomy, Physiology, and other sciences closely connected with medicine; these other branches will be of no use to me, therefore I will give no more time to them than I can possibly help." The future lawyer or minister says, "A knowledge of Calculus or Chemistry will do me no good in my profession, so my time and attention shall be given to other branches."

The trouble is, in an institution where the faculty have not established an elective system, it does not pay for the student to attempt to establish one for himself. But some say, "O you should not neglect your regular studies, but devote your spare moments to these special branches, and choose such books for your reading as will instruct you in your future work." That it would be well for every young man who knows what his life work is to be, to have his eyes open and be always ready to seize upon any bit of information respecting his chosen work, we of course admit. But will he who confines himself in his reading chiefly to one branch of knowledge, make any less mistake than he who constantly neglects general studies that he may give his time to a particular study? It is an oft-repeated statement that the object of a College course is to give general culture and lay a broad foundation for future

building. Again, it is admitted that devotion in life to one particular business, to a specialty, has a tendency to produce narrow-mindedness.

Bulwer has said, "Strive, while improving your one talent, to enrich your whole capital as a man. It is in this way that you escape from the wretched narrow-mindedness which is the characteristic of every man who cultivates his specialty alone."

If, then, the student at the very beginning of his education devote himself to a specialty—if, during the best opportunity of his whole life, he neglects to acquire general knowledge and culture, how much more will this tendency toward narrow-mindedness be increased. When the young man enters upon his profession, he will find that in order to gain eminence, or even success, he must devote his whole time and energy to that profession. Then, too, he will find the need of that general culture which he should have acquired before entering upon his life work. Experience has proved that, as a rule, the student who, while pursuing the regular course of study usually prescribed by New England Colleges, attempts at the same time to study law, theology, or medicine, gains but little in his particular branch and loses much in general studies.

TEACHING.

Probably more than one-half of the Bates boys are at present en-

gaged in teaching. On the morning of the first Monday after Thanksgiving, many a hand that all the fall had been turning the pages of a Mental or Natural Philosophy, of Greek and Latin lexicons, rang the bell and recorded the names of a score or more of lads and lasses of all sizes and ages, from the young miss who thinks her education about completed, but has arrayed herself in her last new gown and gayest ribbons, and come to school the first morning to see how she shall like this "College feller," down to the little fellow on the front seat, whose new boots swing clear of the floor, and whose chubby hand grasps the new primer with which he is to begin the ascent of the hill of knowledge.

The Freshman is, as a general thing, making his first attempt at teaching. How he has looked forward all the fall to that first morning. If he is a city-bred boy, how strange it all seems to him—so many different pairs of eyes watching all his movements, and so many different classes and studies. And even if he is from the country himself, it is some time since he left the country school, and he finds that it was much easier while a scholar, than now as a teacher, to tell what a teacher should do. What a long forenoon it is, and how often he pulls his watch from his pocket, thinking each time that the thing must have stopped!

The most of us teach merely for the money, but whether we intend it or not, we can not but gain something more. Many a student will tell you that he has learned more of arithmetic, algebra, and grammar while teaching, than in his classes at school or in College. Such a statement, though not always strictly true, has much of truth in it. When one comes to teach these branches, he calls into use all his previous training in them. While a scholar he has, perhaps, slid over principles with only a repetition of them, but now he must clearly understand each one before teaching them to others. Thus, while teaching, we not only gain some knowledge of human nature and of life outside of College walls, but we return to our studies better fitted to receive instruction.

But there are some evils and losses attendant upon teaching while in College. Our terms and studies are so arranged that we can teach ten or twelve weeks each winter without any very appreciable loss. And yet, if the studies are made a little easier for the first few weeks of the winter term, what an opportunity this affords for extra work. But some are obliged, or feel themselves obliged, to teach fall or spring terms in addition to the winter school. One inducement is that the pay is greater and the schools are pleasanter. But the loss in their studies is also greater.

One perhaps can not judge for another in such a matter, but it seems to us that it would be better for a young man to run in debt a few hundred dollars, and work the harder after graduating, than to lose three or four months of each of his last two years. While we are in College, that should be our business, and, if possible, nothing else should be allowed to seriously interfere with it.

OUR EXCHANGES.

As we sit down to glance over and comment upon a few of the host of College papers which have been collecting on our table for the past month, we have no desire, at the very beginning of what we trust will be a pleasant and profitable acquaintance, to indulge in severe criticisms or sharp sayings. We trust that as our acquaintance ripens, our friendship and kind feeling, one toward another, may also increase. We have been somewhat amused to notice the different opinions expressed by these papers in their comments upon their exchanges. One, feeling the need of a little stricter economy under the new postal law, "kindly but firmly" requests several papers to cease exchanging, and includes among these one which the next paper we take up mentions as "one of our most welcome exchanges, not only on account of its high literary merit, but on account of the generous and sympathizing spirit it manifests toward the weak."

Thanksgiving furnished the subject for many an editorial in the first we received. Some were rejoicing in the anticipation of bountiful dinners, while others are returning thanks for the realization of the same. The *Madisonensis*, especially, abounded in references to Thanksgiving, and the beauty of it is, turkeys seem to have been plenty and the people generous at Hamilton. Our thanks are due the editors for the kind wishes they express for the success of the *STUDENT* while in the care of '76.

The *College Argus* has a few words upon the duty of the students to contribute for the *Argus*, which express so well the idea we wish to impress upon the minds of students at Bates, that we quote them here: "It must surely be unnecessary for us to explain to the students of Wesleyan that the interest of the *Argus* is as much theirs as ours; that whatever of success it may have attained belongs not to the editors but to the College, and whatever of disgrace may come upon it will not be more of a disgrace to the *Argus* Board than to the whole College. Let every one feel that the reputation of the *Argus* belongs to a certain extent to him, and let him do his best to sustain it. We want contributions from all. Do not wait for the editors to call upon you and urge you to write, but take it for granted that we wish to hear from you. It is often more work to run around and

persuade unwilling genuises to air their talents than to write twice the needed amount. But it is impossible for four men to furnish all the material for a sheet so large as the *Argus*, and have it maintain as high a standard of literary excellence as we could wish. Give us plenty of short, lively articles, and we will make the *Argus* more emphatically than ever an interesting paper."

The *Seminary Budget* is a neat-looking quarterly, edited and published by the young ladies of Sacramento Seminary, California. The most of its articles are well written and interesting, though we think "Vocal Music" and "What Johnny says about tight-lacing" a little stale.

We are surprised that the *Tripod* should cut the acquaintance of the *Index Niagarensis*. It seems to us a very spicy sheet. If its type was as good as the paper, its mechanical appearance would be excellent.

The *Harvard Advocate* speaks of the *STUDENT's* fame for obituaries, and selects the following "specimen" sentence, from an article in the December number: "When eternity strikes twelve, it (wealth) cannot ward off the stroke of death." It also selects another sentence for publication, recommending young men to put their brains in their hands and dig their way to influence. Don't be alarmed. We can furnish an obituary, if you are afraid eternity will soon strike you; always glad to aid the needy. As far as

the recommendation is concerned, you need not have followed it, the writer was only in fun.

We have received the January number of *Vick's Floral Guide* for 1875. It is truly what it professes to be, a complete guide in the cultivation of all our best and most common flowers and vegetables. To one who has anything of a garden, we should think it indispensable, and to those who have no opportunity for gardening it must be the next best thing to a garden itself. The price of the magazine is but twenty-five cents a year, and anyone purchasing seeds of the publisher, Mr. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., to the amount of one dollar, is entitled to the *Guide* for a year.

CALVIN C. LITTLEFIELD.

It is with pain that we announce the decease of our classmate, Calvin C. Littlefield, whose funeral took place on Saturday, Dec. 7th, at his home in Wells, Me. As we, in the first issue of the *STUDENT* under the auspices of '76, pay this tribute of respect to his memory, we remember well with what a loyal interest and zeal he always entered into every undertaking of the class.

Mr. Littlefield entered college in the autumn of '72, with the present Junior Class. He at once took a leading position in scholarship, which he maintained until failing health interfered with the pursuit of his studies. Although some of us were fearful

when we parted with him at last Commencement, of what the issue might be, yet we were not prepared to hear of his sudden death. Indeed, we are informed that he rode out with a classmate less than a week before his decease, and seemed himself hopeful of recovering speedily, and of re-joining the class in the spring.

All his habits were of a most scholarly nature; and his manners and bearing, so modest and free from ostentation, secured (as such a character always does) the friendship and esteem of all with whom he was associated. One would scarce have thought, when our class first assembled, that he, one of the most vigorous in mind and body, would be among the first to fall. The thought of death is never a pleasant one; but when the young and hopeful, the strong and ambitious, are cut down, it awakens thoughts peculiarly distressing. The scattered state of the class has prevented us from taking concerted action in respect to his death as we could have wished; but the pain at our hearts tells us how deeply we sympathize with his relatives, though we were not permitted to shed, with them, a tear over his remains.

He was one of the few who can fully and safely reveal their whole character, knowing that where good predominates, defects, if there be any, seem insignificant. He made pretensions to no virtues that he did not possess, and was content to be sim-

ply himself. He will need no laudation on his tombstone to tell his worth; it is written on the hearts of all who knew and loved him. We are certain that his aim in life was high, and it makes our sorrow greater to feel that he was called from earth ere his hopes were realized. La-mented classmate! Though our leader in earthly wisdom is lost to us, we know that you are learning, in advance of us, the elements of heavenly truth. May the brightest and sweetest flowers of spring, the time when you hoped again to join us, blossom on your early grave.

ODDS AND ENDS.

IT is reported that the "Bob" still preserves its life-like expression.

There is a man in P. H. who can declaim so as to be distinctly heard at Lisbon Falls.

Favorite expression of Juniors last term: "I—I don't remember the next topic."

We notice in the *Journal* reports of country lyceums, in which Bates Freshmen, as usual, take a prominent part.

Sufficient numerical evidence has been brought forward to warrant a combined probability of two-thirds, that "Old Noah he did build an ark."

P. H. has suffered of late from an inundation of song-books. The songs are very *sweet*, but the various modes of rendition have a tendency to mar their *effect*.

The most ingenious method of avoiding an unpleasant task was that of E—, who left the following for his absent chum:—

"Your sleepy chum has sought his nest,
To give his weary carcass rest;
Please be so kind, when you retire,
As just to renovate the fire."

Prof. puts forth a question in Rhetoric. Junior maintains a dig-

nified silence. Prof. gives a satisfactory answer. Junior unblushingly asserts, "Yes, that is just what I was about to say."

Colorado started a college a few weeks ago, and its inmates now consist of one woman, three Indians, a buffalo calf, and a Professor of Botany. Advocates of co-education, rejoice! success begins to reward your efforts.

Prof.—"What is the rule for the velocity of discharge?" Student—"The velocity varies as the square root of the distance." Prof.—"What do you understand by the distance?" Student—"The length from the opening to the aperture."

A perfect recitation receives the title of "rake" at Williams, "sail" at Bowdoin, "squirt" at Harvard, "tear" at Princeton, "blood" at Hamilton, and "x" at Trinity. We suggest for Bates, "fabric of distorted fancy."

When young Mr. S— left home for College he said to his mother, "Mother, I will write often and think of you constantly." When he returned two years later he remarked to his loving parent, "Deah mothaw, I gweet you once moah."—*Ex.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

SPRING term began Tuesday, Jan. 5th.

Rather lonesome in recitation just now.

Prof. Stanton and wife are spending the winter in London, where they will remain until March, and then go to the Continent, returning, perhaps, in season to be with us at the beginning of another College year.

Rutgers rejoices in a new gymnasium.

One of the Oxford Colleges is to have a \$500,000 chapel.

The proposed National University will consist of seventeen faculties.

At Harvard the attendance of the Seniors at recitations is voluntary.

In the College of Medicine connected with Boston University, 49 of the 100 students are females.

A wealthy merchant of Baltimore has left a bequest of \$40,000 to found a professorship in the theological department of Boston University.

The Seniors at the University of Missouri have five studies, with daily recitations in each.

Michigan University has had one thousand one hundred and twelve students during the past year.

Tufts College has fifty-six students in its collegiate course, and twenty-seven in the theological department.

Two parties of Dartmouth College Juniors will make a pedestrian tour through England and Scotland next summer. They estimate their expenses at something less than \$100 each.—*Argus*.

Three Colleges have recently invited James T. Fields, of Boston, to Professorships of English Literature, but he will accept none of the invitations. He will lecture very extensively this season, particularly to College students, among whom he is very popular.

President Smith of Dartmouth College, in a late conversation alluded to the custom of students serving as waiters in the hotels during the summer, and is reported to have said: "When we consider the fact that nearly one-third of the students of Dartmouth teach school during the winter, and work at harvesting in the summer, we need have no fear about the dignity of labor becoming an obsolete expression."

PERSONALS.

'72.—A. M. Garcelon is pursuing his studies at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City.

'73.—Wm. Rynne is studying medicine in New York.

'73.—We understand that G. W. Small and E. C. Wood, former members of '73, are also studying medicine in New York.

'73.—C. H. Davis is Pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Richmond, Me.

'74.—B. F. Stanford, first editor of the *STUDENT* during its first year, is in the office of the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, 79 and 81 William St., New York City.

ing. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—EDS.]

CLASS OF 1870.

Raymond, Charles Edward—Born February 25, 1845, at Wayne, Me. Son of Alfred and Laura W. Raymond.

Fitted for College at Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill.

1871-72—Student of R. L. Harlow, and a member of the Medical School, Lewiston, Me.

1872-73—Assistant in the High School, Bristol, Conn.

1873-74—Principal of the High School, Rockville, Conn.

1874—Principal of High School, Bristol, Conn.

Married, July 24, 1873, to Miss Rose M. Richmond of Bristol, Conn.

Post-office address, Bristol, Conn.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni, in the form of the follow-

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REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D., President.	REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M., Professor of Systematic Theology.
REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D., Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.	GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.
JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.	THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M., Professor of Hebrew.
REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.	REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D., Lecturer on History.
RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M., Professor of Chemistry and Geology.	CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B., Instructor.
THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages.	FRANK W. COBB, A.B., Tutor.
EDMUND R. ANGELL, Tutor.	

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—
LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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THEODORE G. WILDER, A.B.....Teacher of Mathematics.
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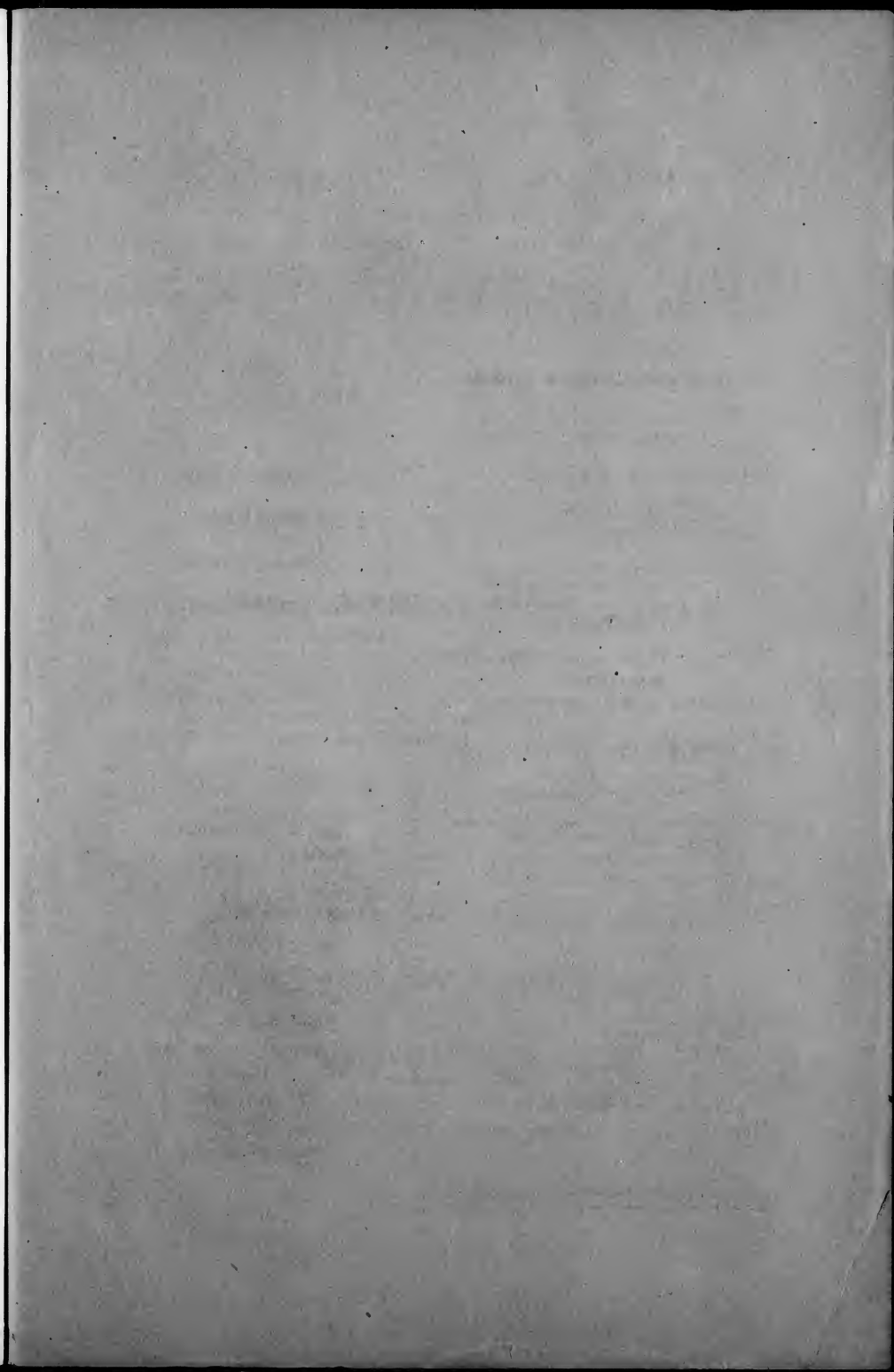
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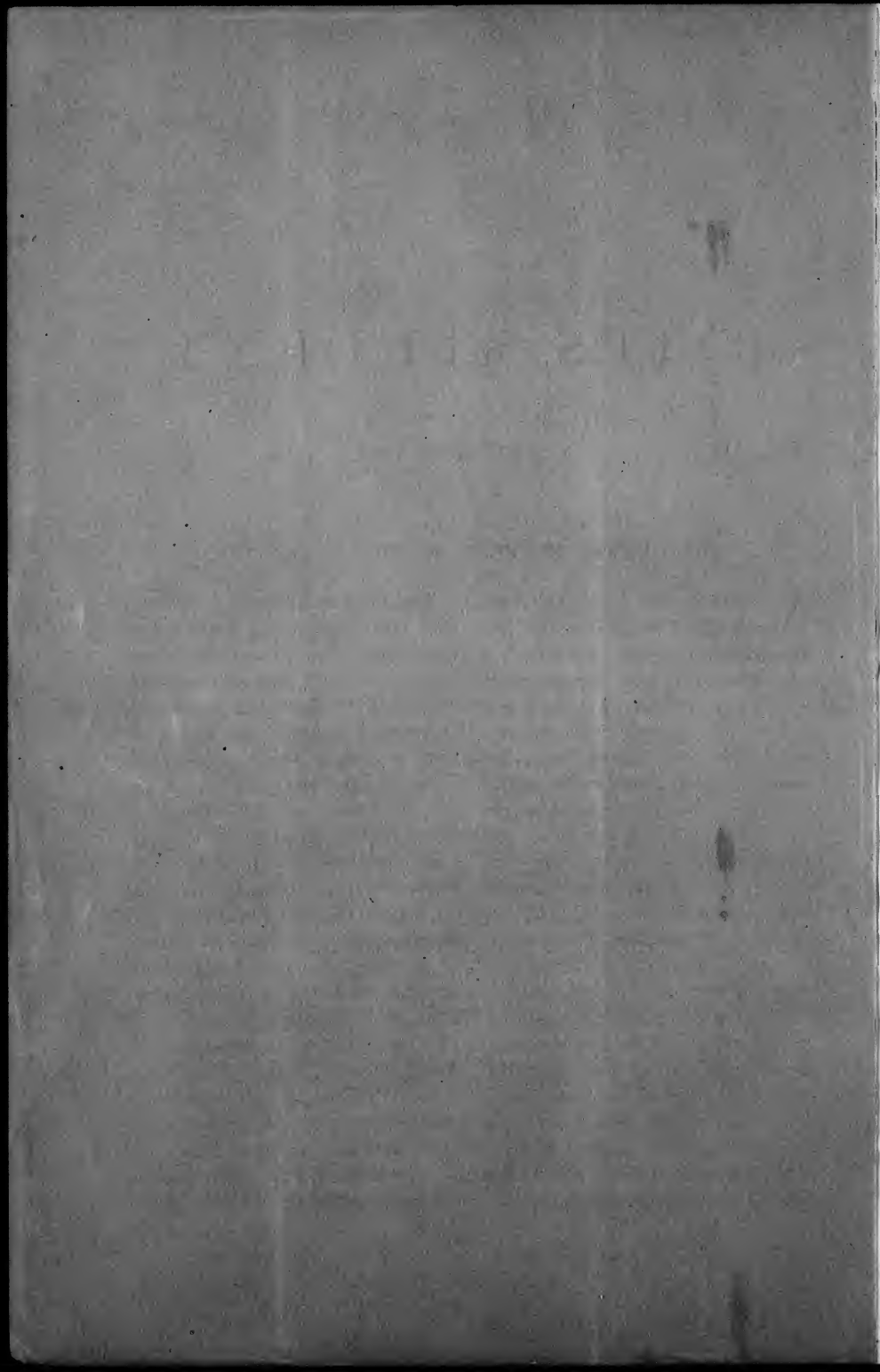
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THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN OUR POPULATION.

NATIONS, like individuals, are materially changed in the progress of development. The introduction of new principles of government or distinct elements in society produces a corresponding change in national character. Accordingly, no one who has considered the mighty currents of foreign life and thought which are flooding American soil and society, can doubt that our country is, by this very contact with the spirit of other nations, receiving an influence which must, in some degree, change it for the better or worse.

So many different languages, religions, and principles of government are represented by the numerous immigrants attracted to our shores, that to even the most sagacious statesman the whole subject of their Americanization seems to extend far into the realm of prophecy.

The question involved in our subject, What will be the influence of the German element upon the future of our country? though somewhat simpler in its nature, can hardly be answered by anything stronger than mere speculations and conjectures. Before framing these conjectures we should acquaint ourselves with three facts—first, the condition of the German population previous to their departure from Germany; second, the object of their immigration to America; third, the essential points of difference between the German emigrant and the American with whom he is to mingle.

It was not till the beginning of the eighteenth century that the Germans began to settle in great numbers upon our soil. For thirty years previous to their departure from Europe, the German people had been suffering from the disas-

trous effects of bloody wars growing out of the religious disturbances which were at that time agitating nearly all Europe. The continued and heavy draughts thus made upon the resources of the country had greatly impoverished the people. The provision of food and clothing was becoming to them a serious question. Starvation in Germany was a certainty, abundance in America at least a probability.

The object, then, which induced so many of the Germans to accept Queen Anne's offer of free passage to America, was not to be found in their thirst for power, nor escape from persecution. No thoughts of Germanizing America entered their minds, but simply to seek there that home and means of subsistence which their native land no longer afforded. Consequently, the advent among us of such a class of people certainly did not forebode any immediate danger to American liberties.

It must be remembered, however, that the German who lands here to-day, as well as the American born, is prepared, both in outward circumstances and mental qualifications, to wield a much more powerful influence in affairs of government. In so far, therefore, as the interest and inclination of our German neighbors shall lead them to stake their fortune, cast their ballot, or raise their voice in determining any great national issue, they must be regarded

as an element of power among us which can not safely be ignored.

In what direction and to what extent their influence is to be felt in the future development of American society and government, we are, in part, enabled to determine by noticing the essential points of difference between ourselves, as American citizens, and the Germans who have come among us. To begin, we speak in different languages. This fact prohibits social intercourse and renders impracticable anything like a free exchange of ideas. Were there no probability that this obstacle to perfect assimilation of the two races will in time be removed, we should be forced to regard such an element in our population as unfavorable to the further extension of American civilization. Then, every German to whom the rights of citizenship might be granted, would be only an additional weakness to the nation. But, doubtless, the interests of the two races will gradually lead to a more general intercourse with each other and the final adoption of one common language.

There is, however, another and more formidable barrier separating the German from the American. It is the marked dissimilarity between the educational training and religious beliefs of the two people. The German, though liberal in his ideas of some few general principles of human rights, is seldom characterized by mental breadth. In his

views upon the subject of Education and Religion, he is as bigoted as he is eccentric. Naturally tenacious of his own ideas, he is not in a position to be reached and influenced by the American policy of free thought and discussion; for of what avail are our most exhaustive and convincing arguments, our most learned and moral dissertations, so long as the sickly, skeptical reasonings of such writers as Emerson are all that ever receive so much as one careful reading? The most of those who accept the doctrines of Christianity at all, are members of the Lutheran church or adherents of the Roman Catholic faith.

The more intelligent and better educated portion of the Germans, however, do not accept Christianity in any form, nor do they intend that their descendants shall deviate from

their own beaten path. In the educational training of his children the German is especially careful that they receive no impressions prejudicial to his peculiar religious beliefs. Here then is a chasm which can not be bridged. Here lies the danger of a total estrangement of the two races.

The German, in his customs, his feelings, and his aspirations, will doubtless undergo many changes, and may, perhaps, entirely disappear from among us, but there will survive him an influence which is to affect us, not through diversity of language nor social isolation, for these will cease; neither in political principles, for in matters of government the American is vastly the superior; but it is in our religious character as a God-fearing nation that the German is to act upon us.

A FRAGMENT.

I THANK thee that I live, O God! thine earth is wondrous fair,
Even with my sinful eyes I see thy beauty everywhere,
And breathe with long, delightful breaths the incense of thine air.

Because the laborers are few and fields already white,
I would not yet upfold my hands, but labor for the right,
And hear the shouts of harvest home when comes the starry night.

Although with Grief's dark angel my soul alone has striven,
I thank thee for the inner sense of pardon thou hast given,
That makes this struggling, tolling life the anteroom to heaven.

THOUGHTS ON THE STRENGTH OF ROMANISM.

WE do not purpose to write on the number of Romanists in the United States, nor to conjecture as to the probability that America will become a Papal country.

We would seek to get a glimpse of the causes which are leading men of superior talent into the Roman communion. Ever since the beginning of the Tractarian movement at Oxford, there has been a looking Romeward, and Protestantism, especially in England, has lost many persons of more than ordinary ability. To account for these "perversions," as they are called, it will not answer to say a sickly sentimentality led them to the Romish church. Such answers will not explain why such men as Faber, John H. Newman, Archbishop Manning, Orestes A. Brownson, and Isaac T. Hecker, embraced a creed which they knew would make them unpopular with the ruling classes. We must, rather, seek for the reason in the doctrines of Rome, and especially those which differ from Protestant views.

The Romish view of the relation of the supernatural to the church is, on the face, more consistent than the view of Protestantism. Protestantism holds and teaches that with the death of the apostles, or, at the farthest, two or three hundred years thereafter, the Church ceased to have the gift of working miracles. The Protestant believes that all along the

history of the Jewish Church, the Almighty enabled his servants to work miracles, for the purpose of confounding wicked kings and nations, and strengthening the faith of the wavering; and he further believes that the apostles, with others, were empowered to work signs and wonders. So far, so good. In all this the Romanist agrees with him. But here the Protestant stops, and says the days of miraculous agency are past. Not so, says the Romanist; God is still present in his Church, and his power is seen in the miracles wrought by the hands of his saints. The Protestant teaches that the days of the miraculous manifestations of the Lord are passed, that the heavens no longer open to shew unto mortal eyes the blessed Redeemer; perhaps, however, some believe that the dying believer often beholds the Master awaiting him. Rome teaches that the Lord who appeared to Paul may appear again to others of his saints; yea, she teaches that He does thus appear. Rome has no difficulty in answering the question, When did miracles cease? She says, Never. To a mind recoiling from the influences of materialism and rationalism such views are grateful, they appear more consistent than the views of Protestantism. To a distressed mind, these Romish views are pleasing, since they represent God's interest in the world to be the same it was in the

days of the apostle. To a Romanist, the healing of the sick in answer to special prayer is perfectly compatible with his creed, but to a Protestant who clings to his views, the recent occurrence in New Hampshire is inexplicable, and finds no place in his theory.

The Romish idea of worship is very attractive, more so than that of Protestantism. Protestantism appeals more to the intellect, Romanism to the senses. The elaborate ritual of Rome, combined with the ornaments in its churches, is awe-inspiring. Rome takes advantage of the æsthetic in the human mind, and uses it for the worship of the Most High. She accepts man as he is, and seeks to impress him with such means as will draw out the religious faculties. Protestantism rejects all such means, stigmatizing them as carnal. She does not call in the aid of man's innate love for the beautiful. Just as the pianist knows what keys will bring forth the desired sounds, so does Rome understand the human heart and its wishes, and uses it to further the worship of the Almighty.

The Romish claim to antiquity is pleasing to many. Especially in a new country, like America, having no ancient history, do men feel the need of the old. There is in man a reverence for the old, for that which has come down to us through the centuries. The American, as he reads the ancient history of Ger-

many and England, feels the want of his own land, which is but a babe compared with these older nations. This love for the old we see in the devotion of men to the classics; Rome and Greece are charming to many simply because they are old. Well, in our country, Rome takes advantage of this feeling in man, and sets forth her antiquity. She declares that she was in an age when the weak were prostrate at the feet of the strong, "and," she asks, "who was there but the Church to plead with the strong for the weak?" She points to the dark ages, when in monasteries alone was knowledge preserved. She calls attention to the service she rendered Art and Science when *she alone* was the fosterer of education.

Then Rome's claim of unity. This claim, so obnoxious to the Protestant, still has force with the inquiring mind. The natural feeling of the mind, when it sees the chaos of sects in Protestantism, is that this can not be the plan of the Redeemer. Say what we will, we must confess that this ever-increasing number of sects is far from the ideal of the Master's Church. Even the answer that these sects agree in the essentials will not satisfy, since each prescribes to the inquirer different ways to attain the truth. Over against these scattered forces, Rome presents the appearance of a compact body, holding and teaching the same doctrines for centuries.

Then, again, take Rome's doctrine of the relation of the Church to the believer. Rome makes much of sacraments, Protestantism little. Rome makes much of the Church, Protestantism little. Even to Goethe, this relation of Rome to the individual appeared fascinating. By baptism she introduces the child into the kingdom of God; thereafter the child is looked upon as a child of God: it has been born of the water and the Spirit. Protestants who believe in infant baptism are illogical—to them the baptism of the child amounts to but little. It does not alter the child's relation to the Church or the world. In their view it remains a child of wrath until it voluntarily enters into covenant with God. Rome does not address men thus; she seeks to have her children lead lives of purity by appealing to their sonship and to their baptismal vows. To the educated mind this is far more acceptable than the efforts of Protestants, in their periodic revivals, to win men to holiness. Then the confessional, so much berated, is really enticing to many. Man is a social being. He is communicative. Men love to tell others the feelings of their souls, to share with others their sorrows and joys. The Psalmist felt that when he kept silence he was in pain, when he confessed he was relieved. It is within the experience of all, that the mere confession to a friend, of our sin, has given relief. We have felt like get-

ting rid of a burden. It will be answered that confession to God will give this relief. True, in most of cases. But are there not individuals who need besides this the heart of some earthly friend, to whom they can unbosom their feelings? Are there not persons who need the mediation of man to make real to them the love of God? Paul felt this, as we see from 2 Cor. ii. 6-9. Ever since the beginning of the Oxford Tractarian movement, a large portion of the clergy of the Anglican and American Episcopal communions have favored the confessional, making it optional, not compulsory, for man to confess his sins to the pastor of his Church. The ritualistic portion of these two communions is earnest, and is making progress. This movement shows that some men feel the need of such an institution. It may be said that we can confess to one another. True; but have we not all felt that our confidence has been misused, and that we hesitate to communicate, even to the nearest friend, from fear of their misunderstanding us? The Romish Church requires of her clergy an oath that they will never betray the confidence of a penitent soul.

And, finally, Purgatory, which Protestants ridicule so much, has a fair side to it. Protestants, in contest with Universalism, say that the mere fact of death can not alter the moral condition of any man. Romanism also says this, and contends that the

weak, faulty Christian is not by death made into a pure, angelic being. It teaches that heaven is for pure souls; therefore, the imperfect Christians must, through discipline in Purgatory (or as the etymology of the word gives us—the place of cleansing), be fitted to dwell with the immaculate God, and His saints. Purgatory is to be the means of cleansing men from their selfishness, and make them like unto God.

We might go on and write of other features of Rome, which present themselves in a favorable light to the inquirer. We do not believe in Rome's claims, and yet we feel with Bossuet, "Every error is a truth abused," and we would seek

by a knowledge of the error, and a knowledge of the corresponding truth, to meet the demands of the spiritual nature of man. To vie with Romanism we must understand her claims and doctrines. If we delude ourselves with the thought that Rome can appeal to none but the ignorant, and rest content with doing nothing, we shall at length find that Rome has gained the day. Let us not indulge in mere invectives against Romanists—but let us give them the truth,—for, to use the words of F. W. Robertson, "No mere negations, nothing but the full liberation of *truth, which lies at the root of error*, can eradicate error."

IMAGINATION.

THE creative spirit of man is imagination. Imagination is the image of the inward eye, an internal power, active, strong, and feelingly alive to each impulse of Nature. It is a mighty power hidden within the soul of man. And what a power! unseen, unfelt, save by the acts and written or spoken thoughts of man, whom it, in its mysterious way, moves to *thought* and *action*.

Imagination plays upon the chords of Nature; and according as it works upon the delicate feelings of the soul so are the pictures of the imagina-

tion drawn. Imagination lends a charm to every good and beautiful thing which a kind Providence has given us for comfort and joy. How often, at the sound of sweet music, or the sight of some graceful motion or exquisite work of Nature, the springs of our imagination are touched! As we stand on some eminence, in summer time, when cloud after cloud flits over the heavens, their edges now skirting the sun's bright disk, and now streams of splendor sweeping over fields and forests, through their

opening veil, what pictures of joy and happiness are painted in our imagination! How we scan the beautiful prospect and with inward smile seem to tread over the gay verdure! Whatever one desires, hopes for, or his fear inspires him with, that the imagination magnifies, and creates in the mind some figure to please or affright. Shakespeare says:—

“Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bearer of that joy,
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!”

That person possessing a strong and vivid imagination, sees much, enjoys much; and, if a man of letters, is able to give to the world something that is of interest and worth.

We read the productions of Shakespeare with great interest, deriving a large amount of pleasure and profit. The more we read, and the closer we study his writings, the more our own imagination is increased and rendered lively; and oftentimes as we read we find ourselves far out upon the sea of imagination, unable to trace our way amid the vast thoughts of this powerful and creative mind. The imaginative Shakespeare bequeathed to the world of literature a priceless legacy, something the world could not afford to part with—no, not for all its costly jewels and gems.

In perusing the writings of Dick-

ens, we are impressed with the almost unlimited power of a vivid imagination to create. As we read the works of this man who appeared to be as much at home in the imaginative world as in the actual, we can not but feel that the unreal far exceeds the real; that the Creator has endowed man with a faculty of creating from nothing—something which creates to please, to enrich the world of thought and give a charm to life. It is the brilliant sparks and vivid flashes of imagination that give the poet such wonderful power of painting those beautiful *word* pictures which so delight and fill us with rapturous emotions and stir our tender feelings with imaginative grief. It is the imaginative themes of the poet that inspire us with grand and noble thoughts and give expression to the sweetest and holiest sentiments of our soul.

The different forms which one's imagination makes his thoughts take are almost without limit, and while our imagination paints pictures of inconceivable sorts to please and allure, it often fills our thoughts with horrid spectres of evil and dismal things, so deeply impressing us that they appear realities and fill us with fear and dread. From the little child, unable to tell what it is—or why it is that it draws such visions of intense joy or deep grief in its thoughts, to the man of culture who understands the workings of mind and matter, it is the same—bright

pictures, beautiful images, or fearful forms and awful scenes rise up in the mind.

From the imagination have sprung those superstitious acts and sayings which have startled so many bosoms with fright and held the ignorant in bondage to those who wished to make them their dupes. But, as the world increases in knowledge and learns to distinguish the true from the false, and cultivates that which is good and ennobling, it lays aside the dark, gloomy, and mysterious, and develops itself in those things which are bright, cheerful, and natural, thus loosening superstition's hold upon the minds of men.

As considered by us, imagination is seen to be the source of much pleasure and worth to the world; for it is the warm and lively imagination that spreads before us many bright and attractive pictures to allure us on in pursuit of happiness and ease, and in full confidence we seek these, and give up only with the last breath. It is this confidence that gives life its true relish and sustains us in distress and disappointment. How much less would be done if man knew how little he can do! How sad his condition if

at all times he saw the end as well as the beginning of his undertakings? Miserable indeed would he be if it were not for his imagination to picture some bright and happy lot in the future, to fill his mind with pleasant thoughts, and raise him from a state of great despondency to that of high expectations. Fable tells of a bold adventurer on a hard exploit, that as he traveled along he beheld all at once, by the sweet spells of a kind sage, the patron of his toils, a visionary paradise in a vast wilderness. The enchanted landscape was covered with flowers of the brightest and most beautiful hues; streams of bright and sparkling water went murmuring on their way, and on their banks stood beautiful trees, among whose bowers birds were singing their sweetest songs. This strengthened his wearied body and cheered him on in his long labors.

Imagination! It dispels the dark forms of doubt and despair, brightens the dull gloom of care, gives vividness to the thoughts of the scholar, beauty to the artist's touch, force and vigor to all human effort, and a grander, nobler, loftier conception of Nature itself.

CANADA.

YEARS ago, when I read the legends of the Indians of Canada, and the stories of the adventures of those who first came across the "sudzy see" to speculate with the Indians, or to make for themselves homes in the vast wilderness of British America, I was filled with a desire to visit that country.

At that time, I looked only on the bright side of life; and every encounter, whether with the beasts of the wilderness or the painted Indian, found me an imaginary participant. Since then, I have visited that country of my youthful dreams, even those very spots of which poets have written and bards sung.

And what did I see? Cities and towns in the places where savages once sat around their camp-fires, or the young braves danced around some trembling victim, while the dusky chieftains sat in solemn council with their medicine men.

Although not expecting to find Canada as it was years ago, I confess to a little disappointment at finding it so changed. On the former sites of Indian wigwams may be seen fine cities and towns, and where once stood an unbroken wilderness may be seen the clearing and log-cabin.

As soon as I crossed the line into the Provinces, I noticed quite a difference in the appearance of the people and their manner of living

from that of the States people. The people do not seem to have that energy and enterprise characteristic of the true Yankee. While the Canadian is thinking about making an adventure, the Yankee will make it and pocket the profits. They seem to be content to plod along, retaining the manners and customs of their fathers.

Of the different classes of people, the Scots are the most thrifty, and I think the best educated. The Canadians consider their country *the* country, and their government *the* government; while their educational system is far superior to that of the States (?).

A Scotchman, while praising the Queen and the English government, and boasting of Canada's educational advantages, remarked that he had a friend by the name of T—, living in the State of Michigan, and enquired if I knew him. I had previously informed him that I was from Maine.

The farmers, especially the Scotch, generally live in log-cabins, with stone chimneys, and fire-places large enough for small kitchens. The Scotch wives take pleasure in displaying on the walls of their cabins their tin ware,—a rival in brightness with the precious metals.

At harvest time, the bonny Scotch lassies may be seen barefoot, working in the field with their fathers and

brothers. These lassies have not that weak, sickly appearance characteristic of United States girls. The bloom of health is on their cheek, and their bearing might become a queen. The Scots are hospitable, and any stranger is welcome to sit at their board, and if he can converse in *Gaelic*, he is doubly welcome.

It is singular how much the old people like this dialect, and persist in talking it, while their children actually despise it. It is, truly, a harsh-sounding language,—a disagreeable combination of nasal and guttural sounds.

In most of the Scotch churches in the country, the ministers are required to preach on the Sabbath one sermon in English and one in *Gaelic*.

On going into some of the Scottish churches, I was reminded of an account given me, when a boy, of the style of churches and manner of worship of "ye olden times," when it was thought no sin if a minister did get a little tipsy occasionally, or treated his guests with a little of *that* which inspires, by way of commemorating some particular event, such as a wedding, a funeral, etc.; for there was the minister perched on high in a bird's-nest of a pulpit, with a sounding-board over his head, and the chorister behind his desk, in front of the pulpit, leading the congregation in singing some paraphrase of scripture.

Canada is the tippler's *el dorado*,

as whiskey is almost as free as water, and about as much of it drank. Every hamlet boasts of at least two hotels, which are supported almost entirely by profits from their bars. Five cents is the standard price for a "drink." If a stranger enters the bar-room (which generally serves both for a bar-room and sitting-room), the loungers, of whom there is usually quite a number present, will vie with each other in standing for the "drinks," not only for themselves but the stranger. If he declines to accept the invitation to "drink," he not only incurs the anger of his would-be friends, but is looked upon as a human curiosity, worthy of the attention of a Darwin.

Behind every bar,—even that of the humblest inn,—is the inevitable mirror for reflecting the decanters, and giving the *bar* a pleasant appearance to its patrons.

All rainy days the tipplers seem to set apart for frolics. Therefore, on a rainy day, may be seen men of almost every trade and vocation, directing their steps towards their favorite haunt,—the bar-room.

The Canadians are making an effort to shake off this demon that has such a firm hold on them, by establishing Good Templar Lodges; but as long as so many of their ministers keep a choice brand of *the article* on hand to serve to guests, and perhaps to moisten *their own* parched lips, the Canadians may look in vain for a reformation.

It is amusing, and perhaps, too, I might say a *little* aggravating, to hear the "Canucks" often saying, "Canada is a great country," while at the same time curling their lips in contempt for that poor country known as the United States. They are shy of "Yankees," as they denominate people coming from the United States, and seem to think that the Yankees will "gull" them, even if they have no dealings with them. Now, I have been cheated more by the selfrighteous Canadians than I have ever been by the Yankees. When purchasing any article at their shops, two-thirds of the change that came back to me, would almost invariably be States silver. The shopmen, also, have an innocent way of giving you in change an English shilling for a twenty-five-cent piece. An English shilling and a Canadian quarter-of-a-dollar look so much alike that one not accustomed to the "taking ways" of the Canadians will get "taken in."

At certain seasons of the year, the military companies of different districts are called out for a week's drill. Government furnishes all the accoutrements necessary for a week's encampment. It is then that you hear the pop! pop! of the volunteer's rifle, as he practices target-shooting.

Every evening of encampment week, the streets of the towns, in the vicinity of the encampments, are literally lined with red-coats. Occa-

sionally would be seen a defender of the Queen's Dominions lying down on brick walks, and beside muddy gutters, in consequence of having imbibed too freely of "tangle-foot."

At the time when a force of Fenians crossed the Niagara at Buffalo, and took a small earthwork, called Fort Erie, and other forces were massing at St. Albans and other points along the frontier, preparing for an invasion, many a "native" would have sold out cheap. The Canadians generally blame our government for all the Fenian demonstrations.

Barrie, on Lake Simcoe, at the head of Kempenfeldt-bay, is a very pleasant place, of from three to four thousand inhabitants. This place is a favorite resort for summer tourists, some even coming from England to spend the summer here. It is about sixty-four miles north of Toronto, on the Muskoka Branch of the Northern Railway. This is a county town, therefore the jail and court-house are found here.

At one time during my tarry in B——, the court was in session, so I stepped into the court-room to observe the Canadian's style of *courting*. A jury was being empaneled, to sit on the trial of a father and son for murder. My risibles were somewhat excited, even in the presence of His *Honor* the Judge, to see how ridiculous he made himself appear, by his cross and crabbed remarks to both the jurors and law-

yers. I thought of the following couplet:—

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel' as others see us,"

and wished that this Judge might have this "giftie" given him.

As I stood looking from the window of the Nipissing Hotel, at Kirkfield, I saw a man go past with gun, saw, and rope. I was wondering why he was going out among the stumps with those implements, when the landlord,—reading my thoughts from my face, informed me that this man was a butcher, going

out to his slaughter-house, "which," said he, "is the largest one in the world."

We went out to see this slaughter-house. After traveling quite a long distance among stumps and underbrush, we came to the place. "Where is the slaughter-house?" said I. "There," said the landlord, pointing at two posts from fifteen to twenty feet long and about the same distance apart, set in the ground, with a pole connecting them at their tops, "there is the slaughter-house."

THE SCHOLAR IN SOCIETY.

AN examination of the relations existing between ministers, lawyers, authors, and public lecturers, in their respective vocations, on the one hand, and that number of people in public contact with one another called society, on the other, discloses the fact that the scholar holds the position of leader among men. This statement may at first thought seem to some highly presumptuous, but a little reflection we think will prove it to be true. Lest, however, this should seem to be granting a position too exalted without sufficient investigation, let us give our attention for a few moments to the efforts of the scholar.

The efforts of the scholar, like

those of a pioneer, are, in all ages, first in point of time. Almost every convenience of the present day is enjoyed in places where pioneer work has been performed. The streets over which we roll in our carriages, were once filled with the roots of forest monarchs; toil and perseverance have changed the conditions and given us what we now possess. It is so with a scholar's efforts. Hardly an object of nature which pleases or impresses us, exists, but has been studied and investigated by the scholar. If we turn our eyes to look upon the ocean, heaving its broad billows upward to meet the kisses of the sun, we shall find that our knowledge of its mys-

teries is due to some scholar. The sun has not escaped his notice. The stars have twinkled their messages through the focus of his telescope. That bird, whose matin song greets your listening ear, is known to you through his woodland rambles. That flower, whose unique shape and charming fragrance fill one with delight, is more interesting to us because we know its name; its name was made known by the scholar. When we stroll upon the sea shore and gather pebbles which have been washed up by the waves, we forget that those pebbles, even, acknowledge the previous glance and thought of the scholar. Thus, the ocean, sun, stars, bird, flower, and pebbles, have all been the objects of careful study on the part of scholars.

But the scholar not only precedes in thinking upon material things; he presents to our appreciation those profound abstractions and governing principles which control the mind, and which he grasps by intense application of thought. Leaving out of consideration a certain native quality possessed by each individual, we shall find that we owe our appreciation of the laws of mind to the labors of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, of old, and to Locke, Bacon, and others of modern time.

Sufficient has been said, however, to establish the scholar as a leader. We next are to consider his influence. When the church-bells send out their metal symphonies upon

the air, is it to listen to some uncultivated person that we assemble? By no means. He to whom we listen is expected to instruct us in the things whereof he speaks, to do which requires a previous preparation and training of the mind for its work. Superior in some way he must be, else he could not for a long time maintain his position.

Just here we might with propriety notice a certain kind of mild antipathy cherished by some toward scholars. It is a notion entertained by those who lack culture, that they who choose vocations in life which demand a season of solitude and the companionship of books, are without practical views of life and are wanting in real sympathy for their fellow men. Such a notion is unfounded, and to cherish it is to do great injustice to those concerning whom it is entertained. The real scholar does have sympathy. Studying broadens his mind and enlarges his sympathy. We should like to know by what abrasive process the warm heart of any true man could be rubbed free from a tender sympathy, a feeling of intimate relation to his fellow men, when studying. As if, forsooth, the application of the mind in solitary hours was productive of hardened hearts!

Returning from our digression, we will notice more directly the influence of the scholar upon society. In far-away nooks and corners of the world, there are hearts which

have been cheered and strengthened by the sympathizing words of God's ministers, or by the books of live, earnest men and women.

The scholar, indeed, has society in his power, to mold it as he may. In our hours of leisure they appear, influencing us through their books. For us they interpret the laws of nature, make known the meaning of the sullen thunder's roar, turn aside the flashing electricity from our heads, and, in short, by their industry, perseverance, and untiring zeal,

make the flowers of the field, the trees of the mountain, and the huge boulders of the cliff, contribute something of pleasure and knowledge to our minds. But he does more than this. Longfellow has said, "Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us." Into this "more glorious world" the scholar enters, and, while there, makes known to us the grand hopes, the lofty inspirations, of its peaceful extent.

LETTER FROM CENTRE GRANGE.

WE publish the following, as bearing witness to a fact little known among those who have wielded the ferule, that there is one department of teaching where a man may be so free from care as to write a jovial letter. The least observant of men would know that this letter was not written by the principal of a school. The initiated would be likely to affirm that it was not written by a school-teacher at all. "Dear Jane," through whose kindness we are enabled to lay this effusion before our readers, will tell you that Seth is none other than a happy assistant in the famous school at Centre Grange. If it is happiness men are after, let them give women their rights, put them at the head of our

schools, and then serve as assistants. Here is the letter:—

CENTRE GRANGE, DOWN IN MAINE, }
February 10th. }

Dear Jane,—I may as well say, at this close of the day, as I sit by my table to pen you a letter, that I wish for your sake, though I don't want to make vain excuses), I felt I could write you a better. Now don't be afraid; tho' verses were made to give grand expression to some grander meaning; yet if you'll peruse 'em, you'll see I don't use 'em for any such purpose. To make a beginning: since last time I wrote, things worthy of note—of greatest importance, in fact—have been doing; and, to speak the truth plainly, and not to say vainly, two smart young colle-

gians themselves have been showing. It happened in this way, to my private dismay (put stress on first syllable): Jones, the Professor, from a Quarterly Meeting, which sent him kind greeting, received invitation to go and address her. This same note expressly invited, P.-S.-ly, your most humble servant to let his voice high wax; and when Jones should have ended his plea, and defended his cause, to do good work by capping the climax.

It was Saturday morn; from their breakfasts of corn the horses were bidden; the children were toasted, and Grandmother Grub, with Sissy and Bub, was put in the sleigh, and to meeting they posted. There were great depths of snow, but then they *must* go to hear the young men from the far-famous Centre; and we found them all there, from the man of white hair to the maid with the "punkin hood" mother had lent her.

Jones arises to speak, and his voice is not weak, though the eyes of that great congregation do search

him; he arranges his points, and solders their joints in a workmanlike manner,—but what is this urchin in full, open view attempting to do? He *will* have her nose off! there, now she is waking! The dear little sinner! I see it right in her, when she gets a chance, though, to give him a shaking. I then make my speech; I endeavor to reach their tenderest spot, with a view to restoring their lost interest; and I do quite my best, till my eloquence sets them all peacefully snoring.

Now, before I conclude this sketch, in a mood all playful, half fanciful, fondly indited, let me say that this tale, truly told, would make pale all your cheek; I have spared you lest you should be frightened. When next I write rhyme, I will take longer time, and write by the foot, or the yard, at your pleasure; you have drained now a gill, let it serve for your fill, and permit me, dear Jennie, to turn down the measure.

Yours, till death parts us,

SETH.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

MISTAKES.

“IT is an uncontrolled truth,” says Swift, “that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.” Whether we accept this statement as an infallible rule or not, we all admit the importance of the questions: What position in life am I fitted for?—in what business am I likely to meet with the highest success and be of the most use to the world? No man can be successful in all kinds of business, while any man of ordinary intelligence may, if he will, in some sphere of life meet with considerable success. Everywhere we see proofs of this, and proofs that in this saying of Swift’s there is much truth. We see a man toiling at some physical task which he has neither strength nor skill to perform with any degree of success. We may admire his industry and perseverance, but we laugh at or pity, according to circumstances, his folly and blindness.

In all avocations, mental or physical, literary or scientific, men are laboring under the disadvantage of not rightly estimating their abilities. Some do not value their talents high enough; but with the majority the great trouble is over-estimation. With others, the mistake is not so

much in over-estimating their abilities as in undertaking a work which requires talents of an entirely different order or nature than any they possess. Such a mistake does that man make, who, possessing good literary tastes, being highly educated, having a great and valuable store of information, might become an interesting prose writer, but, aspiring to turn a poetry machine, wins only the unenviable title of “*Malus Poeta*.” We remember of reading in an old volume of the *Edinburg Review* an account of a Mr. Samuel Crisp, who lived in the early part of the last century, and whose life illustrates what has been said above. Mr. Crisp, according to the writer of the article referred to, was a man of excellent literary tastes, a good critic and valuable adviser of others. But he aspired to be a poet, and wrote a tragedy which, though not hooted from the stage,—since his friends, the most influential men and women of England at that time, did all in their power to make it a success,—after one appearance gradually sank into oblivion. As the play was forgotten, its author was forgotten with it, and Mr. Crisp spent the rest of his life in seclusion, complaining of the injustice of the world, and the lack of sympathy on the part of his

friends. Nor do we need to look into the past to find other similar cases. Our country is flooded with books whose authors have nothing to teach, but who write merely for the pay, or because having a ready flow of language and a vivid imagination, they fancy it is their mission to write. They do not understand their own talents. Many have attempted the role of public lecturer or reader, and their lack of success shows that they have mistaken their own talents. Others have dabbled in science, when their tastes, their talents, their very natures were not at all adapted to scientific studies and pursuits. Filled with admiration at the success of some scientist or inventor, they have fancied that they, too, were destined to make some great discovery, and have wasted their time and money in the attempt, but have left nothing by which the world might remember them.

We would not condemn ambition, but we pity *mistaken* ambition. Because a man successfully commands a nation's armies in war, it does not follow that he is the best man to stand at the head of that nation's affairs in time of peace. Because Vanderbilt and other millionaires have been so successful in their speculations, it does not follow that you or I would be likely to make a fortune in Wall street.

This rule of Swift's deserves to be remembered and reflected upon by all young men, and especially by young men in College.

It is in youth that this question—What position am I fitted for?—presents itself, and our decision determines our success in after life. He who, at the outset, mistakes his talents, must toil for years, only to be forced at last—after the best and strongest years of his life are gone,—to the unwelcome conclusion that he has mistaken his own talents. While he who is wise and fortunate enough to decide this question aright, has only to persevere as he begins and he is sure to meet with success. The strength and hope of the world are its young men, and from those who have been favored with a liberal education it has a right to expect more than from others. It is the duty, then, of us who are enjoying the privilege of a College course, to estimate as nearly aright as we can our abilities and do all in our power to restore to the world its once high opinion of a College education.

OUR LIBRARY.

It is self-evident that a University, a College, or a Seminary, in order to send out scholars of the most thorough and finished culture, should have as large and well-selected a library as its means will afford. The object of the College library is, of course, to furnish the students an opportunity to gain an acquaintance with English literature and a knowledge of science and history, ancient and modern.

Since an institution without a library can not be, in the truest

sense, an institution of learning, it becomes a question worthy of careful consideration, how the library may be made to serve most effectually the purpose for which it is intended.

We do not wish to find fault with our library. It is growing every year, and is as large, perhaps, as could be expected, considering the age of the College and its financial condition. We notice in one of our exchanges a complaint about their library, from which we infer that the students are not allowed to take books out to carry to their rooms. Ours, we all know, is managed better than that. But who of us, especially when doing extra work, such as preparing a debate, declamation, or oration, has not felt that four hours a week was too short a time to spend in the library? To be sure, when doing such extra work, we are allowed to take out as many books as we wish, but even that, it seems to us, is not enough. Many are frequently prevented, especially on Saturday forenoon, from getting into the library before, at least, the first hour is gone, and then, if seeking information upon any particular subject, they must spend the remaining hour in search of something bearing upon that subject. Often, too, we find a whole volume in which there is not more than one chapter, or a single page, which we need to read; but we dare not sit down to read it lest before we finish it we hear the warn-

ing cry, "Five minutes to get your books!" and thus lose the opportunity to secure books more profitable and requiring more time to be read. Again, there are many books containing much information, and which might be profitably read, but which we are not allowed and which no one would wish to take to his room.

Our idea of a first-rate library is a room well supplied with the best of books, and made attractive in other ways, to which the student can resort at any time for information upon any point, or to spend an hour or two in pleasant and profitable reading. This, perhaps, would be too much to expect here at Bates for the present, but we would respectfully ask why our library, in addition to the two hours Saturday forenoons and Wednesday afternoons, can not be kept open two hours every afternoon, or at least every other afternoon. We are not presumptuous enough to suppose that this plan has not been thought of before, but it surely has never been tried at Bates. We know, too, that in opposition to such a plan it would be said, first, that the size of the library does not demand such a step; secondly, that many do not use the library now so much as they might; and thirdly, that it would be necessary to employ a librarian to devote his whole time to the library.

As for the first objection, are not the students themselves best fitted to determine that point, by the extent of the acquaintance they have

been able to make with the contents of the library? It is said that a gentleman in Boston, studying up on some obscure subject, had searched the public libraries and appealed to his literary friends in vain for information upon a particular part of it, but at length asked Theodore Parker if he knew where he could find any information upon the subject. "Yes," said Parker, "go to Harvard College library, and on such a shelf you will find just what you want." How many of us have anything like so intimate acquaintance with our College library? Those who read most, and best improve their time in the library, will tell you that at the end of their course they have merely begun to learn the worth of the library and what is in it.

The fact that some do not make the best use of their privileges does not seem to be any reason for not extending still greater privileges to those who do use them well. If some use the library but little now, they would surely use it no less if it should be open more, while we believe there are many who would be glad to spend twice the time in the library which they now do.

All things considered, it would not, perhaps, be best at present to employ a librarian to give his whole time to the library, but why could not assistants be chosen from the two upper classes, or from the Senior class alone, who should do the most of this extra work? During

the last half of his course a student has considerable time for general reading, and we doubt not there would be found some in each class who would be willing to do the work of assistant librarian for the sake of the opportunity it would afford them for reading. The work on these extra occasions would probably be little more than simply to open and shut the library.

There are, doubtless, many objections to opening the library more than Wednesday P.M. and Saturday A.M., which have not occurred to us, but we really wish while our library is increasing in size that we could have still better opportunities for getting the benefit of what it already contains.

APOLOGY.

We have to apologize for the delay in the appearance of the January and February numbers of the *STUDENT*, and also for any lack of excellence noticed in this number. Both numbers have been prepared under most unfavorable circumstances, but had not some of the contributors for January been so far behind time, that number would have come from the press early in the month.

As for the February number, we take upon ourselves all blame, either for the delay in its appearance or for its lack of merit, only saying in excuse,—we have been teaching. Editors and manager have been widely separated during one of

the severest and *driest* of Maine winters, and have not enjoyed the best of advantages for communicating with each other even by mail. Did you ever think what a situation that is for an editor, a dozen miles from anywhere, teaching, or attempting to teach, the young ideas to shoot, while he knows that parents are wondering why the "master" don't call, and subscribers why that STUDENT don't come?

Something like this has been our situation for the past two months. We have tried to do the best we could under the circumstances, and offer you this number as the result of our efforts, hoping that now we are once more within these classic walls our efforts may meet with higher success.

OUR EXCHANGES.

There is no better opportunity for studying the character of the editors of a College paper than in their remarks upon their exchanges. Some pay little or no attention to their exchanges, or if they do condescend to notice one at any length, it is in a fault-finding, ridiculing tone. Others are profuse in their compliments; they see nothing but what should be praised. Can not some one find the golden mean between these two extremes? As for ourselves, though we can not read all thoroughly, we anticipate as much benefit from reading our exchanges, as a whole, as from any other part of our work.

Our exchanges for this month are full of the I. C. L. C—we can't stop to write it out in full. The institutions whose representatives bore off the honors of course regard the contest as a success, while with others it is yet a debatable question.

The *Dartmouth* has a large corps of editors and gives us an excellent number for January. The first article, "An Evil of Modern Times," contains in a few pages a vast amount of forcibly expressed truth. We were also much pleased with the "Bit of Allegory," perhaps because we so heartily despise the system at which its thrusts were aimed. We hardly know whether the author of "A Narrow Escape" expects us to believe his story, or was trying to see how extravagant and absurd he could be. We hardly think the article a success in either case.

The *Owl* is still explaining the "Mystery of Mesmerism." The *Owl*, by the way, has an excellent way of noticing its exchanges. It is perfectly fair and candid in its treatment of all, and has none of that prejudice which many Western institutions seem to entertain toward Eastern Colleges. Don't let the "sapient" bird come to us standing on his head again.

For a College paper it seems to us that the *University Press* is too much like the common newspaper. The last number furnished its readers with a copy of the Governor's message.

We find upon our table this month a new exchange, *The Eurpetorian Argosy*. We shan't try to pronounce that name nor to write the whole of it very often. Its contents are fully as good as the average. We welcome it to our list of exchanges.

The *Trinity Tablet* has a new corps of editors. We are in just the situation to sympathize with the new editors and wish them success.

We also find upon our table two *Tyros*, one from Canada, the other from Poughkeepsie, N. Y. These two papers are alike only in name.

One is a sober quarterly, having perhaps much literary merit; but we think there is a tendency toward dryness. The other is a spicy sheet edited by young ladies, who show by the way they handle the *Yale Record* that they are no novices in saying sharp things. These young ladies believe that "there is in every young person's breast an indefinite expectation that they will some day be married," and in proof quote Patrick Henry's saying, "It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope."

ODDS AND ENDS.

STUDENTS will soon have to melt snow.

Another has knelt at the altar of Hymen and gone out to *test* the stern realities of life. May his Days be many!

All those in favor of having the bowling alley repaired, please make it manifest by the usual sign. "Mum's the word."

By a slight typographical error one of the "goaks" in our last number was damaged. Loss slight; no insurance.

We learn that our former classmates, A. T. and G. C. Smith, are pleasantly located at Providence, in the family of the Rev. Mr. Cox.

We are glad to learn that the students who were appointed "managers" of the ball given by the A. B. B. C., discharged their onerous duties in a most acceptable manner.

A Freshman was seen in the gymnasium the other morning, blowing through his fingers. He is the first who has ventured to go there for a long time. He probably has hopes of a position on the *crew* the coming season.

A private note from Mt. Washington states that the dispatch, "6293 feet above the sea — how is this for high?" is, this winter, to be sent to every man, woman, and child in the country, so as to abridge the labor of next summer.

Sunday morning. Student takes "Barnes's Notes and Comments," and with semi-sanctimonious phiz seats himself for the study of his Sunday-School lesson. Chum, not especially interested in holy things — "I don't object to the use of horses in all your secular studies, but *do* spare the Scriptur."

A citizen of the interior, with whom one of our pedagogues was lately discussing the question of capital punishment, remarked that if sentenced to imprisonment for life, he should just take his knife and tap the "bugler," as he should consider that the only "alternity" left him under the "pannox" of heaven.

A Junior who, for twenty-one years, has withstood the rigors of Free-Baptist discipline, says: "I have devoted some time and attention to the subject of elocution, and have listened to many distinguished orators, but never have been able to produce myself nor have I seen

produced upon an audience, such a marked effect as always took place when my venerable sire, having invited me to the attic, would say, with slipper in hand, "My son, you may let down your pants."

There is some controversy about changing the day of prayer for Colleges. We do not wish to seem forward, or to dictate in the matter, but—well—to save hard feelings, wouldn't it be a good idea to observe it twice. Sh—, dignity, fellers!

A Freshie defines a funeral as "a picnic with the cold meat carried in front."—*College Mercury*.

Scene laid in Paris. *Dramatis personæ*, England and France. "Qui va là?" "Je," says I (as I know the language). "Comment?" says he. "Come on!" says I; and I knocked him down.—*Ex*.

A student in an Iowa College boarded himself on sixty-five cents a week, and studied twenty hours per day. He is now an overseer of highways.—*Trinity Tablet*.

What does he know about highways?

A student, in sending home an account of his expenses, put Birds, \$1.25, for the Birds of Aristophanes, to which his father responds: "I hope that you will abstain, in future, from game suppers and other frivolities of that sort."—*Trinity Tablet*.

Scene, Junior Recitation Room. Subject of consideration, a Greek construction. Prof.—"S—, how's that?" Student—"Don't know." Prof.—"Thought you raised your hand." Student—"I was scratching my head." Prof.—"You'd better scratch it a little more."—*Union College Magazine*.

Send twenty-five cents to Lloyd Map Company, Philadelphia, and by return mail you will get a copy of Lloyd's Map of the American Continent, showing from ocean to ocean. Lloyd is the famous map man, who made all the maps for General Grant and the Union army. This map shows the whole United States and Territories in a group, from surveys to 1875, with a million places on it, such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, gold mines, railway stations, &c. Every one should have it.

The Catalogues of Seeds and Plants for 1875, of Peter Henderson & Co., 35 Cortland street, New York, are just received. They number about 80 pages, are finely illustrated, and contain five beautiful colored plates of roses, verbenas, pinks, &c. These catalogues, with the plates, are mailed to all applicants by Peter Henderson & Co., on receipt of fifty cents. All purchasers of their book, "Gardening for Profit" and "Practical Floriculture"—price \$1.50 each prepaid by mail—will receive annually plain catalogues without charge.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

CARL SCHURZ will lecture in City Hall, Tuesday evening, March 9th, under the auspices of the Senior Class. The *Chicago Tribune* says of Schurz: "Carl Schurz belongs to the nation. He is to-day the master mind of the United States Senate. He is an orator, a philosopher, a statesman. His eloquence is as rich, elegant, and finished as Edward Everett's, his research as conscientious and laborious as Sumner's, his readiness in debate as quick and pointed as Morton's, his style as captivating as that we picture for the orators who live in history and whom we have never heard. He is a learned man, a close student, a devotee to the principles of a republican form of government, and a man of cosmopolitan reputation, who should not be permitted to drop out of active politics."

College news is rather scarce just now. Several trunks arrived last Saturday.

The landed property of Oxford University amounts to 147,477 acres.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor contributed \$500 toward the prizes for the late I. C. L. Contest. Mrs. J. T. Johnson has subscribed a like amount for next year.

Of the 319 students at Lafayette College, 160—one-half—are professors of religion; 40 are preparing for the ministry.

President Gilman is about to make efforts to secure the establishment of an Oriental College in connection with the University of California.

Dr. Miner has closed his connection with Tufts College as President. Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., and Dr. E. C. Bolles are each named to fill the vacancy.

The first "Inter-Collegiate Literary Contest" was held at the Academy of Music, New York, on the 7th of January. Prizes were awarded as follows: In Oratory, first to Tomlinson of New York University; second to Edmunds of Williams. For Essays, "Utilitarian Theory of Morals," first to Marquand of Princeton; second, to Thompson of New York University; "Any Character of Shakespeare," first to Fitch of Cornell; second to Cluck of Cornell. Only six Colleges were represented. The next contest will be held in New York, Jan. 4th, 1876, when in addition to the contest in Rhetoric and Oratory there will be a competitive examination in some Greek play and in Analytical Geometry.

PERSONALS.

'67.—Rev. George S. Ricker was installed as pastor of Mt. Vernon Free-Baptist Church, Lowell, Mass., Feb. 1. The installation sermon was preached by Rev. A. L. Houghton of '70.

'71.—J. M. Libby has opened a law office in this city in company with T. B. Swan, Esq., formerly of Mechanic Falls.

'71.—P. O. Quinby, a former member of '71, has been elected principal of Deering High School.

'70.—In Auburn, Jan. 21st, by the Rev. A. P. Tinker, Mr. Everett A. Nash of Lewiston, and Miss Emma A. Goodwin of Auburn.

'73.—E. A. Smith is in the office of the Baptist Union, 37 Park Row, New York City.

'74.—Robert Given, Jr., is stopping in town.

'76.—B. M. Edwards is pastor of the F. B. Church, Brunswick, Me. We understand that Mr. Edwards will not return to College.

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

This Institution is located in the city of Lewiston, Maine, and is named in honor of LYMAN NICHOLS, Esq., of Boston. The special object of the school is to prepare students for the Freshman Class of Bates College, though students who do not contemplate a College course are admitted to any of the classes which they have the qualifications to enter. The School is situated near the College and Theological School, and thus affords important advantages of association with students of more advanced standing and scholarship.

The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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MARCH, 1875.

No. 3.

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LEWISTON:

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

1875.



THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1875.

No. 3.

FRANZ LIEBER.

TO the native American, as he notices the ever-increasing immigration of foreigners, the question presents itself: Will this work for our good? It can not be gainsaid that with the influx of German and Celtic elements, America is receiving some disadvantages; but while we see all the evil, which always is on the surface, we fail to recognize the good received. In the following biographical sketch of Franz Lieber, we would seek to show, by his pure and noble life, one of the many instances in which America has gained by foreign immigration.

Franz Lieber was born in Berlin, March 18, 1800. His youth was spent in that city, and he saw Napoleon as he marched in triumph through the streets of Berlin. In his youth he gave evidence of talent, and was assiduous in his studies. In 1813, the great war of liberation,

Lieber was too young to tender his services to the Prussian government.

But two years after, one day in March, when his father, upon entering the house, said, "Boys, clean your guns, Napoleon is loose again," Lieber went and enlisted as a "jäger" in one of the Prussian regiments. In a short time he was placed under the command of Blücher. In after years, Lieber loved to narrate the eagerness and cheerfulness with which even striplings left their parental home to fight for the "Vaterland." Lieber participated in the battle of Ligny, and was shot through the neck and breast. On his return from military service he again entered the school-room, to prosecute his studies. Becoming connected with the University, he was noted for his love of freedom. This cost him a few months of imprisonment. After his release he went to Jena to

complete his education, and in 1820 he received the honorary degree of Ph.D. From Jena he went to Halle, from Halle to Dresden, to pursue his studies. While at Dresden the news of the revolt of the Greeks reached him, and leaving his country he engaged in that rebellion. However, he soon became disgusted with the management of the cause and left the army. He determined to visit Rome on his way back to Germany. With a well-nigh empty purse he entered the Holy City and presented himself to the Prussian ambassador, the celebrated historian Niebuhr. Niebuhr at once saw that Lieber was a young man of much promise, and invited him to his house, and finally engaged him as a tutor to his son. This scene in Lieber's life shows us Niebuhr as a man, and we admire him the more, since he entertained Lieber despite the poor clothing he wore. Lieber, we may reasonably infer, availed himself of the great opportunity of being daily in the company of so great a man as Niebuhr. He was also Niebuhr's companion in visiting Naples; and when Niebuhr left Rome for the fatherland Lieber accompanied him.

Lieber returned to Berlin in the hope that he would be permitted to live quietly, but his name was in the black book as a demagogue and "philhellene," and he was a second time subjected to imprisonment for his republican sentiments, and for

being a member of a secret society. In his confinement Niebuhr visited him, and finally effected his release. During his imprisonment Lieber was not idle, but composed a book of poems entitled "Wine and Love Songs," which he published under the *nom de plume* "Arnold Franz." In 1828 he went to London to remain awhile. Here he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Austen, the translator of Ranke's History of the Popes, and George Grote, the historian of Greece. He applied for the position of the newly instituted chair of German and Scandinavian literature, at the University of London. Niebuhr seconded his endeavors for this position by a letter commending him to leading men of England. Before this letter reached him, Lieber, with characteristic decision, had formed the plan of going to America, and had taken passage for the new world to make it his second home. He went to Boston, and while there he received a letter from Niebuhr approving his plan, and giving him aid in employment as a correspondent for European journals. A portion of this letter of Niebuhr is so interesting that we insert a few lines here. After approving his design in going to America, and showing England's disadvantages to a stranger, he says: "The New England States, in which you live, are worthy of their name, which would not be fitting for States south of the Potomac. It is England

without its aristocracy and tradition, active and energetic alone in material life, therefore without beautiful illusions, but also without English hypocrisy." As soon as the laws of the land permitted, Lieber became a citizen of his adopted country. In Boston he soon made the acquaintance of Story, Channing, Ticknor, Prescott, and others of note in scientific and literary circles. Here Lieber edited the "Encyclopædia Americana." In this enterprise he had the warm approval and help of Judge Story. This Encyclopædia consisted of thirteen volumes. In 1832 he removed to New York, but within a year he was called to Philadelphia to draw up a plan for "Girard College." As the result of this labor we have the "Constitution and Plan of Education for Girard College for Orphans." In 1835 he was called to the chair of History and Political Economy in the University of South Carolina. Here he labored for twenty years. In 1837 and 1838 he published two works, entitled "Legal and Political Hermeneutics, or Principles of Interpretation and Construction in Law and Politics. Boston: 1839"; and "A Manual of Political Ethics. Boston: 1838." To show the esteem in which these works were held, we will quote the commendation of Chief-Justice Story. "The book contains," said he, ". . . the fullest and most correct development of the true theory of the State that I have ever seen. It is

replete with healthy political views, and is ornamented with manifold erudition. Many thoughts are to me new and striking. It solves the question, Which system of government is the best? by the answer, illustrated in a thousand ways, that it is that which best furthers the substantial interests of a nation." In England he was likened to Montesquieu. Lieber wrote much for the periodicals. Among his subjects were the "Essays Concerning Property and Labor," "Law of Estate," etc., etc. Lieber was soon recognized as an authority on matters relating to Political Economy. In 1848, when Germany was in revolution, Lieber went to Europe, hoping that his beloved fatherland might be free, but he came back to his adopted country after seeing the hopelessness of the republican cause there. In 1856 he resigned his professor's chair in South Carolina, in order that he might boldly advocate the cause of freedom to the black. Coming to New York, he became professor in Columbia College.

At the outbreak of the slaveholders' rebellion he manfully stood for the Union, and in 1861 he delivered two lectures before Columbia College in behalf of the cause of the Union. In these he combated the idea that the Union was simply a contract which can be dissolved at pleasure. He compared the Union to marriage, and stigmatized secession as free-love. In 1863, at the

request of President Lincoln, Lieber compiled "The Instructions for the Field Army of the United States." This book has become a standard in our government, and has also been called by Laboulaye "a matchless work."

When Germany resisted the unprincipled usurper Napoleon, in 1870, Lieber's heart went forth for "Deutschland." American citizen

as he was, he was still a German, and with eagerness did he watch the course of that memorable war. He had fulfilled Niebuhr's wish, he was a German still.

Lieber was a married man, and has two sons in the American army. He died of heart disease, Oct. 2, 1872. Thus quietly passed away Francis Lieber, an honor to Germany and America.

MARCH.

DEEP in the hearts of the woods to-day
 The gray old hemlocks but faintly stir.
 A spicy odor fills all the air,
 Won from the heart of the pine and fir;
 And the pale green ferns and maiden's hair
 Border the narrow way.

The sky is blue as skies in May,
 But skies are fickle and suns are cold.
 Will the violet ever wake from sleep?
 When will the lily her buds unfold?
 For winter is king and snow is deep,
 And faith is dead to-day.

When will the wind-flower hang its head
 Over the laughing, babbling brook?
 When will the golden cowslip peep,
 By lowly paths, from its sheltered nook?
 Why lies the spring so long asleep?
 Where has our summer fled?

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.

FEW branches of modern scientific investigation have disclosed a rarer wealth of truth and valuable information than the researches of scholars in the field of comparative philology. By studying the affinities of different tongues, they have been able to trace the connection between nations far back of the period of actual history or tradition, and have thus shed much additional light upon their origin. Language has been found to be a living organism, reflecting in its words and forms the unwritten history of nations, vital with the imagination, feeling, and experience of the people that use it.

No matter what may have been its origin,—whether, as the evolutionists would have us think, it is man's invention, which by a process of development has grown from rude beginnings into the perfect form in which we now have it, just as man himself has been "evolved" from the ape, or whether man speaks because he must, because of an instinct within him, given by his Creator, just as the beaver builds his dam or the bird its nest,—it is none the less true that language, even more than reason, is what distinguishes us from the brutes; that it is the garb—nay, as Wordsworth has said, the very incarnation of all our thoughts and feelings.

"Among the many ends which we may propose to ourselves in the

study of language," says Professor Marsh, "there is but one which is common and necessary to every man. I mean such a facility in comprehending, and such a skill in using, his mother-tongue, that he can play well his part in the never-ceasing dialogue which, whether between the living and the living or the living and the dead, whether breathed from the lips or figured with the pen, takes up so large a part of the life of every one of us." It is the importance of having this facility and skill, and the means of acquiring them, that we wish briefly to consider.

No one can complain that the study of language has been neglected. Many, on the contrary, think it has been too exclusively studied. As the key to bodies of literature, and as a means of mental discipline it has always held the chief place in systems of education from the time of Cicero down to the present; but the critical, scientific study of our own vernacular, its origin, history, and development,—the careful inquiry into the hidden powers and deep significance of words, with the above-mentioned end in view,—has been and is all too rare, both in the schools and by individual scholars. That young men are allowed to go out of our schools and colleges with such inadequate knowledge of their mother-tongue, and so little skill in

using it, indicates a radical defect in our system of education. It also accounts, in some measure at least, for the unsatisfactory training which many students obtain, and the meagre results they are able to show for the time consumed, since one's capacity for acquiring knowledge depends largely upon his facility in understanding the vehicle in which that knowledge is conveyed.

A man's dexterity in the use of his mother-tongue, then, is the measure of his culture, as his *manner* of using it is the index of his character; and his influence over others, whether as writer or speaker, in public or in private, will depend upon the extent to which he has made it his own; so that the practical importance of such a study as we have indicated comes home to every one, and we look to see the time when the student, instead of being left to his own resources and having to grope his way as best he can, will have the guidance which he needs; for no amount of reading or dictionary-hunting or hap-hazard investigation can take the place of careful, systematic study. Some, it is true, are born with silver tongues, having by nature a ready command of language and rare skill in using it, just as poets are born and not made. Indeed, this is one of the secrets of the poet or the great writer in any sphere. Thought and the words in which it is clothed are more intimately connected than we

are wont to suppose. He who has read any great author, such as Shakespeare or Wordsworth, without feeling the indescribable charm of the language, as well as the beauty and sublimity of the thought, without realizing that there is some mysterious bond of union between the two, has never felt the power of words, nor known what a delicate and perfect instrument they may become in the hands of a master. "You might as well think," says Coleridge, "of pushing a brick out of a wall with your forefinger, as attempt to remove a word out of any of the finished passages of Shakespeare." The same might be said of Wordsworth. Take the following passage from his "Intimations of Immortality," as illustrating the union referred to, and the power of simple words when used by a skillful artist:—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have glimpse of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,—
Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

How much of the fine linguistic sense shown in these lines was given the author by nature, and how much was acquired, of course we can not

tell. But they tell us plainly that not many words are needed for the expression of the loftiest thought; that the most common words are freighted with the deepest meaning; and that we are daily walking amidst marvels, if we would but open our eyes to behold them. There is no virtue, then, in mere numbers nor in high-sounding derivatives, though for various reasons a good stock of words to select from is desirable, and is becoming more and more so, as, with the gradual development of the language, the different shades of meaning come to be more clearly defined. What is needed is a keener sense of the fitness of words, of the relation of language to the thought which it embodies. And there are laws here, as elsewhere, which must be understood and lived up to with loyal duty, since their violation tends not only to demoralize the mind, but in turn to corrupt and debase the language itself. Affluence of speech and power in the use of words consist mainly in having this sense of their fitness, in the skill with which they are combined and adapted to the thought. How to cultivate this sense, so as by a wise discrimination always to use the right word, becomes an important

question. Manifestly the first condition is, that we be thoughtful and conscientious in the use of language, challenging the most common words and requiring them to yield up their deepest meaning. Thus they will become the signs of definite ideas, and induce greater accuracy of thought, as a careless, inaccurate use of language is sure to lead to confusion and obscurity of thought. "The mixture of those things by speech, which by nature are divided," says an English writer, "is the mother of all error." One needs only to recall the endless theological contests that have been fought over single words, to understand the ground upon which this assertion is based. But the culture of language, as of everything else, if it is to go far, must have its foundation in thorough and extensive knowledge. One must know something of the history and development of the language, of the inner life and meaning of the words which are already his, and seek by familiar acquaintance with the writings of those who have best understood the idiom and power of his native tongue, to discover the secret which they possessed, and thus enrich his own vocabulary.

A SULTRY DAY IN SUMMER.

DAY dawns, and the earth is filled with splendor;
 The light grows tender on field and flower;
 Grief dies in the bliss that the breezes send her,
 And gladness and gayety rule the hour.

Noon glows, and we faint in a blazing river
 Whose currents quiver and sway and fall;
 Our thirst is mocked by the waves that ever
 Flow, hot and bitter, around us all.

Night falls, like an angel of death and sadness;
 No signs of gladness our senses greet;
 Yet she heals the day of his noontime madness,
 And grants a rest to our weary feet.

DRAWING IN SCHOOLS.

THERE has been, during the last six years, a continually growing interest in New England, in the instruction of the people in drawing. It has been introduced into the schools of many of our cities, and in Massachusetts, as in some other States, in all large places evening classes have been formed, that those who by their age or other circumstances, are prevented from attending the day schools, may obtain instruction in the evening. The primary object of the evening school is to help educate our mechanics in drawing, in order that their work may not be inferior in value to that of foreign artisans.

Although this object is a laudable one, and the attempt to attain it forces itself upon us by the competition of skilled workmen of other nationalities, yet we believe the effect upon the minds of those instructed is much more to be desired. We refer to the education of the æsthetic sense which recognizes beauty of form, and tends to cause one to observe with delight those combinations of material objects which persons of good taste call beautiful, and to look with discomfort on those which lack the qualities essential to beauty. A necessary means of acquiring this faculty is learning to draw well. Indeed,

one of the foremost expounders of art education in our country says: "To establish schools of art and art galleries before the mass of the community are taught to draw, is like opening a University before the people know the alphabet."

It is claimed by the advocates of the present College and fitting-school curriculum, that while the course in other schools must be narrow and devoted to the pursuit of specialties, that of the College is broad; and, rather than fitting for any special pursuit, it tends to develop and round the manhood of the student. At the time of his graduation he is supposed to stand on the threshold of life, having at least a good foundation for whatever calling he may choose for his life-work. Why, then, should not the elements of drawing be taught in the fitting-school?

It may be said that drawing is taught in the schools which the student is supposed to pass through before he begins to fit for College. But the teaching of drawing in such schools must be of the most elementary character, and if not pursued farther will be of no use to the student; and also some of those who claim to be among our foremost educators, even contend that the State should give its children in the public schools only the simplest rudiments of an education. It may be argued that there is not time for teaching drawing, and that it, with other equally important branches, must

be put aside. Yet it is a little remarkable that although drawing is neither taught in the school nor required for admission, somehow the pupil is expected to know something about it. He is called upon at nearly every recitation during six or seven years, from the time he enters the fitting-school until he leaves College, to represent solids upon a plane surface, yet he is rarely taught any correct method for so doing; and the consequence is, he knows no more about it when his education is supposed to be completed than when it was begun. The consequence is often more than this. If the pupil has a taste for drawing, it receives no encouragement, and the probability is that he soon does as most others of his class, and the teacher is enabled to distinguish his cube from his rhombic prism only as Mark Twain distinguished the bust from the pedestal. To most College students, drawing a piece of chemical or philosophical apparatus on the blackboard is a disagreeable duty, and a correct representation is generally an impossibility, because to execute such sketches requires practice in perspective drawing.

Perhaps we mistake, but we always supposed that the blackboard diagram was intended to show the pupil's knowledge of the object to be represented. But, however accurate his knowledge of the object, with no knowledge of perspective, or descriptive geometry, there is a

strong probability that the chalk lines will resemble "what never was on sea or land." Yet, although the blackboard air-pump of the Junior doesn't seem to obey the law of gravitation by standing on two legs, and it is often difficult to explain the mechanism without the ignoble action of referring to its counterpart in the text-book, yet such things are passed over as being of little moment, and the steam-engine is supposed to run as well with an eccentric fly-wheel as with any other.

We contend that a short time in the fitting-school devoted to a few principles of drawing, would be more than regained in the time saved in making those free-hand sketches which students are sent to the blackboard to draw during their College course; to say nothing of the self-respect which every one feels in doing a thing well. Many of our graduates become teachers in the public schools, and the question is now sometimes asked: "Can you teach drawing?" It is evident that this question will be more and more frequently asked within the next few years; for, although special teachers are now required for that department, it is conceded that more would be accomplished should the regular instructors teach also drawing. It must be a little humiliating, to say the least, to know that one has pupils who learned in the lower grades to draw better such a design as their teacher is trying to produce

on the board. We think it but just that the highest salaried teachers in our schools should be able to teach drawing. The circumstances and tastes of most boys lead them to adopt some pursuit in which skill with the pencil is a great, sometimes an indispensable aid, and there is no reason why the instruction which they receive should not be as good as that given to the few who are fitting for College.

As our knowledge of Art increases, so does our interest in the appearance of everything around us, especially in that of our public and private buildings. And what man should be more liberally educated than the architect? A principal part of his study is Greek and Roman architecture. What, then, is more fitting than that he should understand the language in which they spoke and wrote of their works, as well as that other language, which, in crumbling ruins and solitary columns, tells us of those ideas of fitness and beauty which have been equalled in no other combinations? A knowledge of both languages, it would seem, must give one a deeper insight into the secrets of Grecian architecture. But an architect must have a thorough knowledge of drawing, and while studying the languages of the Greeks and Romans, it is indispensable to his future success that he should practice this art. We all love to look at noble buildings, and it is said that there is

an insensible art education gained by so doing. Emerson says: "The pleasure a palace or a temple gives the eye, is that an order and method has been communicated to stones, so that they speak and geometrize, become tender or sublime with expression." But if we have not been taught to observe and criticise such combinations by drawing them, if we know nothing of that order and method, the pleasure is wholly lost.

If the present American fitting-school and College curriculum is to hold its boasted position, as being the best foundation on which all our youth should build, not the youth of one class, but of all classes, is it not evident that it must be modified to a certain extent? Of course the cry of utilitarianism is immediately raised, but it must be remembered that utilitarianism sometimes brings about high results. The technical education of our mechanics was not begun that they might beautify their dwellings, that they might be better judges of fine pictures or beautiful

buildings, but that they might earn as many dollars by a day's labor as a European artisan who comes to this country; but the result will be the education of the brain as well as the hand, and that purity of mind which results from a love of the beautiful.

It is not with a utilitarian view that we think that drawing should be taught in the fitting school, but that those who by nature have a taste for such things should not, while pursuing the course of the broad system of education, be deprived of its refining and elevating influence; that the student may be able to do well all that is required of him; that the graduate should be able to tell the distinguishing features of the architecture of that people whose literature he has studied, as well as the artisan who knows not a letter of the Greek alphabet; and that the average mechanic shall not be more at home in an art gallery than he who is said to be liberally educated.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THOU whose youthful spirit saw
The glory of thy Maker's power
In clouds which fled before the winds!
Tell us, oh! tell us, if thy soul
Saw not also in their gloomy
Bosoms aught of love divine!

A Feeling of Insignificance.

Yes, love also thou didst discern,
 For, mounting upward from thy heart
 Went forth thine own "The Lord our God"—
 Such was thy spirit's glad acclaim.

Thou sleepest now. For us, the songs
 Which in thy life's bright early years
 In melody were sung by thee,
 Remain, to us a legacy
 Of inspiration powerful.

I said, "Thou art asleep." Thy form
 Of flesh and blood may sleeping be,
 But not thy soul; that, happy in
 The converse with the throng redeemed,
 With them the Lord of all doth praise.

Couldst thou have lived a longer—
 But no! thou didst thy length of time
 Fulfill. *Thy* length? 'T was God himself
 Who limited thee to thy years.

Boston, thou mayest well be proud!
 For o'er the grave of him whose hymns
 We gladly sing, a citizen
 Of thine, in rev'rence deeply felt,
 A monumental shaft hath placed.

A FEELING OF INSIGNIFICANCE.

THERE are in man two kinds of feelings—the one of self-sufficiency, self-importance; the other of unworthiness, insignificance. The latter and its effects will constitute our theme.

By a feeling of insignificance we do not mean that which a soldier feels when he looks to his general, a subject when he thinks of his king, an ignorant man when he compares himself with a learned man, or a miserable reprobate when he reflects on the life of a virtuous man. None of

these. For a man may be less good, less knowing, less able than another, but never insignificant compared with another; and he who has this feeling before any of his fellow-beings, degrades himself. By a feeling of insignificance, then, we mean that which is produced in us when we look upon this wide world, then look to the vast expanse of the heavens, then think of him who made these, then look at ourselves.

Such a feeling as we speak of is peculiar to those who do not look at things only, but at causes; who do not see man alone, but God. This is what we mean by our theme. And what are its effects? Do you see that man who feels that he is nothing? Such a man should be classed among the greatest. He may know nothing about arithmetic, grammar, the natural sciences, metaphysics; he may have conquered no nations nor achieved great undertakings; nay, he may be a most obscure individual; yet, in that he adopts no mean, transitory thing for his standard,—that he does not measure himself with man, but goes to the infinite and there determines his worth—which he finds to be nothing,—he has the highest knowledge and is the greatest. Whatever else may be tokens of distinction in man, the knowing one's own place is the mark of greatness. One may be as learned as Plato, but if he does not know his place he does not know much. He may be as great as Alex-

ander, but if he does not know his place he is small. He may be as powerful as Samson, but if he does not know his place he is weak. However great one's attainments may be, if he is out of his place he is like a ship in mid-land, or a train of cars in mid-ocean. Socrates was called the wisest man in Greece; not because there was no man that knew as much or more than he, but that he of all men best knew his place. A child is spoken of in the Bible as great, and men are exhorted to be like them, for the same reason, namely, that they of all best know their place. Man is a great being in his own sphere, but the moment he steps out of it he sinks into nothingness. No man knows himself, no man knows his place, until he prostrates himself before the Infinite One, and with a consciousness of his insignificance exclaims:—

“What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?

And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed

In all the glory of sublimest thought,

Is but an atom in the balance, weighed

Against infinity! O what am I then? Nought.”

Just as gravity draws objects to the centre of the earth, so such a state of mind draws man where he belongs; it removes from him all feelings of pride, vanity, ambition; it makes him content with the lot which Providence has assigned for him, and it spurs him to do what little he can for God and man.

Our motto is "excelsior!" The philosopher is crying "excelsior!" the moralist "excelsior!" the artist the same; and a nobler song was never sung. But let none sing it but those whose minds conform to the sentiment of our theme; for a lowly mind is the condition of the highest development of man, just as a fertile soil and a genial climate are the conditions of a most luxuriant growth.

To strive after the highest ideal, one must have some conception of its excellences; and no one can have this in any legitimate degree unless he knows his utter worthlessness. Millions have crossed the ocean, but few have been impressed with the sublimity of its vastness; while the great majority can see nothing admirable in its broad expanse, because only the few have looked at themselves to see that they were very small indeed. An object may be ever so sublime and imposing, but if the spectator feels himself as imposing as that object, it is to him a commonplace thing. When one stands before some grand mountain scenery, he must not swell out into the bigness of that mountain, but he must be in a subdued state of mind; then he is prepared to drink in the beauty of the picture before him; then his heart begins to swell at the sublimity of the prospect. He feels something that he can not express.

So, when we stand before the ideal, we must first feel that our

knowledge is ignorance, our goodness as "filthy rags," our existence nothingness; then we shall see it in all its magnitude; whereas it was a vague imagery, now it is a reality; then the source of a few good things, now a sea of excellence; a human standard—the divine ideal. Things assume a different aspect; every object presents to us something deeper than mere surface. We no longer measure the universe by our own greatness, but by immensity; we see all the possibilities of a life whose terminus of development is infinity; in short, like John of Patmos, we seem to see a new world and a new creation. All this flows from a feeling of insignificance. But what of it? What that we see all this? It is that now we are in a condition to grow; we can truly sing "excelsior!" Can a thirsty man pass by a fountain of pure cold water and not drink from it? Can a man see all this glory, beauty, magnificence, and not be assimilated to it? Impossible. Our mind feeds on nothing but the noblest; our soul drinks in from the eternal fountain; we are like a seed sown in the garden of the universe, and there is no end to our development.

There are many who do not learn, from a lack of natural capacity, but by far the greater number do not learn because they do not know their own ignorance. The world is full of good men, but the truly good are

more scarce than gold, because few are they that feel their lack of goodness. The reason that so little is accomplished in the advancement of

the arts, sciences, and morality, is that there is such an enormity of presumption. The way to be something, to do something, is to be *nothing*.

FANATICISM.

FANATICISM is the product of a mind disordered, governed not by reason but by imagination. As the ocean, disturbed by the raging elements, wrecks many a vessel upon its coast, so the mind, tossed about by fanaticism, distorts many an idea brought within its domain. Fanaticism always shows a mad contempt for experience. The first crusade was born of a fanatical spirit. It was attended with disastrous results and untold suffering. Yet fanaticism, blind and impetuous, led on other crusades to the same inglorious end. Thus in religion, politics, and science, fanaticism evinces a contempt for experience. Seeking the subversion of reason and the enthronement of imagination, it cherishes wild and extravagant notions, which, if realized, would result in the exclusion of all the elements of an advanced civilization. Fanaticism is intolerant. It leads to acts of desperation. Its history is the history of blood, of tortures, of absurdities. Listen to the story of the rack and stake. Read of the unbounded sale of indulgences by the Romish priesthood, and be

convinced. The reign of fanaticism is the reign of terror. It drives the hermit into the wilderness, shuts up the nun in the cloister, assassinates the king upon the throne. But of all forms, religious fanaticism is the worst. It has shed more blood, devastated more lands, robbed more men of their God-given rights, than all other forms combined. It is allied to the powers of darkness, and obtains complete mastery over men in an age of superstition and ignorance. There is a kind of religious fanaticism, not wholly extinct, which contends for the honor of a creed. This makes much of new moons, meats and drinks, but omits the weightier matters of the law, as judgment and mercy. Hence religious fanatics are not confined to believers in the Shasters and Koran. Even in our own Christian land they are found engaged in heated debate over minor points of doctrine. But we must not confound fanaticism with enthusiasm. The *latter* we praise, the *former* denounce. Enthusiasm is that ardor of mind essential to a successful propagation of

truth. Without it, science and the Christian religion would have made little advance. Newton displayed enthusiasm in his study of nature. But he was no fanatic. William Lloyd Garrison manifested enthusiasm in his efforts to overthrow slavery. Yet he was no fanatic. The fanatics composed that bloodthirsty mob which would have shut Garrison's mouth and destroyed his printing-press. By a rope he was dragged through the streets of Boston. Why this act of violence? Because the advocates of slavery well knew the cursed institution could not bear the light of a sober, free, intelligent discussion. But how did Garrison appear before that mob? Bowing reverently, he said to a friend close by, "Shall we give blow for blow, and array sword against sword?" "God forbid!" Is this the language of fanaticism? No; but of a calm, resolute mind, fired with enthusiasm in the cause of human freedom. Whatever may be said of other religions,

the Christian religion is *not* fanatical. It appeals to no malign emotions; fosters no arrogant assumptions; represses pride and envy, and commends itself to reason and the enlightened conscience. Christ was no fanatic. For when the people would have crowned him king, he forbade them, saying, "My kingdom is not of this world." *His* kingdom was founded in the hearts of men, established in righteousness, based on the law of love. Coming down to modern times, we discuss a species of fanaticism in our own country in the shape of Mormonism in Utah, Free-Love societies in New York, and the tendency all over the country to convert *liberty* into *license*. From what has been said we see that the general happiness and welfare of mankind demand both a removal and preventive of this malignant spirit of fanaticism. How shall it be done? By fortifying our minds with a liberal education and our hearts with the gospel of Christ.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

INTER-COLLEGIATE.

A LITTLE more than a year ago it was decided, at a meeting of the students, that Bates should join the "Inter-Collegiate Literary Association," and the necessary steps were taken.

The members of '74 were, we believe, strongly in favor of the movement, while '75 was opposed to it. The other two classes probably thought but little about the matter. It is not at all strange, then, that what little interest there was should die out, and that Bates was not represented at the recent contest.

We have refrained from saying anything upon this subject before, knowing that nothing we could say would be likely to influence our fellow students either way, nor indeed do we desire thus to influence them. Now, however, that the first contest is a thing of the past, and while there is yet time to choose representatives to the second, if it should be thought best, it may be interesting to some of our readers to know the opinion of the college press upon such contests.

The comments of the daily newspapers have probably been noticed by most students. The *Tribune* gives its hearty support to the enterprise,

while the *Herald* bestows upon the contestants such epithets as "prize pigs," and seems to think that the half-fledged young orators are getting out of the shell altogether too early. A short article in the *Popular Science Monthly* finds the worst feature about such contests in the fact that prizes of money are made an inducement to effort, and says that the recent contest "had about it more of the ethics of the cockpit than is quite consistent with the lofty claims that are put forth in regard to the inspirations of the higher culture." The writer of this article seems to have a spite against all colleges, and takes this opportunity to vent his spleen.

The Harvard papers speak of the matter in a general way, not absolutely condemning, yet giving but faint praise.

The *Magenta* infers, from the reports of the papers, "the absence of some of the older colleges and their salutary restraint on the ebullitions of undergraduate boyishness."

Syracuse University joined the Association, but a contributor to the *University Herald* presents a "minority report," in which the great bugbear is trickery. But was there ever competition of any kind in which some would not find trickery?

and partiality? Another objection of the writer's is, that the candidates will slight their regular college work, and devote too much time to the special studies in which they are to be examined.

The *Trinity Tablet* says: "As a contest of strength between colleges it has been more than a farce, for essays can be cribbed; and as to the oratorical part, a victory in this decides no more than that one college happened to have a better speaker than the others." Well, friend *Tablet*, may it not be some credit to an institution that it has trained its students to be good speakers? We have scores of good speakers in this country who have become such by thorough training. The *Tablet* further says: "Accuracy of scholarship, or ready ability, or quickness of perception, were not called into account. When the Contest embraces these particulars, it may expect to meet with better success, and not till then." It should be remembered that the next one does embrace these particulars.

The *Madisonensis* is in favor of the movement, and anxious that Madison should join the Association at once. The papers referred to above represent institutions which did not send representatives to the recent contest. Those published at institutions which did send representatives speak well of the exercises. It will be remembered that only six colleges engaged in the contest, but

several others signified their intention to be represented next year, among them our neighbor Bowdoin. Now, what is Bates going to do about it? As for ourselves we have never been particularly earnest either for or against the movement, but it seems to us that if an institution doesn't intend to engage in the exercises, it had better withdraw its membership, as Union has already done.

INDIVIDUALITY.

The mind, like the eye, is always seeking for something new and fresh: it constantly craves some new toy, something, as yet, untried. A speaker or writer can neither amuse nor instruct, unless he brings forth what is original or, the equivalent of originality, puts old truths in a new form. Novelty is what is needed to ensure success in the press, the pulpit, and in the lecture room. Most people will soon grow tired of the pulp of truth from which the juice has all been pressed. We like to know all the little details of the lives of noted men: how Shakespeare lived and wrote. The habits of imitators and copyists we care nothing about.

It is a person's individuality that attracts our attention; genius is individuality let loose from the leading strings of affectation. The interest is awakened by what is odd, eccentric, or peculiar. How often we hear it said of such a person, "He

is odd!" It would be a blessing to society if there were more oddities; more of those who have self-reliance and strength of character enough to throw off the shackles of imitation and conventionalism.

There never was a leader in art, literature, science, or on the battlefield, who did not display individuality. It was a characteristic of Milton, Napoleon, and Washington. It discovered America, actuated the emigration of the Pilgrims, threw off the yoke of Great Britain, established and perpetuates all our institutions. Like qualities are not found in leader and follower. The blind can not lead the blind. The teacher must be superior in attainments to the scholar, the general to the soldier; originality must lead the commonplace.

America can, as yet, boast of but few men of unique and independent characters. Young nations, like young men, are prone to imitate; painters and sculptors study the works of the old masters to copy, not to originate; writers imitate the style of those whose names once thrilled the world, instead of trying to express thoughts whose influence ages can not silence. Individuality seems to appear more frequently in the class that is called uncultivated than in the ranks of refinement. If such is the case, we are led to inquire if the course of study pursued in our schools and colleges is such as is best calculated to foster and

develop originality. Too many instructors in our schools are not alive to the responsibilities of their position. The curriculum of too many colleges has a tendency to bring all to a common standard of education. Too many universities are mere asylums for crippled intellects and rheumatic culture. Many students, instead of trying to improve their own powers, aim at the qualities of some one else; the ass has never lost his desire for the lion's skin. The hero of Commencement frequently bears, in a burdensome load, all the stepping-stones over which he has passed. An education should bring out what is in a man, otherwise, he will go from college as a captive goes from prison, bearing only the scars of chains. Let us have a culture that will promote individuality, multiply oddities, and an era of intellectual action will be the result.

A WORD ABOUT BASE BALL.

Is our nine to be beaten during the coming season by everything but some country nine? Must we always remain content with saying, "Well, it was a close game, anyhow, and if ——"? There is not a man on the nine but can play a good practice game, and all have, at times, done themselves much credit in match games, but generally when we come to play a match game somebody is sure to make a flip, and then ——.

It seems to us that what our base-

ball men want more than anything else is gymnasium practice. In other institutions the men go through a regular course of training before they are given a position on the nine. Our old opponents here in the city have been at work in their rooms all winter.

Is it reasonable to expect that our nine can go into the field, and after a fortnight's practice in throwing, batting, and catching, successfully compete with men who have had three months or more of regular training?

Our gymnasium is not in the most perfect condition, but do we get all the benefit from it we might?

We are not finding fault with our nine, they did themselves much credit last year, but we want to see them do still better the coming season.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Alfred Student advises its exchanges, if they can't say anything favorable about a paper, to say nothing. With the majority of our exchanges, however, the cry just now is, "O for sharp but honest criticism!" It reminds us of the cry for honest politicians, who can not be touched by "Crédit Mobilier" or "salary grab" schemes. There are very few editors so strictly downright, upright, honest, so indifferent to praise, that they will not speak well of, or pass lightly over, the exchange which contains a puff for them, and

"go for" the one which has given them a rap.

We always read the *Niagara Index*, but we must say we think the articles in the "literary" department of the last number sound too much like school-boy compositions. Its editorials are good, better than the contributed articles. Attempts at wit are rather numerous in the *Index*, and sometimes a little tiresome.

The new editors of the *Harvard Advocate* have made one improvement, at least—in the form of their paper. Here is an idea which it would perhaps be well for some of our fellow students to remember when they think of contributing to the *STUDENT*, but fear they have not the ability. Speaking of the speeches made by professors at the recent annual supper of the editors of the *Advocate*, they say: "It seems rather odd, but by no means unpleasant, to hear a professor of logic, a grave metaphysician, argue in favor of the admission of more poetry into the columns of the paper, and the encouragement of articles of a lighter sort in preference to those of an argumentative nature."

We have received the *Ewing Review*, with the request to please exchange. Yes, we will exchange; but don't give us any more such selections as "The Real Cause." Several *young ladies* of New Orleans High School indignantly switched themselves out of the school-room

because an attempt was made to admit several colored pupils into the school, and the writer finds in this "sufficient proof of the oft-asserted fact, that the colored race and the white race can never harmonize," and winds up with the declaration: "We admire the spirit and applaud the action of the plucky Southern belles." Shade of the departed Sumner! The Civil Rights Bill, then, is only a farce.

The *Vassar Miscellany* is decidedly superior in literary merit to any other of our exchanges, but we hardly believe the *Miscellany* is really interesting to the students of Vassar. The tendency toward dryness is great enough in monthlies, but in quarterlies it is just three times as great.

The *High School Monthly* is the best high school paper we have seen, and is by no means inferior to some of the organs of great "universities."

The *Philomathean* and *Williams Athenaeum* have not been seen since January, while the *Amherst Student*, *Yale Literary Magazine*, and *Cornell Review*, papers which have formerly exchanged with the *STUDENT*, have not yet been seen by the present editors. If these papers have cut our acquaintance, they might have the politeness to inform us of the fact.

If the *University Press* sees any more jokes in the "blue" *STUDENT* which it thinks good enough to be copied, will it please credit them with at least an *Ex*.

ODDS AND ENDS.

WHAT a disadvantage it is to be honest about making up.

"My book is of the old edition," will fittingly answer almost any question in Political Economy.

An epicine attachment has sprung up between the Seniors and Sophomores, and they now sit together at Chapel exercises.

A copy of the STUDENT comes back marked "Returned," "Refused," "Not Wanted." One expression will do. Don't afflict us unnecessarily.

"Ye pedagogue" applies the lash to refractory pupil. Second urchin whispers — "That's darned mean, anyhow." Teacher—"What did you say, sir?" Second urchin, whimpering—"I said that I—I should think Mothes would be ashamed of himself."

A contributor to the *Argus* suggests that the next "Inter-Collegiate" be closed with "a chapel exercise as conducted in College, and that to the man caught studying most successfully during prayer time there be given a prize in moral science." In such a contest as that we would risk some of our Juniors against any in the country.

A Senior, short of funds, has ten cents worth of beard which he would like to dispose of.

A valiant teacher came the other day; he reports his school as very hard, and exhibits a pocketful of ears, teeth, eyes, and other trifling souvenirs.

Mr. A., in reply to question—Well, Professor, I glanced over this somewhat hastily, I don't know as I can tell." Mr. B.—"I didn't have time to look over the lesson very thoroughly, Professor." Mr. C.—"I found my time so fully occupied, sir, that I was compelled to give the subject merely a cursory perusal." Prof., with a hideous facial expression, meekly asks: "Is there any one who will volunteer?"

A Fresh. about to dismiss his pupils, at the close of his first day at the business, and desiring to impress upon them the importance of punctuality, thus put the case: "Now, scholars, I wish you all to be here to-morrow at the opening of the school, or, in other words, to be punctual. Perhaps it will aid the memory if I give you the derivation of that word; it comes from *pungo*, *pungere*, *pepigi*, *punctum*; all remember it. Excused."

A circle of Freshmen with distended cheeks may be seen daily around the spirometer. Any "pap" there, boys?

A Theologue attends every prayer-meeting in the city, belongs to the Y. M. C. A. and the Auburn Reform Club, preaches as often as he can get a chance, and still complains of a want of spirituality.

The editors of the *Geyser* manifested a desire to incubate; the desire was gratified, and a *Raven* is the result. It bears evidence of being a healthy chick, and the *Earlhamite* adds, that "if it is fed well while in the nest it will attain to a hale old age."

Prof.—"Are you prepared this morning, Mr.—?" Senior.—"Yes, sir; kind of prepared." Prof.—"Please explain what you mean by kind of prepared." Senior.—"Well, I thought that between myself and yourself, we might make a recitation." Prof.—"That will do, sir."—*Targum*.

A couple of members of the darky conference were passing down the avenue, when one of them trod on the indigestible portion of a pear, and as his number elevens went up the rest of his body was correspondingly lowered. "Ki yah, brudder Jones, is you fallen from grace?" chuckled his companion. "Not pre-zactly, deacon; Ise sittin' on de ragged edge of dis pear."—*Capital*.

A Freshman complains that his father sends bi-weekly letters, but no checks. A Sophomore friend assures him that this is a proof of *unremitting* affection.—*Advocate*.

An exchange asks: "Can the water-melon be successfully cultivated on sandy soil, with a Theological Seminary near by, containing a hundred and twenty students studying for the ministry?"

Junior Class. Prof.—"Mr. P—, translate! Student—"I pass, Professor." Prof.—"I order you up, Mr. P—." Another Student (well versed in the art)—"You can't order a man up after he's passed." Professor promises to think it over.—*Collegian*.

A clergyman recently transformed an old saw, thus: You may kindly guide the prancing steed to the crystal brook which babbles down the hillside in the summer sun, but you can not coerce him to stoop and slake his thirst in the silvery stream, if he be not willing to accept your proffered kindness.—*Irving Union*.

What changes a few years bring about—don't they? Yesterday the citizens of Arbor Hill were aware of a woman madly tearing along, potato-masher in hand, giving chase to her husband, who was flying from her presence like a deer. Eight years ago the same female took a medal at an Eastern seminary for a graduating essay on "Repose of Character."

Professor in Logic—"What is a dilemma?" Senior—"I can not analyze my feelings, sir."—*Transcript*.

President—"Self-reserve is the ticket that will win any woman's heart." Senior (mildly)—"Give me two tickets."—*Transcript*.

A student recently dropped a number of suspicious looking leaves upon the class-room floor. He should remember that if one carries *Bohns* in his pocket they will rattle.—*Ex*.

A meek-faced, humble-looking individual, in attempting to traverse a bit of banana peel lately, sat down violently on the sidewalk, and merely remarked, "Grace, mercy and peace."—*Ex*.

A student who evidently enjoys Hebrew has kindly given directions how it should be read: Turn the book upside down, open at the end, put it in one corner of the room, stand on your head in the other corner, begin at the bottom line and read backward.—*Ex*.

A stranger from the country observing an ordinary roller rule on the table, took it up and inquiring its use, was answered: "It is a rule for counting-houses." Too well bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired: "How, in the name of wonder, do you count houses with this."—*Ex*.

A youthful Pennsylvania granger, about to be chastised by his father, called upon his grandfather to protect him from the middle man.—*Ex*.

"Gospel-sniping" is the latest term applied to our Theological students who fill various Sunday appointments out in the country.—*Crescent*.

A Burr Oak young lady entered a drug store lately, and wanted to see the papers for a week back, and the intelligent clerk showed her a roll of sticking plaster.—*Tyro*.

A Freshman astonished the Rhetoric class, the other day, by asserting that "William Penn was very sectarian, he even married a lady of his own sex."—*Cornell Era*.

A copy of our last issue comes back to us with the singular endorsement: "Damn your old paper; keep it, I don't want it." We despair of ever making a paper that will be attractive to that gentleman.—*University Press*.

Scene, Math. Room. Mr. Smith at the board endeavoring to eliminate x , y , and u , from the equations. Professor comes and stands by Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith grows nervous and "puts it up together." Professor inquires blandly: "What do you want to get rid of now, sir?" Mr. Smith, fearfully bored, replied: "Want to get rid of u , sir." Class applauds.—*University Herald*.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

ONE new man has joined the class of '78.

The College has been made the recipient of \$4000 by the will of the late Mrs. J. R. Chesley of New Market, N. H.

We go to press a few days too early to notice the lecture of Hon. Carl Schurz. Tickets have sold well, and at present writing there is prospect of a full house.

Mr. Geo. E. Gay of '72, Principal of the Auburn High School, is about to enter upon the work of securing \$25,000 for the endowment of a Professorship to be called the Knowlton Professorship.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed in the usual manner, Feb. 25th. Prof. Stanley conducted the exercises, which were of an interesting character. Owing to the state of the weather there were fewer citizens present than usual.

The fourth annual convention of the Rowing Association of American Colleges, was held at Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday, Jan. 13. Union and Hamilton Colleges were admitted to the Association. The convention decided to hold the next regatta at Saratoga, July 14, 1875.

Columbia College has revived the custom of wearing caps and gowns. —*College Olio*.

It is probable that Prof. D. C. Gilman, President of the University of California, will accept the Presidency of the John Hopkins University, of Baltimore.

The Columbia College students have re-elected Capt. Rees, who commanded their crew last summer, and are sanguine of repeating their victory next year.

Taylor Hall, one of the finest buildings of Racine College (Wis.), was destroyed by fire Thursday, Feb. 4th. Loss \$75,000; insured for about \$30,000.—*Targum*.

Some wealthy gentleman of Syracuse has contributed \$20,000 to Syracuse University. He is also to endow a professorship in the near future, bringing his subscription up to \$70,000.

The Faculty of Harvard College have forbidden the various societies from taking part in public amusements where an admission fee is charged. The movement does not meet the entire approval of the students, as it interferes with the interests of boating, base ball, etc.

PERSONALS.

'67.—Rev. A. Given has accepted a call from the F. B. Church at Greenville, R. I., and entered upon his duties, March 7th.

'70.—D. M. Small is practicing law in Providence, R. I.

'74.—Jan. 26, Martin A. Way of Woonsocket, R. I., and Miss Annie C. Piper of New Hampton, N. H. Mr. Way is the successful Principal of the High School at Woonsocket.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni, in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ebs.]

CLASS OF 1870.

PEARSON, CHARLES HENRY.—Born Dec. 5, 1842, at Salem, Mass. Son of Benjamin and Ellen C. Pearson.

1870–71, Principal of West Lebanon Academy, at West Lebanon, Maine.

1871–72, Student at law in the office of Stone & Burnham, Newburyport, Mass.

1872–74, Principal of the Bristol High School, at Bristol, Conn.

1874, Autumn. Admitted at the Essex Bar to practice law in the Courts of Massachusetts, and entered into partnership with Col. E. F. Stone, under the style of Stone & Pearson, at Newburyport, Mass.

Married, Nov. 8, 1873, to Miss Mellie H. Fernald of West Poland, Maine.

Post-office address, Newburyport, Mass.

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JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.	THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M., Professor of Hebrew.
REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.	REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D., Lecturer on History.
RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M., Professor of Chemistry and Geology.	CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B., Instructor.
THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages.	FRANK W. COBB, A.B., Tutor
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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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1875.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1875.

No. 4.

RELATIVITY OF KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE is of two kinds; a knowledge of facts, truths, events or phenomena, as produced or explained by certain causes or general laws, and an assumed knowledge of these causes and laws. The former is, primarily, acquired by observation and experiment, and is absolute; the latter, based on processes of reasoning, is relative.

That flowers bloom, and that water runs down hill, we have absolute knowledge. The philosopher assumes to know and teach the reasons why water runs down hill, but fails. No one has acuteness of intellect sufficient to give an absolute and ultimate explanation of even so common a phenomenon as the one proposed. "Water flows down hill from the force of gravitation," the self-confident man answers. True; a fact. What is gravitation? "The attractive force which every atom

of the universe of matter exerts upon every other atom." True; a law. From these answers we learn that "gravitation" is merely a name given to an unexplained force. If the philosopher is asked to tell the nature of this force, he must either admit his ignorance, or say that gravitation is not *a thing in itself*, but a *universal property of matter*. If he is then asked *how* one inert body can draw another to itself, he will reluctantly admit that to be beyond the comprehension of man. Can we give, then, a reason, absolute and ultimate, why water runs down hill? By observation and experiment we discover the law that all bodies do attract all others; and hence we say it is plain that water is attracted by the earth, and thus made to seek the valley. But to say that water flows down the hillside in accordance with the law of gravitation, is merely to

state that one phenomenon is as it is, because others like it are so; it does not give the absolute cause.

By a little thought any one can see that those scientists who pretend to tell us how light, heat, and moisture cause plants, by the increase and division of minute cells, to grow, forming wood, bark, leaves, flowers and seeds, in reply to the question, What power causes some cells to form wood, others bark, and some to be filled with that delicate coloring matter that enters into the leaves, and gives such matchless beauty and variety to the flowers? must answer that it is in accordance with the law of nature, that every seed produces a plant similar to the plant that produced the given seed. All the reasons for the peculiar growth and appearance of any plant must be based upon this law. But who can enter the impenetrable labyrinth of causes that make this law?

All reasoning is from comparison and analogy. All scientific knowledge, as such, is based upon a classification of facts in some way related to one another; a knowledge of these relations I call relative knowledge.

There is a large, but indefinite, number of facts and phenomena which are due to the force of gravitation. Those astronomers who believe in the nebular hypothesis, account for the present rotundity of the earth and other planets by the law of gravitation and the centrifu-

gal force. But the centrifugal force is merely the inertia of revolving bodies. And inertia is the absence of power. The rotundity of the pattering raindrops that fall in blinding showers, and of the silent dew-drop that sparkles on the morning flower, is explained by molecular attraction. But molecular attraction is simply the force of gravitation acting between the molecules of matter. The strength of an iron bar is due to the same force. The substance of the bar is composed of the minutest particles of matter held together by the force of gravitation; the firmness with which they are held is due to the nearness of the particles or molecules.

Iron must be composed of independent molecules; else how could it bend without breaking, or how could it be malleable and ductile? It is on account of the molecular structure of iron, and the consequent possible movement between the particles (which proves their independent condition), that the jarring of an iron rail, in constant use on the railroad, prevents it from rusting; while one lying in disuse beside the track is quickly covered with rust. This constant jarring tends also to make iron brittle; so that axles of cars are thrown aside, after a time, though no defect is visible.

The chemist, no less than the philosopher, finds that there are fundamental principles upon which the facts of his science depend. Ripe

fruit laid away soon decays; but if heated and canned, it is preserved. The common observer explains this mystery by saying the air is kept from the canned fruit. The chemist, knowing that oxygen unites with all the elements except fluorine, would say that decay is caused by the murderous oxygen that attacks and destroys the fruit. Heat drives off the oxygen, and the tight can keeps it away; so the fruit is safe.

But why does not *nitrogen* leave the air, and attack fruit? Why does oxygen attack some fruit in autumn, and other fruit in winter or spring? And why does fruit turn *black* when combined with this colorless oxygen? The chemist's reply to this last question doubtless would be: "Compounds, in their properties, are generally strikingly unlike their elements. Ex.: yellow sulphur and white quicksilver form red vermillion; solid charcoal and sulphur make a colorless liquid; poisonous and offensive chlorine combines with the brilliant metal sodium to form common salt." Thus, instead of giving the ultimate cause for the decay of fruit, he simply states the general principle upon which it depends. He carries his reasoning but one step further than the unlearned man. He turns over one more leaf in the book of the Creator's infinite complexity of causes.

A great variety of phenomena are explained (?) by reference to the active agency of oxygen in uniting

with other substances. Decay, fermentation, putrefaction, and fire are chemically the same process, the difference being in the rapidity only with which the oxygen unites with the given substance. Even the motions of the body are produced in the same way! In order to move, the muscles must contract. Oxygen, uniting with, and destroying portions of the muscular fibre, shortens them, and thus produces motion. Is it any explanation of these phenomena to say they are all due to the same (unknown) cause?

We have seen how the many phenomena we study and assume to understand are related to one another and to some natural law of matter. We know the *fact* of the law, but not *the law itself*. With respect to the leading facts and fundamental truths of chemistry, physics, metaphysics, in fact all natural science, this can truly be said. Did knowledge consist of isolated facts bearing no relation to each other, we could derive no discipline from study. There would be no chance for the exercise of the reasoning faculties.

Memory would be the only useful attribute of mind. But it is not so. A man of feeble intellect may acquire a great number of particulars in natural science, which he refers to no principle, and from which he deduces no conclusions; but the real scholar is continually classifying facts and deducing laws by which he extends the limits of knowledge. Such do

not count their intellectual progress by the number of facts retained in the memory. No student need despair, though he can not remember all the facts he has once learned.

An understanding of the relativity of knowledge would silence those grumblers who are continually prating about the impracticability of "those studies we do not use, and which we soon forget." Students derive discipline from such studies in two ways: they retain the substance of what they have learned, and the reasoning employed in deducing principles from particulars strengthens the judgment,—not only in reference to questions pertaining to the subject studied, but concerning any subject whatever. It is discipline—made possible by, and the result of, the relativity of knowledge—that gives activity to the mental organization; that unlocks nature's tool-chest to the inventor; that gives the architect conceptive plans; that guards the surgeon's knife; that tunes the poet's lyre; that guides the orator's melodious logic; that leads the statesman to sound conclusions; in short, that agitates and moves the world.

How beautifully the human understanding is adapted to the sphere in which it is destined to act! The mind is not satisfied with facts; it seeks universal laws. If a person ignorant of botany be told that the lily of the valley and the strong mountain oak are similar in struc-

ture and growth, his mind is not satisfied or much improved. But when he learns that all vegetables are constructed upon the same general plan, he is delighted with the thoughts awakened. He is at once made a more comprehensive thinker and a greater man. Undoubtedly Newton experienced the highest state of intellectual joy when he first discovered the reason for the fall of the apple; yet, if he had not taken one more step in his great discovery, he would have ceased to care for his acquired knowledge. But what must have been his delight when he ceased to confine his reasoning to the insignificant particles of the earth, and applied his deduced universal law to the movements of the myriad sparkling orbs that bedeck the night-sabled canopy above us! The mind craves *progressive* thought. It is ever exercising itself in acquiring new truths. It is evident—"Sordet cognita veritas"—that a truth discovered seems of small account. We care little for truths we once sought diligently after. In gaining knowledge, not in knowledge gained, the mind delights. The student thinks if he knew as much as some learned man his joys would be complete. Yet what man, however learned, would be content to learn no more? Or how much does he prize his knowledge gained except it turn his thoughts to things unknown?

As we have seen, like powers pro-

duce most dissimilar results. Of these powers we can gain but a partial and relative knowledge; yet the mind is suited with the task. The true scholar is most content when engaged in exploring nature's ever-deepening mine of causes; and how rich the treasure found! Since, in this world, to extend our knowledge

to things before unknown is the greatest happiness of man, may it not be our privileged task, in the world to come, to learn the Cause of Causes? If so, our knowledge then will be absolute and ultimate. How sublime the thought! How grand the conception!

HERE AND THERE WHILE ABROAD.

VI.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, {
May 19, 1870. }

A TRIP through Northern and Central Germany, even though hastily made, furnishes the tourist a feast of good things. The city of Cassel, the capital of the former principality of Hessen, and situated on the river Fulda, about one hundred miles north of Frankfort, although perhaps generally omitted by travelers, is a very fine and interesting place. The large city square, called Friedrichsplatz, surrounded on three of its sides by palaces of the electors, the museum, the theatre, schools and churches, and on the fourth being open and furnishing a fine view of the river flowing in a valley far below, is adorned with an imposing marble statue of the Landgrave Frederick II., who, in our Revolu-

tion, loaned, for twenty-two million thalers, 12,000 of his Hessian subjects to the English to aid in subjugating the colonies. The picture gallery which is in the Bellevue Palace, the residence of Jerome Bonaparte while King of Westphalia, contains about 1400 pictures, many of them excellent, and the whole quite as finely arranged as anything I have yet seen. Rembrandt, Vandyke, Titian, Raphael, Holbein, with other painter-princes, are there, and thrill us with their beautiful works. Here is also to be found one of the finest collections of sculpture, known as the Marble Bath. There are perhaps, in all, twenty-five statues and bas-reliefs, the work of a French sculptor (Monnot), who was employed for upwards of thirty years by a former Prince

of Hessen, and who spent his life upon this work. The subjects are from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The marble itself is of the snowiest whiteness, the forms perfect, the conception, the posture, the expression, the finish faultless, and the strength, the beauty, and the loveliness of Grecian art I have never seen more vividly displayed than in these ideal works. Two of the finest were carried away to Paris by Napoleon I., but were afterward restored.

About three miles from Cassel, on the eastern slope of the Habichtswald mountains, is a charming park, within which is situated the summer residence of the former Electors. One can scarcely conceive of a more beautiful place than this — beautiful by nature and beautiful by art. The hill or mountain side rises gradually, is clad with giant oak and beech and fir trees, abounds in mossy cliffs, cool grottoes, winding paths, and smooth carriage-ways, contains miniature castles, apparently crumbling and ready to fall, yet built so in imitation of the old ruins that everywhere here abound; and to crown the whole, on the summit of the mountain, 1312 feet above the lowest part of Cassel, which is three miles away, is built a sort of Gothic structure, its highest pinnacle surmounted by a statue of the Farnese Hercules. The whole thing looks more like a work of nature than of man, as the edifice is built of massive rocks piled up loosely and left

just as they came out of the mountain ledge. Back of this building is a large reservoir, and in front of it commences a series of artificial cascades, each perhaps thirty feet in breadth, and rising one above another two or three feet. The total length of this series of magic waterfalls is 900 feet; and down the mountain-side, at intervals of one hundred and fifty feet, large basins are formed, each seemingly the work of nature, so naturally is it hewn out of the hill-side and bordered with loose-lying rocks, while far below is the Great Fountain, one of the highest in Europe, which sends up a jet of water twelve feet in thickness and one hundred and ninety feet in height. Between the cascades and this fountain are numerous little airy rustic bridges, and wild waterfalls, one of them especially beautiful, being at the terminus of a huge aqueduct, built, in the old Roman style, out from the side of the mountain; and over its front the water pours, falling a distance of upwards of one hundred feet. The entire park is artistically laid out, and neither toil, time, nor money were spared in its construction.

Passing south-east from Cassel some seventy-five miles, I came to Eisenach, a quiet little town of about 1,200 inhabitants, and formerly the residence of the dukes of Saxe-Eisenach, who became extinct in 1741. Of course the chief and almost only point of interest here is the old

castle—the Wartburg. It is on the summit of a precipitous bluff, six hundred feet above Eisenach, and about a half-hour's walk distant. Just where you leave the town and commence the ascent upon the smooth road, you suddenly come upon a squad of donkeys, all saddled and bridled and ready for freight, and the chubby little drivers urge you to mount the royal steeds, whose backs are graced by a contrivance resembling an arm-chair, minus the legs, strongly strapped upon the vicious *bastes* and placed so that you ride sidewise. Eighteen kreutzers carries you up the long and tiresome hill in this grand style, and you'd better ride, for it's cheaper than going on foot.

The castle at the summit, erected in the year 1070, is now a country seat of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and was fully restored in 1847, so that it has now a fine appearance. The hill, or little mountain, rises like a cone, and the castle nearly covers its entire summit, so that you can look from the windows and the turrets straight down for hundreds of feet into the valley below. The view here is charming indeed, embracing the dark woods of the Thuringian forest, the vale of Eisenach, and countless mountain tops that all around lift their heads heavenward. It is a thrilling spot, and when we pass within the massive doors, and through the long portals, the great rooms and the rich apart-

ments of the old castle, and recall what scenes it witnessed in by-gone centuries, that soul is dead that trembles not and melts not in a delirium of emotion. Here, in this Rittersaal, this banqueting-room, took place in 1207 the great minstrel contest, when the minnesingers of Germany assembled to test their skill. Here, Luther, who, in 1521, on his return from the Diet at Worms, was taken prisoner by order of his friend, the Elector Frederic of Saxony, lived for ten months, and, disguised as a nobleman, devoted himself to his translation of the Bible. Here, is the little chamber in which he worked, with its quaint and scanty furniture, his rude table, chair, footstool, chest, etc., just as he left them, while upon the old wall above his table are a few pictures, and upon the left the murky spot where the ink-bottle struck, hurled with Lutheran vim at the Satanic pate. Here, in this armory, are weapons and armor coming down from the twelfth century, some all battered and worn, and bearing the wounds of the strife and tournaments of ages. The old castle is full of pictures illustrating its history, and some of the choicest of these represent the chief features and incidents in the life of St. Elizabeth, who, having in childhood been betrothed to the son of the prince reigning at the Wartburg, was brought here and reared in its halls. Her lover having died in Palestine,

as a crusader, she at length entered a convent and died there, after having by her deeds of charity won the hearts of the lowly peasantry of Eisenach. She is now adored as the holy Elizabeth, and upon the sloping front of a huge ledge, far below the Wartburg, one sees the letter M cut large and deep, to mark the spot where the holy Anna Maria Elizabeth used to feed the famished poor of Eisenach. Through all the region around, her name is adored to-day, and even the little peasant children lisp it with tender, wondrous love. Such is a picture of the Wartburg, one of those dear places which once seen must forever stand out as distinctly in memory as it towers boldly in space.

Eastward, still some sixty miles from Eisenach, passing through the fine and interesting towns of Gotha and Erfurt, we reach Weimar, a city which, from its literary associations, is one of the most attractive in Northern Europe. It is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, the home of that noble patron of letters, Duke Karl August, who during his life surrounded his court by the most brilliant *literati* of his land, so that Weimar was known as the Athens of Germany. Here Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland lived, and many other celebrated men of Europe often visited. There is so much of interest here that one can spend days in sight-seeing. Here are the houses occupied by

the four great scholars; the palace of the Duke in all its apartments beautifully fitted up, much of it done under the superintendence of Goethe, rich in pictures and art-collections; the ducal library with its rare books and maps, its portraits and busts of the ducal family and of celebrated men who have lived in Weimar, its valuable collection of coins and metals, and precious relics, among which are Luther's monastic gown, the belt of Gustavus Adolphus, the court uniform of Goethe, an ivory cane of Frederick the Great, etc., etc. The old City Church, built in 1400, contains one of Cranach's finest pictures, besides the graves of Herder, of Duke Bernhard, one of the heroes of the Thirty Year's War, and those of numerous princes of Weimar. In the new cemetery is the Grand Ducal Mausoleum, in the vault of which Goethe and Schiller sleep in death with princes. You enter at first the chapel, a room about twenty-five feet square, neatly and fittingly arranged. In the centre of the marble floor you see an iron grate about six feet square which opens into the vault below. Passing down a broad stair-case at one corner of the chapel you enter the vault and find, apart from the others, the coffins of Goethe and Schiller placed side by side, each made of oak, in casket form, plain but rich, and covered with wreaths and garlands and ribbons of silk. In a little desk at the head of Schil-

ler's coffin is a rich silver wreath, given on the anniversary of his birthday by the citizens of Hamburg. A few feet from these are the massive metallic coffins of Karl August and other members of the ducal house. The vault is large, dry, and lighted by numerous tapers.

Surmounting the chapel is a beautiful Byzantine dome, and no fairer spot than beneath this and in sweet Weimar could be found wherein to lay the precious dust of the immortal poets, Germania's loved and gifted sons.

T. L. A.

LIFE'S CONFLICT.

TWO lines are drawn upon Earth's shore,
And thro' its tangled wood,
In long, unending columns pour
The wicked and the good.

With darkness, or by day they smite,
In this immortal strife,
Nor he who turns and takes to flight,
E'er bears away his life.

Forever 'mid the fearful scene,
With clouds that fit their power,
Two arms are thought to intervene,
In battle's deadly hour.

The open palm of one pours down
A waving sea of light,
The other scatters all around
Eternal depth of night.

And he who keeps within the scope
Of glory-circled truth,
May see therein a constant hope
To renovate his youth.

Too long the conflict must endure,
To wrack our souls with woe,
Before the crimson, white and pure,
Shall match the spotless snow.

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

CAMP DITABANI, India, }
 Jan. 21, 1875. }

MR. EDITOR,—Our tent stands under the broad branches of a magnificent banyan tree, on the border of a dense jungle inhabited by bears and tigers. Close by is a little Santal village where we have a school. This tree could afford camping ground for a regiment. Many of its pendent branches have come down to the ground and taken root, formed new trunks, and sent out branches of their own, so that we have a grove of trees formed by one original trunk. This is a remarkable tree, and were the natives to let it alone, would cover over acres in the course of time; but they are cutting it away for fuel and other uses. Just such a remarkable growth is Hinduism. For centuries its original trunk has been sending out its broad branches, some of which have formed independent trunks. The gospel has laid the axe at the root of this tree; one by one its mighty branches begin to fall, and ere long we hope to see the main trunk tumbling in the dust. May God speed the day.

Five Santal schools have been here at our camp to-day for their annual examination. These jungle boys are making fine progress in the rudiments of learning, and some of them will soon become teachers and

have schools of their own. Very few Santal girls have ventured into these schools as yet, but they will come by and by. The old superstitions are fast yielding to enlightened views, and in the next generation, if not in this, we shall have Santal women who can think, read, and write.

In this village lives the head Santal of all this country. He is a well-to-do farmer, and his son keeps the village school. This family has been powerfully impressed by the gospel, and several members of it are "almost persuaded" to become Christians. The fear of man, more than any thing else, is keeping them back; but I believe this must yield soon. In another village close by, one of the Santal teachers recently renounced the religion of his fathers and professed Christianity. He was persecuted by some of his relations; but this Santal chief espoused his cause, and defended the convert, threatening to fine his persecutors if they persisted in troubling him. This indicates a growing favor towards the Christian religion, and this is one of the most hopeful and cheering signs of the times.

Your readers may wish to know our *modus operandi* in such a camp as this. We have quite a large party, consisting of Mrs. Phillips and Miss Cilley, and their twelve

zenanah helpers, besides my three Santal preachers. All find plenty to do. The women accompany the missionary ladies to the houses in this and the neighboring villages, and teach the women and children to read, and also give them religious instruction. Morning and afternoon they make such visits to the homes of the people, and in this quiet way sow the good seed of the kingdom in many hearts. I have no doubt we shall reap a glorious harvest, some day, from this seed-sowing. The Santal men and I go off morning and evening, to preach in the villages. Sometimes we have a large congregation under some tree in the main street, sometimes at the house of the head man, and at other times we find more people on the village thrashing-floor than anywhere else, and there hold our simple service, preaching and singing the good news of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Our camp is visited by many who come to inquire about the Christian religion. This very day about noon a little party came, and the old man at the head of it said, on coming up to the tent door, "We have come to learn about this new religion of Jesus Christ; tell us how to worship Him." Since we have been here, so many such parties have been coming to camp that I have kept one preacher by the tent the whole day to converse with all who came, while the others go to the villages.

Frequently, from sunrise to sunset, this simple sort of preaching is going on at a missionary's camp in the country.

Every evening we hold public service out of doors. The Santal drum serves the purpose of a bell, and summons the people from the villages. The congregation is seated on leaf mats spread out on the grass. We are having beautiful moonlight now, and the evenings are so delightful. The light of the moon is sufficient to read by, so we need no candles. That large, quiet Santal congregation, listening so attentively to the truth, singing our Christian hymns so earnestly, and now and then asking such thoughtful questions, or making such hearty replies, is one of the most impressive sights I ever looked upon. This evening one of our best boys expressed his determination to follow Christ, and our hearts were greatly cheered by his words. He has been in the Midnapore Training School for some time, and is now to begin teaching in the Santal country. God bless him, and make him a blessing to his poor countrymen. I shall probably baptize him here next Sunday. So comes the kingdom in this dark land. There are now twelve or fourteen Christians among our sixty village school-masters among the Santals. One by one the others will come into the fold. Much prayer is being offered up for those still in sin, and I believe they will come to Christ,

and become his true disciples. Will Christian students pray for these unconverted Santal teachers.

Evening. I wish to add a word before closing this letter, which may be my last from India for some time to come. We are in need of more men and women for this work. On every side and in each department there is a call for help. The distress

of two years ago has been relieved, but what we should do now is to lengthen our cords in every direction. Can not Bates send us her representatives for this mission field? The New England College and her Theological Seminary should send out the next reinforcement to India. So we think. What say you?

J. L. P.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

DURING Washington's first term as President of the United States, by far the most prominent and captivating, if not the most influential, member of what was called "society" in New York City, then the seat of government, was Alexander Hamilton. Few men have had so brilliant a career, especially in so short a life. Rarely do we find in one man the brave and skillful soldier, the mathematician and financier, the scholar, the ready writer, the orator, and the successful lawyer. Whether posterity shall admit that we owe to him all that his friends and partisans claim, or not, his name is indissolubly connected with some of the greatest movements and questions in early American history. In considering in a brief sketch the life, character, and services of this wonderful man, we would avoid, on

the one hand, the extremes and prejudices of his opponents, and on the other those of his relatives and partisans. Thomas Jefferson says that he was the "evil genius" of America, while Daniel Webster says, "He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprung to its feet."

Born in Nevis, one of the West India islands, of Scotch descent on his father's side, and of French on his mother's, Hamilton came to this country in his sixteenth year, for the purpose of obtaining a thorough education. He displayed a tact and readiness for writing in his earliest youth,—if he can be said to have had any youth,—and the immediate cause of his being taken from the counting-room and sent to New York, was a vivid description, written by him and published in a neigh-

boring island, of a violent hurricane which passed over the islands. He entered Columbia College, and was there engaged in his studies at the beginning of the Revolutionary war. His ardent, active nature and vigorous mind would not allow him to remain quiet amid such scenes, and he early raised his voice and plied his pen in the cause of the colonists. In these discussions he was opposing the President of the College and many other grave and reverend authorities, who were doubtless much surprised that such a mere boy should presume to argue with them; but they soon saw, by the soundness of his arguments, the force of his sentences, and his eloquent delivery, that though young in years his mind was wonderfully mature. When the war actually began, Hamilton joined the army, and by his conduct in the first few battles, by his bravery and rare military skill, attracted the attention and approval of Washington, became one of his staff, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, was, throughout the whole struggle, his most confidential aid, and never lost the confidence, honor, and respect then won. Toward the close of the war his attention was drawn to the terribly dark and confused state of the infant country's finances. His position at head-quarters, and being the confidant of many of Washington's plans and trials, enabled him to see the need of immediate action. The result of his thought and study was

that memorable letter to Robert Morris, suggesting the redemption of the depreciated currency and the restoration of the public credit by means of a foreign loan and a United States Bank. When the active duties of the war fairly closed, he returned to New York, applied himself to the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1782, where he soon took high rank and became, by his thorough knowledge of finance and of business matters in general, the favorite counsel of merchants.

Hamilton was never long out of public life. In 1782 he was a member of Congress; in 1786 a member of the General Assembly of New York, and one of the foremost members of the Constitutional Convention, held in Philadelphia in 1789. At the beginning of Washington's administration he was placed at the head of the treasury department, which office he held until 1795, when he withdrew to resume the practice of law.

After the Constitutional Convention had adopted and presented to the consideration of the people that constitution which is to us an object of pride and an ark of safety, Hamilton earnestly devoted himself to the work of urging the people of New York to accept the proposed constitution; and of the eighty-five brilliant essays which constitute that celebrated work, the *Federalist*, sixty-five came from his pen. To one wishing to gain a thorough knowl-

edge of the United States, the Federalist is a very interesting and instructive volume, reflecting as it does the political opinions of the times immediately succeeding the Revolution, and the arguments necessary to induce the people to accept the proposed plan of government. The principles laid down may seem to us too self-evident to require proof, but we should remember the spirit and feelings of the time. The experience of the people for twenty years previous had not been such as to prejudice them very strongly in favor of monarchical institutions, and they were extremely suspicious that any plan for a general government over all the thirteen States was a plan to spring a monarchy upon them. It is said that Hamilton was himself a monarchist, and that he went to Philadelphia, though then but thirty-three years of age, with a government in his pocket, fully worked out, wound up and ready to go into immediate operation. Whether this be really true or not, we certainly owe to Hamilton a debt of gratitude for the earnest, and I can but think effectual, work he did in persuading the people to accept our present Constitution. In the beginning of his essays he tells the people that after careful deliberation he is convinced that it is necessary to their liberty, their dignity, and their happiness, that they should adopt it. His line of argument is just what we should expect.

The necessity of union to political prosperity, the need of a government equally energetic with the one proposed, and the strict conformity of the constitution to the principles of true republican government. If Hamilton ever declared himself in favor of a monarchy rather than a republic, it was not in these essays, though his constant cry is for a vigorous, "energetic" government.

It is to Hamilton, perhaps more than to any other man, that we owe our present clumsy mode of electing a President, and it is said that his first plan was a still more complicated piece of machinery. He not only believed that four years was rather a short term of office, but also that the President should be eligible for re-election as often as the people should think best to elect him. Had he lived in this generation he would have been a firm supporter of the government during the rebellion, and would have stood as firmly by President Grant in his recent action in Louisiana affairs. State's rights were more loudly advocated, and more peculiar rights were claimed for the State then, than ever since. Centralization and despotism were the bugbears, and there was a strong party which advocated the idea that it would be better for the several States to be independent, or at least to form small confederacies. Hamilton was toward one end of the balance, and the anti-federalists toward the other, and we have rea-

son to rejoice that they left us so evenly poised a system.

But it is as Secretary of the Treasury, and by the unparalleled success of his plans and efforts in this office, that Hamilton is best known and remembered. Washington, realizing as he must have realized, the deplorable condition of his country's finances, of course sought for this position a man of the highest financial talent, and one who would be faithful, honest, and energetic; and the prosperity of the country under his administration proves the wisdom of his choice. When Hamilton entered upon the duties of his new office, there was no treasury department, there was in reality no United States treasury,—except an almost endless pile of claims against the government, and not a cent with which to pay them. There was no system of taxation, no revenue, no income of any kind, and scarcely a trace of public credit. From this chaos Hamilton was to bring forth order, from this confusion to produce a system which should not only defray the expenses of the government, but also pay off what then seemed an enormous debt. His work was not to improve upon the example of predecessors, to discover abuses, and claim the honor of reforms, but he was to invent and lay the foundation of a great system.

The principal features of his financial system were: The funding system, the assumption of the State

debts incurred in aid of the Revolution, the United States Bank, and protection to American manufactures. In his financial measures he met with much the same opposition as he did in his defence of the Constitution. It was argued against his funding system that it begot and fostered a spirit of speculation. As soon as there was a prospect that the paper currency would be redeemed, there was of course more or less speculation in claims against the government. But how was the Secretary to avoid this? The people of that time were horrified at the idea of paying to a wealthy speculator the full value, with arrears of interest, of a bond which he had purchased of some poor soldier for ten cents or less on a dollar. It was hard for the soldier, but every business man of to-day will say that it was the only thing to be done. If there was any injustice in it, it was one of those unavoidable forms which are met everywhere, in the best of governments. His funding system had some similarity to John Law's great scheme for utilizing the depreciated currency of France, but with this difference, Hamilton was an honest man, while Law was a scoundrel. His assumption plan met with still more violent opposition, and on the first vote in Congress the measure was defeated; but Hamilton would not give up, and finally won over two of the opposition, and thus instituted what is still

one of the leading features of the government. The constitutionality of his United States Bank has always been questioned, and though it passed both houses of Congress, Washington seems to have been in doubt about the measure, but finally decided in favor of the Bank, in spite of the opinions of Jefferson and Randolph, another proof of his confidence in Hamilton.

Though Hamilton's enemies could not deny that he restored the public credit and taught the nation how to pay off its debt, yet they have been base enough to charge him with dishonesty. A falser charge was never made. Honesty stands forth on every page he ever wrote, in every sentence he ever uttered. The burden of proof lies upon those who make such a charge, but it is utterly without foundation. Jefferson charges him with furnishing "pabulum to the stock-jobbing herd," but Hamilton's published correspondence shows that though speculators applied to him for information concerning a rise in the value of the public debt, he plainly told them that it would be improper for him to furnish such information. No official ever had such an opportunity for enriching himself without fear of detection, yet he retired from office a poorer man than when he entered it. In a letter to a friend in Scotland, he made a declaration

still too true: "Public office in this country has but few attractions. The pecuniary emolument is so small as to amount to a sacrifice to any man who can employ his time with advantage in any liberal profession." Talleyrand, who visited this country in 1794, speaking of Hamilton, said: "I have beheld one of the wonders of the world. I have seen a man who made the fortune of a nation, laboring all night to support his family." It is not at all strange that Hamilton should be charged with purposely making his system blind, for what was as clear as the noonday sun to him, was Egyptian darkness to most people. What was to his mathematical mind a clear and simple system, was to many a complicated snarl of duties, "tontines," &c.

Socially, Hamilton is said to have been one of the pleasantest of men, and of all the gay young officers in the Revolution none was more popular than he. He was open-handed, generous-hearted, and died as he lived, a poor man. He can hardly be said to have been egotistical, though he was very self-confident; and what wonder? He had always found himself the peer and often the leader of men his seniors in years and experience. In his plea for an "energetic" government we find the leading element of his character, the grand secret of his success. It was energy.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

BIOGRAPHY.

THERE is no subject more interesting to students in general, and none which has received more attention from College papers, than reading. The question, What will be the most interesting and profitable for me to read? is one which comes at some time, with more or less force, to every student. Few ever arrive at any satisfactory decision, and many never really try to decide this question. The majority of us, unless studying some particular subject, have a most indefinite idea of what we are after when entering the library. We stop first, perhaps, before the volumes of history, then drift over to the "fictitious" shelves, then step along to the bound volumes of magazines, and so swing around the room. Well, we do not propose to add a single line to the scores of essays that have been written upon Reading, What to read, How to read, &c., but we wish to call attention to the profit to be gained from biographical reading.

Biography always has been, and still is, to the majority of people, the most interesting of any kind of reading. The books that we find on the tables in most houses are not the writings of such men as DeQuincey,

or Herbert Spencer, but they are such as *The Life of Washington*, of *Charles Sumner*, of *John B. Gough*, or *General Grant*. The novel and the drama are interesting to us on account of the interest we feel in their heroes and heroines. The novel is only the biography of some fictitious character or characters, while the drama is an acted biography. Biographies of great men, if written in an interesting style, do not disappear with the first edition. Plutarch's "Lives," written nearly eighteen hundred years since, has lost none of its interest. It is said to have been the authority of Shakespeare in composing his classical dramas. It was the favorite book of Schiller, Madame Roland, Benjamin Franklin, Napoleon, and many other distinguished men and women.

We need be at no loss to understand why biography is so interesting to us. When we read biography we study man, and "the proper study of mankind is man." Of all things in the world nothing is more interesting to man than man himself. "Man," says Emerson, "can paint, or make, or think nothing but man." The reason that biography is interesting and profitable is that it teaches us what man has done and can do, and thus is a constant source of in-

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spiration. What can be more interesting and profitable to a young man of limited means, but high and noble aspirations, than to read the lives of some of the eminent men of the past and of the present day, who have risen by their own exertions from the humblest conditions? The young lawyer, waiting for his first client, will be inspired with fresh courage and patience by reading the lives of such men as Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate. He who, seeking by long and tedious processes to arrive at some desired result, is tempted to give up in despair, should read and remember the patient research and indomitable perseverance of Kepler and Newton. Let him who feels that his theories and discoveries are not appreciated by the world, remember Galileo, and say, if necessary, with Tycho Brahe, "I can wait."

We think that students as a rule read too little biography. Carlyle says, "Not only in the common speech of men, but in all art, too, . . . biography is almost the one thing needful." Nor is it from the lives of great and distinguished men alone that we may derive this profit. Goethe has said that there is no man so commonplace that we may not learn something from him. In choosing subjects for our themes we often shun biography, saying, "That will be too easy; I will take something harder." But would it not be better occasionally to write a biographical

sketch, gleanings facts from different authorities, and giving our own thoughts upon the man's career and the lesson to be learned therefrom, than always to choose such subjects as Classical Learning, or The Moral Sublime, and write an essay made up of borrowed sentences so twisted and altered as to lose all their original force and beauty? Yet all biographies are not interesting to all people. The boy, or even the man of little culture, though fascinated by the life of a soldier or an adventurer, could not be expected to be interested in the autobiography of J. S. Mill; but the student should be able to derive profit from either style. A love for biography may imply a tendency toward hero-worship, but is this to be wholly condemned? Dr. Porter says: "We advise that the taste for this description of reading be fostered. Of biographical reading we say—that the man who has no heroes among the truly noble of the earth, must have either a sordid or a conceited spirit." The same author also gives two most excellent rules for the selection of biographies. First, "See that the man whose life you would read had a marked and distinctive character." Second, "See that this character be set forth with truthfulness and skill."

OUR GYMNASIUM.

We are glad to notice that each year sees great improvement in what was so long only a pretence for a

Gymnasium. It is coming to be recognized as a fact in all institutions, not only that culture of the mind alone is one-sided, but also that, with the majority of students, the better developed the physical powers, the healthier and more active will be the brain. Though we still lack an instructor,—a need which we trust will be supplied before many more Commencements roll around,—we can hardly complain of the poor condition of our Gymnasium, especially when we remember the many other improvements so much needed in and about the College.

We all know whom we have to thank for most of the improvements that have ever been made in the Gymnasium, and we think the Professor's remarks in Chapel, a short time since, were perfectly just. It strikes us, too, that the paper recently signed by nearly all the students and sent to the Faculty, read rather queerly, stating that we would do as we all know we ought, if the Faculty will do as we wish them to.

As to the care of the building, it seems to us entirely useless to appoint to the work one of the students, rooming, very likely, on the third floor, in the further end of P. H. No student who has any respect for himself wants to be set over his fellow students to report them to the Faculty for doing damage, nor do we believe it necessary. But it certainly is necessary that

there should be something done to keep out a set of little scamps for whose benefit the Gymnasium was not built. One method would be to keep the building locked; at least the upper hall, opening it only at stated times. But as the students are not compelled to use the Gymnasium at all, unless they choose, it is said that it might as well be left to them to choose their own time of exercising; also, that the time chosen might not be convenient for all, and that it would be better for only a few to be in the room at once. Another plan would be to keep the building locked, and provide each student with a key, on receipt of a small tax or deposit, making a rule that any student doing willful damage should be deprived of his right to a key. It is not our purpose to advocate either of these plans. Either of them would do something to secure the desired results, and there are objections to each. Of course we all know that the best plan is to have an instructor and compel each student to pass a certain amount of time under his instruction. But until that happy day shall come, it is foolishness for us to lay back and refuse to make the best possible use of our Gymnasium as it now is.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

We wish to call the attention of our readers, and especially of the students, to our advertisers. At the

present low subscription price it is impossible to pay the expenses of the *STUDENT* by the amount received from subscribers, so that it is necessary to secure more or less advertisements. It is for the interest, then, of the students, to patronize those who patronize the *STUDENT*, for as the magazine passes into the hands of the successive classes, they will want these same advertisements, but men can not be expected to continue advertising in any publication unless, by so doing, they gain something in return. When you make a purchase, then, be sure that you are patronizing some one who patronizes the *STUDENT*.

For books, stationery, room paper, or anything in that line, call upon Stevens & Co., or Douglass & Cook. A discount to students at either of these places.

Bicknell & Neal, Whitney & Rowell, and Cobb & Maxfield, are firms which keep a complete assortment of gents' furnishing goods, ready-made clothing, and everything to be found in first-class tailoring establishments. These parties will suit you either as to price or quality.

S. P. Robie, and Wm. W. Lydston, keep a full line of gents' furnishing goods, especially of underwear. Mr. Robie is agent for the famous Troy laundry.

Foss & Murphy have the latest styles of hats, caps, trunks, and umbrellas.

O. Davis's hair cutting and shaving rooms on Main street is just the place to get "slicked up."

At the Lewiston dye house, coats, pants, vests, gloves, &c., are dyed, cleansed, and pressed in a superior manner.

When the boots or shoes that you have bought of F. I. Day, or W. E. Pressey, begin to wear, carry them to Darling & Lydston, on Main street, and they will be repaired in first-class style.

E. R. Pierce, jeweler, of Auburn, makes a specialty of the well-known Paul Breton watches.

Fisk & Clark, apothecaries, keep a choice supply of toilet articles; also a large assortment of foreign and domestic cigars.

Drs. Goddard & Bigelow have the neatest dental rooms of any in the city.

Curtis & Crosby have photographed the Seniors regularly, for a number of years.

C. Y. Clark, stable keeper, has some of the neatest looking teams in the city.

Buy your next lot of coal or wood of Wood & Golder, near Maine Central depot, or of Hawkes & Mathews, on Lisbon street.

Self-boarders, and stewards of clubs, should patronize Day, Nealey & Co., and Ballard & Hitchcock.

The neatness and dispatch with which all work is done at the *Journal* printing office, are known to all.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Our time has been so fully occupied for the past month, that to many of our exchanges we have not been able give even a hasty reading. A few days of vacation have come at last, and now for a search after profound essays, beautiful poems, and sparkling gems of wit.

The *College Mercury* is a neat looking paper and generally reckoned as one of our best exchanges. The last number is intensely local. Its only literary article, "Two Battle Painters," is very good. The institution represented by the *Mercury*, has met with a great loss in the destruction of one of its halls by fire.

The *Transcript* shows what can be done by co-education and co-operation of the sexes. It is at present showing up the students' need of a gymnasium. We would suggest to the students of O. W. University that it is the duty of the institution, rather than of the students, to establish a gymnasium.

The *Brunonian* is another neat looking journal, and is well managed; but it seems to us that it would be well for the *Brunonian* to enlarge its literary or contributed department, or whatever it chooses to call it, even if it should be necessary to reduce the editorial department. The author of "On Writing Books" concludes that the most profitable to author and publisher are "editions of Latin and Greek classics with

notes." What does he think of translations?

A recent number of the *College Argus* discusses the question, "Does it pay to get in debt for an education?" Though we agree with the writer in his final decision of the question, we beg leave to differ when he says, "Few lawyers can command practice, few physicians keep pace with the advance of medical science . . . without a collegiate education." Though we fully believe in the value of a college education, we also believe that for a lawyer to gain practice, what he needs more than a college education is energy, shrewdness, and business tact. And in order for the "physician to keep pace with the advance of medical science," what he needs is a thoroughly scientific education. We wish more of our exchanges had the life of the *Argus*. Its editorial department is always full and fresh, and its literary part never fails to have something interesting to students.

The *College Olio* comes to us under a new board of editors. We wish them the same success that always attended their predecessors. The editors say, "Sometimes we fear it is thought because this is a college paper, therefore it will get along whether we have money or not. Now this is all a mistake." Truth!

The *Alabama University Monthly* has a "Steam-Electro-Literary Machine," which furnishes it such won-

derful stories as "The Sophomore in Love," "Ku-Klux in Petticoats," "Three Fights in a Day," &c. We should judge that the author of "The Emancipation of Woman" had either invented or swallowed some such infernal machine by the way he spouts about the discontent of woman with her foreordained lot.

The *Madisonensis* says that the fellow who has been writing about his "crazy chum" has been overmastered by the same. We had supposed it was the other way. It is a relief to us either way.

The *Archangel* still sounds its little trump from the far West. We are glad to learn that there is a prospect that the April number will be enlarged.

A recent number of the *Orient* has

an article upon "College Prayers" containing many truths applicable to some other institutions besides Bowdoin. The writer charges much of the lack of interest in and respect for the exercises in Chapel to the system of marking. We think there is much truth in the following: "The belief that the present form of conducting prayers is none the less blasphemous, . . . for the monitors are in reality his eyes, acting by his will, to save him time and trouble, and seemingly to change an absurdity." Aren't the editors of the *Orient* getting a little careless about their editorials? The principal ones in the last two numbers are upon such subjects as cleaning spittoons and snowballing—very appropriate perhaps, but not especially edifying.

ODDS AND ENDS.

READING Shakespeare is still popular.

Who votes for an Inter-Collegiate spell?

A Senior changes his boarding place because he finds that 90° of pie can be lifted by a hair imbedded therein.

A new method of *stuffing* showed itself Examination Day. The results appeared at the breast rather than the head.

A Senior advises his lean chum to join a Minstrel Troupe and play the bones, saying that he will merely have to shake himself.

Thomas has been suspended. He was caught, with several of his associates, playing *bowl* in the gymnasium, and refused to sign the pledge.

Junior's lungs are not quite capacious enough to raise the spirometer to its maximum. Sympathetic Senior—"Fill your mouth, lad, it will hold at least a quart."

Student—"Is there any instrument by which we could see an object all the time moving along the street in the direction of Mr. J——'s?" Prof.—"I don't think of any excepting the mind and eye."

A Junior tarried here a week at the close of last term, because he lacked ten cents to pay his fare home. He was, however, enabled to visit the paternal mansion by the disposal of his favorite pen-knife and a fine-tooth comb.

Whittaker went "from the hole to the factory, from the factory to the grog-shop, from the grog-shop to the hole." We remember some fellows that went from their rooms to the basement, from the basement to the hole, from the hole to the north-west recitation room.

We learn that Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler, is engaged on a stupendous literary work, the manuscript of which already measures five hundred feet in a straight line, upon the centrifugal pacification of consanguineous nations. Change the feet to miles, Daniel, and remain at the further end.

Scene, Museum. A new student looking at a skeleton. Student—"Say, professor, who was this fellow when alive?" Prof.—"My good fellow, he was a Theological student, who attempted to board himself on twenty-five cents a week, and the sequel is the unhappy spectacle before you."—*Ex.*

As lovers do on withered flowers.
Somebody please estimate the
probable cost.

"Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so bad,
They kiss and kiss each other."

—*Olio*.

An Auburn paper says they are going to put up, in that city, an addition to their Seminary, "to accommodate eighty-six students two hundred feet long."—*Era*.

Moral Philosophy. Prof.—"Do calves have natural appetites?" Student (who goes by the euphonious appellation of "Sheep")—"Don't know, sir; can tell you more about sheep."—*Olio*.

Mr. Longfellow, the poet, has so many visitors at his Cambridge home, that the horse cars always stop before the door, and the conductors shout "Longfeller's!"—*Press*.

A subscriber to a paper died a few years ago, leaving four years' subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave when the lid was being screwed down the last time, and put in the coffin a palm-leaf

fan, a linen coat, and a thermometer which is used in warm climates.—*College Herald*.

Prof.—"You have, perhaps, observed that when a severe rain storm suddenly abates at night, the moon casts a greenish reflection, and positions itself under the polar star." Students (hurriedly and in chorus)—"Yes, sir! Oh, yes! Certainly." Prof. (laughing)—"What?" A painful pause. Cheekiest student of the class repeats: "Yes, sir." Prof.—"Gentlemen, you have seen a phenomenon which, until now, was unheard of."—*Index*.

Student—"Hey! mister! which way do you take to go to the bay?" Laborer (after gazing at the party as if doubtful of their sincerity)—"Any way you jist please." Student—"Now see here, my gentle friend, non combatibus pro bono publico, calico dis gustit polly wog bull frog tintinnabulum. Dico te hodie stans in tecto domus praeter-eunti maledixit lupo cui ille respondit ergo dicite mihi, or perish manfully in the attempt." Laborer (respectfully)—"First road to the left."

COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE spring recess has been appreciated by those who had "making up" to do.

The Reading Room Committee have attended to the matter of a new carpet.

Base Ball men occasionally give vent to their enthusiasm on the hither side of Parnassus *alias* David.

Our gymnasium is receiving quite an addition to its apparatus. Let us look to our own interest by using it properly.

We understand that the Prize Declamation of the Sophomores will take place some time during the Summer Term.

The Senior class at Williams came within one vote of omitting Class Day exercises on account of unnecessary expense.

The proceeds of the late spelling match at Brown amounted to \$789.04, of which \$444.52 was paid to the Treasurer of the University Boat Club.

The Seniors have secured the services of Miss Annie Louise Cary as vocalist for Commencement Concert. Brown's Band, of Boston, will furnish the instrumental music. In

addition to these, probably some other talent will be engaged. The concert will be one of the best ever given here.

Bowdoin is to have a regatta of its own next Commencement.

The Oxford crew were victorious in the late English University boat race.

Princeton has finished an alcove in the library for the literary productions of her Alumni.

The new Trinity College building will be the grandest of all college buildings in the country. It will be completed in 1877.

E. H. Capen has been nominated for the Presidency of Tufts College. He is thirty-three years old, and graduated at Tufts in the class of '60.

Every student at the Washington and Lee University is required to sign a pledge that he has neither given nor received assistance during an examination.

It is rumored that the resignation of President Chamberlain will be presented and accepted at the next meeting of the Board of Overseers of Bowdoin College. Prof. Young is named as his possible successor.

PERSONALS.

'70.—Everett A. Nash, Esq., is acting as deputy city clerk during the illness of Mr. Tobie. Mr. Nash is also the Recorder for the Municipal Court, which occupies but a portion of his time. He is a young man of good legal acquirements, and systematic and orderly in his business habits, and his administration of the affairs of his office have been quite satisfactory to the public.—*Gazette*.

Since clipping the above, Mr. Nash has been elected city clerk.

'73.—F. Hutchinson is studying law in the office of his brother, L. H. Hutchinson, of this city.

'73.—L. R. White is studying medicine with O. A. Horr, M. D., in this city.

'74.—A. O. Moulton is in town, and occasionally puts in an appearance at the College.

'76.—A. W. Ayer, formerly of the present Junior Class, is teaching at Wolfboro, N. H.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni, in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Eds.]

CLASS OF 1870.

RICH, WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.—Bn. in Standish, Me., Apr. 12, 1843. Son of William and Hannah Rich.

Fitted for College at Nichols Latin School, Lewiston, Me.

1870-75, Teacher of Ancient Languages at New Hampton Institution, New Hampton, N. H.

Married Nov. 8, 1871, to Miss Annie L. Davis, of East Poland, Me.

Post-office address, New Hampton, N. H.

JORDAN, LYMAN GRANVILLE.—Bn. March 12, 1845, in Otisfield, Maine. Son of David and Thankful Jordan.

1868, Principal of Maine Central Institute, at Pittsfield, Me.

1870-74, Principal of Nichols Latin School, Lewiston, Me.

1874, Elected Principal of Lewiston High School.

Married Dec. 24, 1871, to Miss Hattie T. Knowlton, of South Montville, Me.

Post-office address, Lewiston, Me.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
Professor of Systematic Theology.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Instructor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

EDMUND R. ANGELL,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 30, 1875.

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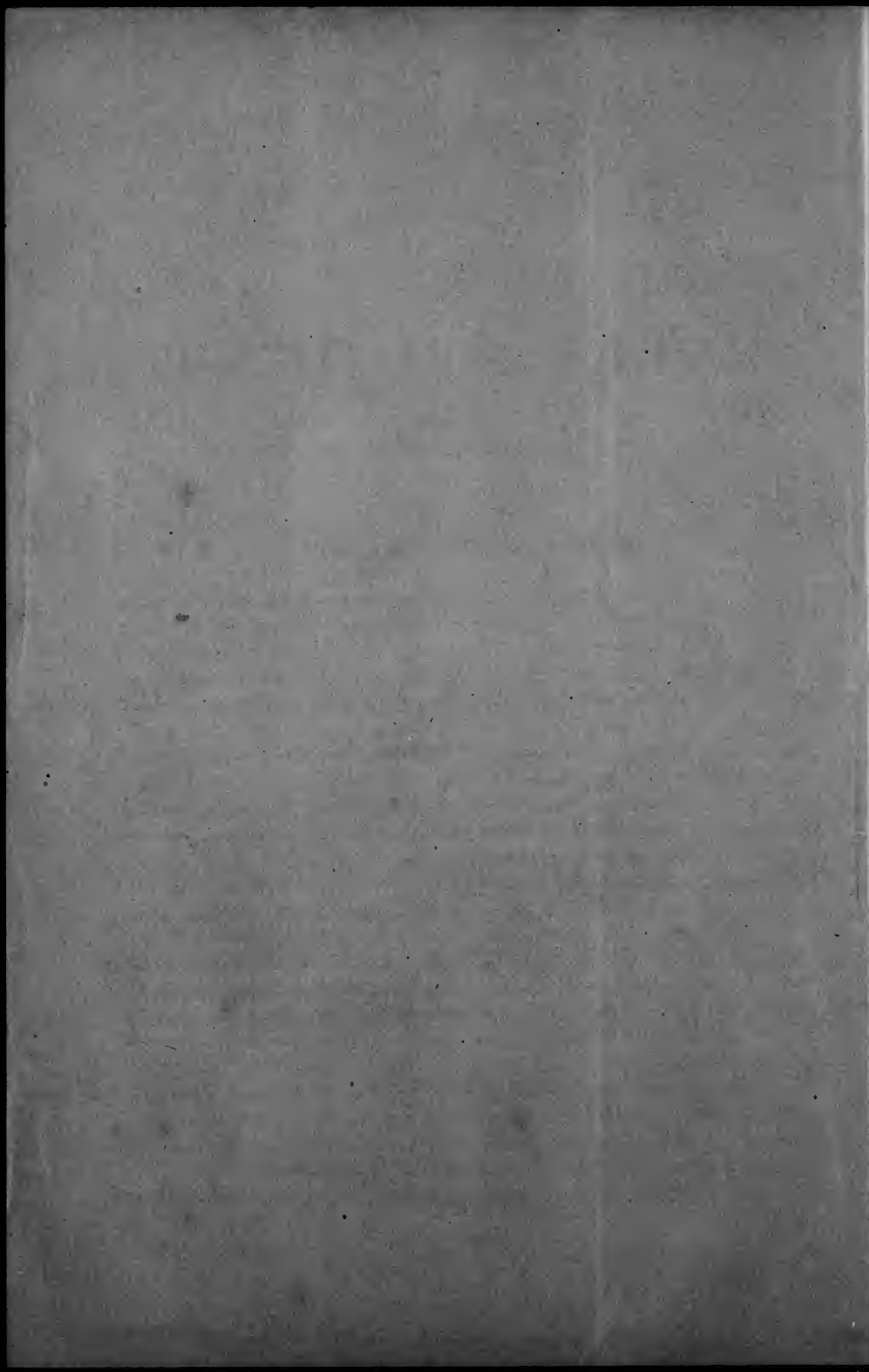
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MODERN SOLAR RESEARCHES.

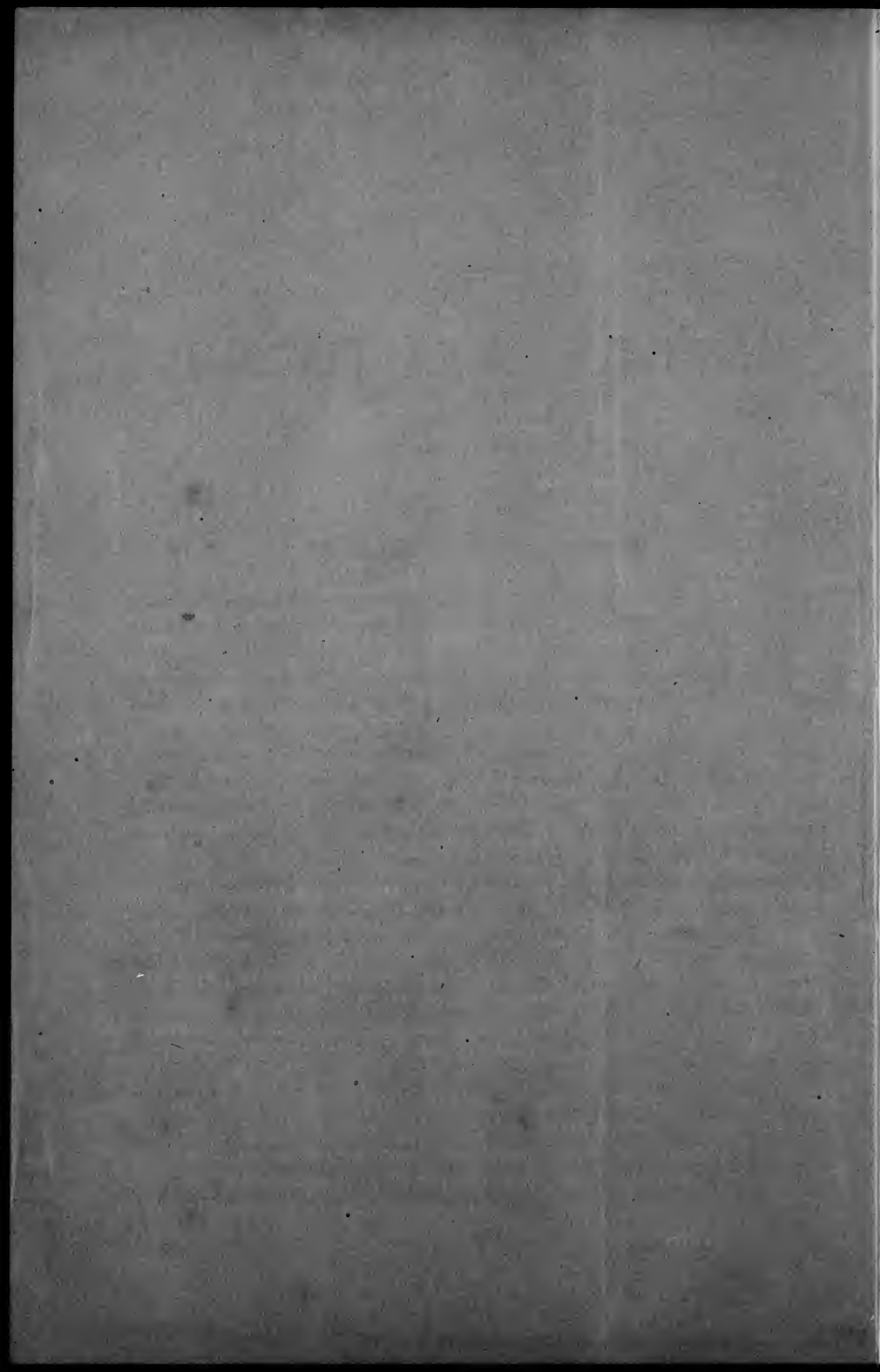
OUR subject carries us back to the solar eclipse of 1842, when astronomers noticed peculiar rose-colored appendages about the disc of the sun. Indeed, this phenomenon was probably seen as early as the eclipse of 1733, by Vassenius, who observed what he supposed to be red clouds floating in our atmosphere; yet it was not until the first mentioned date that they were systematically recognized. Even then astronomers were uncertain as to their origin and nature; but these questions were settled in turn by the eclipses of 1860 and 1868, the former proving them to be true solar appendages, and the latter gaseous.

As is well known, a luminous, gaseous body gives a spectrum of lines, while a solid or liquid yields a continuous spectrum. That of the prominences as observed at total eclipses consisted of bright lines, while the

true solar spectrum was composed of a bright band crossed by dark lines. This band produces a glare in our atmosphere by reflection from its particles. Hence, it was argued by scientific men that if a powerfully dispersing spectroscope was used, this atmospheric glare would be lessened, by which the bright lines of the prominences would be rendered visible at any time.

As a result, Lockyer and Janssen found them in full sunlight, while the former also determined that a continuous layer of the same material completely encircles the sun, to which Frankland gave the name of chromosphere. This holds an intermediate position, being exterior to the photosphere, or true light and heat giving layer, and below the corona, or outer atmosphere, seen only at total eclipses.

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the lines seen in the spectrum are simply images of the line slit through which the light enters the battery of prisms, the jaws of the slit sometimes not being separated more than $\frac{1}{10000}$ of an inch. Light from an incandescent substance being simply wave motion, the lengths of these waves become functions of their refrangibility or position in the spectrum. Thus light of the greatest wave length has the least refrangibility and is found in the red end, while the shorter the wave lengths the greater the refrangibility and the nearer the approach to the violet. Hence, as each chemical substance on being rendered incandescent emits light with wave lengths peculiar to itself, the position of spectral lines becomes an index to chemical composition.

But astronomers did not stop here, for it was not merely desirable to be able to study the constitution of the prominences at any time, but also to observe their forms. For this purpose Lockyer and Zöllner had recourse to rotating and vibrating slits. It is apparent that if we cause the slit of the spectroscope to rotate or vibrate rapidly over a prominence, its form can be observed; first, since the successive lengths of lines given by the slit in its movement correspond to varying heights of the prominence over which it is vibrating; second, since the retina retains a light impression for a small fraction of a second, if the movement over

the entire prominence occupy less than this interval, the effect is the same as if we viewed it at once in its entirety.

However, this was but preliminary to what was to follow, and, although correct in theory, was somewhat difficult in practical application. It occurred to Huggins that by simply opening the slit wider he might see the whole prominence at once, provided the prismatic battery was powerful enough to render the background of atmospheric glare faint. It remains to notice more explicitly these two classes of research which claim so large a share of attention from the scientific world.

Suppose an observer wishes to determine the *chemical nature* of a prominence or the chromospheric envelope. Having adjusted the spectroscope to the eye end of the telescope, and directing our instrument to the solar disc, we see in the field a beautiful band of rainbow-tinted light crossed by hundreds of dark lines. Now slowly move the telescope towards the solar edge until some of these dark lines flash into brightness and we are upon the chromosphere and prominences. Here we shall find the four lines of Hydrogen, the bright line termed D_3 in spectroscopic nomenclature, as well as two others due to some unknown substance. Besides these there are often lines of Magnesium, Barium, Chromium, Titanium, Sodium, and Iron. Indeed, it is probable that at

the base of the chromosphere all the metals exist which have been found in the photosphere. In confirmation of this, Prof. Young saw and catalogued 103 such lines several years since. Afterwards, having placed his instrument on Mt. Sherman, some 8000 feet above the sea, he was able to increase this number to 273, while at total eclipses all the solar dark lines have been seen reversed.

But suppose we wish to observe not the chemical nature but the *forms* of the prominences. Having our telescope upon the chromosphere as before, bring into the centre of the field the C line of Hydrogen, for example, and focus sharply. Now simply open the slit to the requisite width and the delicate forms of the prominences at once appear, with a perfection of detail proportionate to the power of our battery. As seen with the spectroscope, they have the highest beauty of form and color, now bursting forth from the photosphere as eruptions of great violence, and returning gracefully like the jets from a fountain, dissipating themselves as smoke, spreading their slender filaments from the parent trunk like the branches of an ancient elm, or wreathing themselves into the fantastic shapes of light cirrus clouds. Withal be it remembered that in the interpretation of phenomena this field of delicate beauty gives place to an arena of mighty forces.

These gas prominences are by

Zöllner divided into two classes, eruptive and cloud form. The latter often attain a height of 20,000 to 80,000 miles, with a still greater length. At times they are attached to the chromosphere by vertical columns of the same nature, and, in turn, are entirely separate. They are generally supposed to be the remains of eruptions, although Secchi maintains that he has seen them form under the telescope.

The former class often attain a height of 60,000 to 90,000 miles, and, in one remarkable outburst the ascending jets reached a height of over 300,000. Assuming that they started from the level of the chromosphere, Proctor proves that the velocity of expulsion was at least 257 miles per second, and probably more than 500. But a radial velocity from the solar surface of 379 miles overcomes the sun's gravity. Hence if any dense material accompanied this explosion, it passed into space never to return.

Secchi, however, makes a less arbitrary classification than Zöllner, based upon internal constitution. With him there are two kinds of prominences, one faint and delicate, the other dense, compact, active, with filiform structure and peculiar optical character. In the first only the Hydrogen lines and D_3 exist, while the spectrum of the latter is much more complicated, and contains many of the metals.

Some astronomers contend that the

chromosphere itself is only an assemblage of low prominences, which being seen edgewise give the appearance of a continuous stratum from simple perspective, while others disagree with this view. At all events, this much is certain, that they are of the same general character as the chromosphere in the midst of which they appear, and the higher the parts of them we examine the fewer substances are present, while in the highest only the Hydrogen lines and D_3 are persistent.

But the object of all scientific labor

is to determine laws of action, and in this field we are not without results. We already know that although the prominences occur upon all parts of the sun, they are most frequent in latitudes of maximum sun spots and faculæ, while they are most active and highest in regions of greatest abundance. Observations also tend to establish the fact that there is a strong solar wind blowing from the equator towards the pole. Much, however, remains unknown, which future 'researches will doubtless reveal.

TWILIGHT.

SLOW fades the light, soft falls the night
In dusky shadows down,
To take away the cares of day,
And still the busy town.

Through azure bars look out the stars
To guard the city's rest;
And lamplight gleams, with countless beams,
From homes by Heaven blest.

The sounding feet, along the street
With children's laughter ring;
And birds of night, in weary flight,
Chant songs of love and spring.

With sweetness rare, upon the air,
Steal soft and mellow lays,
From organs roll, and fill my soul
With thoughts of other days.

Oh days of joy! when I a boy
Knew only life's sweet part;
When crowding cares and wily snares
Were strangers to my heart.

How grandly flew, through endless blue,
The clouds of fleecy white;
The evening star seemed not so far
Away as it seems to-night.

The laughing rills among the hills,
The hollow sounding sea,
The beating rain upon the pane,
Had happy songs for me.

The place I knew where berries grew
The sweetest and the best;
And scarcely stirred the sitting bird
Ere I had found its nest.

And day by day, to brush away
The thorns that came at will,
Two hands by me went constantly,
Two hands that now are still.

Oh, come again! ye golden train
Of youthful sunny days,
And bring to me simplicity,
In faith, in trust, and praise.

Ah! well I know the constant flow
Of ever passing years
Shall bring those days of trust and praise,
Or some of brighter spheres.

And when from night I find the light
Where changeless glories are,
That place shall be a Heaven to me,
If those I love are there.

MELANCHOLY AND GENIUS.

“NO man,” said Tully, “can escape sorrow and sickness, and sorrow is an inseparable companion of melancholy.”

The orator had fled from the city to his beautiful country seat, to indulge in solitude his great grief for the loss of a beloved daughter, when bitter experience forced home to his heart this unwelcome truth. The discerning Roman did not speak so very much at random, since he has the full endorsement and able support of that wise Anatomist of Melancholy, Democritus, Jr., *alias* Robert Burton. He says: “Sorrow is the mother and daughter of melancholy, her epitome, symptom, and chief cause.”

If Sophocles killed himself because a tragedy of his was hissed off the stage, and Aristotle because he could not understand the motive of Euripides, it was for the reason that sorrow raised naturally sensitive and melancholy spirits into a sort of frenzy.

Our subject, however, does not lead us to consider so much the cause of melancholy in genius, as the effect of melancholy upon genius. Still, it would be very interesting to know just how far the brain of Pascal revealed at *post mortem* examination the tendency of that Christian philosopher to skepticism, or how much pride had to do with Byron's mis-

anthropy. I take it that self-conceit made Thoreau a hermit, and then it tried to banish his melancholy loneliness by telling him that “Solitude is society when we meet our friends.” Whatever the cause, we must pity one who tries to comfort his lonely heart, which is forever reaching out after sympathy, with such meagre and far-fetched consolation as conveyed in his question, “Why should I be lonely? Is not our planet in the milky way?”

Aristotle said that melancholy men are the wittiest of all. Is it not attested by good authority that wit is madness? Allow the remark by one of our most celebrated lecturers to be true, that poetry is allied to wisdom and madness, and we have it that poets beyond all other men are melancholy. Or hear an ancient speak again: “Great is the force of imagination, and much more ought the cause of melancholy to be ascribed to this alone than to the distemperature of the body.”

We see at once the application to poets. None but a sensitive mind can be poetical. And what is more likely to be jarred in contact with the rough world than a sensitive spirit? “Poetic temperament,” says Mrs. Browning, “half way between the light of the ideal and the darkness of the real, and rendered by each more sensitive to the other, and

unable without a struggle to pass out clear and calm into either, bears the impress of the necessary conflict in dust and blood."

How many noble minds have sunk in the struggle and gone into the silent grave with a weight of grief upon them little dreamed of, much less felt, by the cold, unsympathizing world!

We wish to notice briefly the melancholy of men of genius, all the way from the momentary and pleasing sadness of Milton to the terrible madness of Cowper and Collius.

The description of some simple scene in nature will often summon a train of pensive thoughts, when we are all unmindful of a real cause for grief. We can appreciate the feelings of Milton without waiting for the morbidness of indigestion, when

"Oft on a plot of rising ground
He heard the far-off curfew sound."

"Many a time," said Napoleon, "when men have imagined me studying out some campaign, my thoughts have been busy in fond recollection of my early home, as I listened to the mellow sounds of a distant village bell."

With what a view to the community of feeling, upon a quiet Sunday eve, has Mr. Hartley Coleridge wished "the Sabbath day's child" her "worst woe, a pensive Sabbath melancholy." What Autumn, with its sere leaf, is to the other seasons, what Sunday is to the other days of the week, what twilight is to the

other hours of the day, the sweet-toned nightingale, "smoothing the rugged brow of night," is to the feathery tribe.

"Sweet bird that shunnest the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy."

The willow that bends its limbs above the little grave bears a mournful significance to the heart of the grieving mother. So have the Rue, Cypress, and Hellebore, from the earliest ages of antiquity, been associated with the saddest phases of human life.

The poet, with his heart morbid with the abundance of sentiment lavished upon the creatures of his fancy, drinks from the fountain of nature—not the pure element which God has given, but water steeped like the Lethe of forgetfulness in the soothing narcotic of a dreamy melancholy.

In reading the lines indicative of grief and melancholy, it is natural for those whom grief strikes dumb to query whether sorrow in verse be true sorrow.

"Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires," says Addison; but it may be questioned whether the passionless Addison ought to sit in judgment. Perhaps Landor gets nearer the truth when he says—

"Grief must run on and pass
Into memory's more quiet shade,
Before it can compose itself in song."

We may well doubt the sincerity of the "woe-worn musings" of Rascelas, or ornamented sorrow of Mil-

ton's *Lycidas*, but who can follow Tennyson through *In Memoriam* and not feel that real sorrow is there? He says:—

"I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel.
But for the unquiet heart and brain
A use in measured language lies,
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotic's numbing pain."

What comes to us from the pen of the true poet with feeling, has often been agony in his breast; and when he calls upon the grove and stream to bear witness of his grief, it is but the natural mode of expression.

Petrarch, all whose writings show a "heart ill at ease," utters these plaintive notes:—

"Each leafy mount and plain,
Each wandering stream and shady forest know
What others know not, all my life of pain."

It seems that Shakespeare did not escape all the "natural shocks this flesh is heir to," but rather, if we allow his sonnets to be a true exponent of his life and character, suffered much from the melancholy of poverty, neglect, and ill-appreciation. For,

"In disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,

"My life . . . sinks down to death
Oppressed with melancholy."
And look upon myself and curse my fate."

Taken in connection with the sorry life of "Poor Goldy," his opening line in the *Traveler*,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"
always struck me as strangely sad.

The melancholy of Samuel Johnson is not such as to excite one's sympathies. The stern old moralist, while in his big way the most loquacious of men, wrapped himself in such a gloomy self-conceit, and endeavored to conceal from men his petty foibles and weaknesses with such a pertinacity, that his pleasures and pains are alike indifferent to us. But Boswell did not leave posterity to grope about in the gloom of Johnson's writings to find out whether he was a hypochondriac, but represents him as sorely pressed with fears of insanity. His earnest inquiries after the welfare of Collins, his morbid liking for Burton's *Anatomy*, which was the only book that could call him up two hours earlier than usual, bespeak the wretchedness of his mental condition.

In pleasing contrast with Johnson is the gentle pensive spirit of Kirke White. Not a page of his poetry but is tinged with a soft shade of melancholy. His muse speaks as already in Charon's boat, and softly whispers back to mankind words of peace and comfort; and we can almost see the ghostly cheek and sunken eye of "pale Consumption's shrunken form," and hear his sigh "that he is all alone."

Hawthorne has remarked "that it is a curious subject of observation and inquiry if hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom." It would be carrying the paradox no farther to say that melancholy and

humor may dwell together in the same soul. As a good hater is generally a good lover, so is a humorous man of great sensibility. Jean Paul Richter was a humorist from his inmost soul, yet how closely it bordered the pathetic. In his smile itself a touching pathos lies hidden and a "pity too deep for tears." Addison said: "Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy." Cowper testifies to have written his most ludicrous lines in his saddest moods. "John Gilpin" came after a night of uproarious laughter. The "suffering tender melancholy" Hood writes:—

"There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy."

Charles Lamb has been called the subtlest, purest, tenderest humorist of England, and his life was the most melancholy. In his humor itself there are often painful allusions. He writes to Moxon: "We sleep here three in a bed—my bed-fellows are cough and croup."

Swift, according to King, was the unhappiest man upon earth. His practice was to keep his birthday as a day of mourning. The humorist Hood said:—

"All things are touched with melancholy."

It may be questioned whether the world has since witnessed a scene so utterly sad as Burns's struggle with the base entanglements which coiled closer and closer about him till death

opened him an outlet. We overlook his failings when we contemplate his great heart of love. The daisy falls not unheeded under his plowshare nor the ruined nest of that "wee cowering, timorous beastie." In reading the sad strains of his Lament and Ode to Despondency, our hearts are touched by the measure of silent anguish revealed, and no doubt many a sorrowing heart has felt its griefs echoed in these wails.

It is the bitterness of repentance for sin—which all must feel—and only those of the most sensitive nature can feel to the utmost. He cries out in his bitterness of spirit,

"When shall my soul in silent peace
Resign life's joyless day,
My weary head its throbbings cease,
Cold mouldering in the clay?"

The character of Edgar A. Poe had the waywardness of Burns, the mystery and gloom of Byron, and the melancholy of both.

Collins was a bard who touched the "tenderest notes of Pity's lyre." His life, no less than his odes, awakens in our breast emotions of pity. His tender nature suffered for the want of sympathy. The fervor of his visionary, tremulous spirit turned in the anguish of disappointment to insanity, and his fitful career closed in the succession of a moody melancholy, a few lucid intervals, and paroxysms of a maniac's violence, when his shrieks were heard in the most appalling manner

echoing through the cloisters of Winchester Cathedral.

Similar to Collins's was Cowper's life. Says he, "All that delights the happy, palls on me." But we will extend the topic no farther. Only observe that melancholy in literature

is far different from that in life. Pervading the former it is like minor chords in music—breathing forth strains of a pleasurable sadness; in the latter it has the gloom of despondency, the wild fitfulness of despair, and the awful fury of the maniac.

ELOQUENCE.

ELOQUENCE in its highest flights is, without doubt, the greatest exertion of the human mind, and is the most wonderful in its nature and immediate triumphs. The capacity of the general, the wisdom of the statesman, may be of more lasting effects upon human affairs, but they are less in their influence. The triumphs of the orator are immediate. He who stands up before a vast assemblage composed of various passions and habits, who conciliates their feelings, carries away their judgments by his eloquence, who sees every gaze fixed on him, and every ear listening intently to the words that drop from his lips, sees indifference turn into excitement, aversion melt away amid enthusiasm, and knows that all this is the creation of and has sprung from the ardor of his conception, enjoys one of the greatest triumphs of the human mind.

It is because eloquence touches the heart, that such a power is

exerted by the orator upon his hearers. It is because the orator makes others sympathize with him, and calls up in their breasts the same emotions that exist in himself, and makes them feel, think, and act as he would have them. Eloquence must be the most thrilling and fascinating of all things, since it touches more sympathetic chords, and awakens more feelings in the human heart than anything else.

The degree of a man's eloquence depends, then, upon how well he can infuse the passions or sentiments with which he is moved himself, into the breast of another, and fill his audience with a part of his own enthusiasm.

It was this power of making others feel as he himself felt, that enabled Webster to sway an audience. Though it took long to arouse his sluggish energies, yet when he was thoroughly aroused he became invincible.

The ancients well understood the

great power and mighty influence of a persuasive voice, and they relied much upon the orator for giving stimulus to anything that they wished to accomplish. To be able to sway the minds of the masses, to mould them after their own liking, and to achieve some grand personal aggrandizement through eloquence, was thought by the ancients to be the grandest achievement of human efforts. Political power, personal fame, the direction of the State, the decision of its dearest public and private interests, were to be attained only through public assemblies. So much worth did they attach to eloquence, that they considered it of the first importance to establish schools of rhetoric, and took care that the art of elocution should be thoroughly taught.

In ancient days, everything that related to public affairs, lay much more in the hands of a few than at the present, and the chief aim of men was accomplished through the power of persuasion. The history of Rome and Greece reveals the fact that the mass of the people looked to such men as took it upon themselves to appear before the public, to lead and guide; and if success crowned their efforts, the people lauded them to the sky, but if they failed, bitter were the execrations heaped upon them. Therefore, those men who appeared before the people to advocate or oppose any measure, knew well that to carry

and sustain a measure, they must be skillful in the art of persuasion.

And thus, to be a chief among the people was to be eloquent. Indeed, it may be said of the Romans and Grecians that they sat at the feet of eloquence and worshiped; for by them eloquence was not only considered the means of winning the favor, convincing the judgments, and securing the suffrages of the judges, but of moving the affections, arousing the feelings, and elevating the mind. They felt that it was eloquence that gave their statesmen and generals such wonderful command of the human heart, and enabled them in the most trying situation, and often in the crisis of a battle or heat of a tumult, to utter such noble and impassioned sentiments, which so often determined the fate of the day, or even the fortune of their country.

The highest type of eloquence is that which partakes most of simplicity. When there is pretension and a seeking to avoid the truth, there can not be true eloquence. The more natural, frank, and sincere an orator is, the more eloquent he will be. The eloquence of the rude men of early days was due to the fact that they were free from affectation and artifice, and were true to nature in expressing their real emotion. Eloquence is founded upon truth. Says a writer: "It is a conscious presence of truth sincerely loved, truth more powerful

far than kings, which makes the great orator mightier than himself, and enables him to speak better than he knows. It is this that flashes in his eyes, trembles in his tones, illuminates his features, and dilates his whole frame." Says Milton: "True eloquence I find to be none other than the sincere and hearty love of truth." To be impressive and to stir the hearts of the masses, eloquence must have its outgrowth from a noble character. The reputed character of an orator greatly affects the interpretations put upon his sentiments and the weight attached to his words by others. The same words which are powerful to move when uttered by a man of unblemished character, will be almost without effect when spoken by one whose character is covered with dark stains. When, at the close of the revolution, Washington resigned his sword in the Senate amid the tears of a represented nation, the patriotism, the fortitude, and the integrity he had shown were more eloquent than the words he spoke. If we turn over the pages of history we shall there learn that those have been the most eloquent, and that their names now cluster in the brightest constellation that studs

the dome of the temple of fame, who have lived the truest and most noble lives. Eloquence has been employed in behalf of different causes, according to the motive with which orators have been actuated. With Demosthenes it was employed to urge his countrymen to fight for country and glory. Of Demosthenes it is said he knew only two things—Athens and eloquence. Cicero thought of many things, and spoke of many things for the good of his country. Chatham loved to speak in eloquent strains of the grandeur and majesty of England; and Webster, who so frequently drank at the fountain of eloquence, and often raised his voice in defence of constitutional liberty and to allay sectional strife, aroused patriotic emotions by portraying to his hearers the glory and greatness of their country. When we consider how the voice of eloquence has moved men, how it has filled the soul of millions with floods of emotions, and aroused them to sublime and godlike deeds; when we consider this, we hesitate not to claim eloquence as the exponent of something that is grand and immortal in the mind of man.

MY SHIPS.

DAYS, and months, and years ago
I sent my ships to sea;
Left their moorings side by side,
Sailing out with wind and tide,
Out to dim horizons wide.
Sailed they swift or sailed they slow,
In summer's sun or winter's snow,
None came back to me.

When your ships come up the bay,
Riding proudly o'er the foam,
Remember mine are lost to me,
Lost upon a soundless sea,
Lost through all eternity.
When your ships come up the bay,
Think of my lonely heart, I pray,
When your ships come home.

ROBERT BURNS.

"There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But what na day, o' what na style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

"Our monarch's hindmost year but one
Was five an' twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin."

SUCH is the account which the subject of this sketch gives of his birth. On the 25th of January, 1759, in the reign of "Georgius Secundus," Robert Burns, "the Shakespeare of Scotland," was ushered into this world to taste its joys

and sorrows, and to leave it its most pathetic tale.

Burns's father was a poor man of sterling qualities, but unable to render his son any assistance save the force of a good example and the fruits of his own observation and experience. His education was limited. He learned English well, had a fortnight's French, and spent a part of one summer at land-surveying. Friends of influence he had none. Yet with no adventitious aid, his brilliant genius raised him to the

very highest rank of poets, and compelled society, notwithstanding

"His ancient, but ignoble blood
Had crept through scoundrels ever since the
flood,"

to acknowledge that *he* had nobility, the patent of which he received "immediately from Almighty God."

Burns's youth was spent in working with his father and brothers on a farm. The confinement and vigor of this course was by no means congenial to his nature; for, as he remarks in a letter to Dr. Moore, his "social disposition was like the Catechism definition of infinitude, without bounds or limits." To his straitened circumstances, however, we are doubtless indebted for his beautiful descriptions of rural life and scenes. He could sympathize with the humble, for he knew how serious to them are the little matters which others regard so indifferently. His fondness of good-fellowship and sympathy made him the confidant of half the lovers of his town. And the weird legends of the peasants furnished a rich stock for his fertile imagination.

The first volume of Burns's poems was issued in 1786, from the obscure press of Kilmarnock. This issue met with very flattering success, and brought him to the notice of Dr. Blacklock, at whose suggestion he went to Edinburgh, where he published a second edition the next year.

After passing a short but brilliant

career at Edinburgh, surrounded by wealth, beauty, and power, the fashionable idol of the day, and making a tour through Scotland to see its historic grounds, Burns resumed the occupation of his youth, and married his "bonnie Jean," whom he had known in former days, and began life in earnest. His taste for such employment had not much improved, however, and circumstances being unfavorable, he soon gave up the lease of his farm, removed to the town of Dumfries, and supported his family upon his income as officer of excise, until his death, which occurred July 21st, 1796.

His last days were wretched indeed. Want, vexation, and disappointment overcame his manly but sensitive spirit, and brought him to the grave at the early age of thirty-seven. His morning sun rose out of obscurity clear and unshaded, its noon glittered with dazzling splendor, but it entered a cloud of adversity and set in darkness.

Burns is his own biographer; for in his works we see the man. His soul was broad and comprehensive. The human heart knows no emotion with which he could not sympathize. He never forgot in his obscurity that he was a man, nor in his highest prosperity that he was but a man.

The poor often look enviously upon the rich as upon people more highly favored than themselves; while the rich look upon the poor as useful creatures, rather to be pitied

than otherwise. But Burns looked beneath the surface of human life, and saw how little the real difference, when the happiness of the one is put in the balance against that of the other. "The Twa Dogs," written in his youth, when his father was under peculiarly embarrassing circumstances, illustrates to some extent his penetration.

In "Tam o' Shanter" he exhibits a wealth of imagination and a felicity of expression rarely equaled. Tam, disregarding his good wife's advice, had gone one night to the village inn, where in company with his old cronies, and with a bountiful supply of the landlord's ale, he reached the summit of human happiness.

"Kings may be blest, but Tom was glorious,
O'er the ills of life victorious."

On his way home he meets the Devil with his legions out on a frolic. Tam is surrounded by ghosts, goblins, witches, and warlocks. Tam fully realizes the situation. He is aware that

"In hell they'll roast him like a herrin'."

His only chance of escape is in crossing the running stream near by before they seize him; and this he is barely able to do by the help of his good mare Meg, who succeeded in bringing off

• • • "her master hail,
But left behind her ain gray tail."

In "The Cotter's Saturday Night," he gives us a beautiful picture of domestic bliss which none can read without being made better by it.

His "Inscription for an Altar to Independence"—

"Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned,
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who will not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here,"

is an epitome of his own mind. Freedom he loved. The names of Bruce and Wallace kindled in his bosom a patriotic pride, which glows throughout his works. Religious bigotry he could not brook, and he sometimes denounced it with the most bitter satire. Says Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Not Latiner, not Luther struck more telling blows against false Theology than did this brave singer. The "Confession of Augsburg," the "Declaration of Independence," the "French Rights of Man," and the "Marseillaise" are not more weighty documents in the history of freedom than the songs of Burns.

Where can be found a stronger expression of devoted friendship than in his "Lament for James Earl of Glencrein."

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget his crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiled so sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencrein
And a' that thou hast done for me."

But the most prominent feature of Burns's character was his humanity. No creature was outside the sphere of his sympathy. Even for Satan

himself he had an inkling of pity.
He closes his "Address to the
De'il" with

"But fare you weel, Auld Nickie-ben.
Oh wad ye tak' a' thought and men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still ha'e a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
E'en for your sake!"

Burns had faults, but they grew out of excess of the social elements of his nature. Of meanness he was never guilty. His associations led him too often, perhaps, to take a social glass, and into kindred follies he often fell. His greatest weakness, however, was with regard to the gentler sex. He never saw a fair face but to fall in love with it. Love and Poesy are twin sisters, and for him they ever went hand in hand. He first "committed the sin of rhyme" in honor of a little girl with whom he worked in the harvest field, and his last song was a pledge of love to the "Fairest Maid on Devon Banks."

To this last weakness may be traced the foulest blots that mar his character; but toward these we are inclined to use some of that charity he so generously bestowed upon others, and adopting his own language, say—

"Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute
We never can digest it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Burns's life was eventful, interesting, sad. His genius exists for all time. His works have not yet "gathered all their fame," but they are loved, repeated, and sung by all who are familiar with them. Says Holmes—

"The lark of Scotia's morning sky,
Whose voice may sing his praises?
With Heaven's own sunlight in his eye,
He walked among the daisies,
Till through the cloud of fortune's wrong
He soared to fields of glory,
But left his land her sweetest song,
And earth its saddest story."

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

DREAMING AND DOING.

THERE are many ways in which students waste precious moments, precious, the old simile says, as sands of gold, but none, we fear, more common than speculation, day-dreaming, and castle-building. There is in every institution many an Alnaschar whose step from the Commencement stage shatters his beautiful theories and ideas drawn merely from books. This habit, to be sure, is not confined to college walls, nor to persons especially engaged in the study of books, yet we venture to say that in any number of persons engaged in some kind of active business there will be found less of this spirit than in the same number of students. The school room, the college, and the study seem to be the peculiar nurseries of this spirit. It is here we begin to get an idea of the many fields of labor open to man, that we read of the great deeds accomplished, the brilliant successes and high honors won therein; and we naturally picture, though we may not admit or show it to others, a bright future for ourselves in some one of these fields. What essays, orations, and lectures many of us have written with the pen of fancy and the ink of imagination, but which utterly refuse to be transcribed to paper.

"Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind,
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace
behind."

This habit seems to be natural to some extent to all men, and especially to those of a lively imagination. And it may be asked, "Is it not well to plan our future and derive inspiration from the success of others?" Thought and planning are certainly very essential elements to success. Though fortunes are sometimes made, and battles won, by the aid of unexpected circumstances, no man was ever long successful in business, and no general ever successfully conducted a whole campaign, without well-arranged plans. But we should be careful to distinguish between real thought and dreaming awake, building castles in Spain.

Too many people are like that man of whom President Lincoln said, "That man thinks he is thinking." Such a listless way of thinking can not be productive of any great good, since it is not concentrated upon one object; and when we mistake it for real thought it becomes not only useless but positively injurious. It is injurious, because just in proportion as we indulge in it, it incapacitates us for real and productive labor, either mental or physical. He who has acquired and still fosters this habit may have in his mind the germ of a great

thought, a thought which, if worked out and applied, might revolutionize the world, bring honor and fame to himself, and be of great benefit to his fellow men. But as one is inclined to this dreamy style of thought he is disinclined to action; and instead of developing and applying the thought, he merely indulges in extravagant speculations until the same idea occurs to some active, practical mind and is developed and brought into application. Such persons are always sailing out into the future in search of riches and honor; but they always come back empty-handed, complaining of their ill luck, and that they are not appreciated by the world.

There are many men possessing about the amount of learning said to be dangerous, and endowed by nature with minds capable of great conceptions, who are so indisposed to real labor of any kind, and so unaccustomed to methodical habits, that they will not commit their thoughts to paper or arrange them in any logical order so that they may be presented with force to the hearer or reader. Here also comes in the tendency to theorize—always theorize and never practice. It is so much easier for some people to spin out theory after theory, “not like the spider’s web, compact and round, but like the gossamer, stretched out and entangled without end, clinging to every casual object, flitting in the idle air, and glittering only in the

ray of fancy,” and to prove their theories by words instead of acts.

We, as students, living so much among books instead of acts, are too apt to be content with learning *how* to do a thing, instead of learning to *do* it. There is a wide difference between the two. Every teacher ought to know that what a pupil wants is not merely to be told in words how to perform a difficult problem, but he wants to see that or a similar problem actually performed. How many who study surveying or navigation merely from the text-book, know anything of these branches one year after the book is laid aside? Geology and Zoölogy teach us *how* to classify rocks and animals, but it is only by studying these objects outside of the book and cabinet that we learn to actually make the classification. We, as students, while we are learning to think and to use words, which are said to be alone immortal, need more action, need to realize more fully the necessity of a spirit of push. When Hazlitt says, “We sometimes find as remarkable a deficiency of the speculative faculty coupled with great strength of will and consequent success in active life, as we do a want of voluntary power and total incapacity for business, frequently joined to the highest mental qualifications,” it seems to us he might have said, very often, instead of “sometimes.” Had we time and space, it would not be out of place

to speak in this connection of the idea conveyed, if not expressed in so many words, under the subject of being and seeming, that he only possesses true merit and is fit for high positions who stands back and waits for public opinion to bear him into power. We may stand forever on the banks of the mightiest river that ever flowed, but its current will never bear us on unless we step in.

THE SPELL.

In spite of considerable resistance, Bates was finally obliged to submit to the fearful epidemic which has prevailed so extensively throughout the country for the past few months. Some symptoms of the disease were seen late in the spring term, but were manfully fought off. Soon after the beginning of the present term, however, we were hopelessly inoculated by the Lewiston High School. For a fortnight the fever ran high. Complicated combinations of vowels and consonants were whizzing around every corner. The little red book was seen in every recitation. The fever reached its height April 21st, and on that evening twenty-five students of the College met an equal number from the High School in bloodless, but not "skill-less," combat on the stage of Lyceum Hall.

Spelling school is no new thing in Maine, and does not draw so large an audience as in some other States. A fair audience, however, was present, chiefly, of course, friends of the

High School, though the Bates boys in the audience did not suffer their representatives to lack for applause.

Mayor Russell presided, Rev. W. T. Chase acting as enunciator, and Supt. Tash and Prof. Chase as referees. Three fell from the ranks of the High School at the first round, thus winning the leather medal and bouquet, while the College ranks stood firm. The bugbear of the evening, the leather medal, having now disappeared, the College boys became rather reckless, and a number of good spellers quickly retired upon comparatively easy words. While spelling from the hand-book the High School kept the lead, but after test words began to fly about its ranks were rapidly thinned. When the list of test words was exhausted there remained four on the side of the High School and five in the College ranks. Liberal doses of the Unabridged soon subtracted three from each side, leaving to sustain the honor of the High School a young lady who had shown herself a good and careful speller, and on the other side E. C. Adams of '76 and Tracy of '78. The young lady soon retired and Adams followed her example, leaving Tracy the hero of the evening and the winner of Shakespeare.

This was the most closely contested match we have yet seen reported, showing plainly that it was impossible to floor all on either side with words in common use.

The spelling of the scholars from the High School showed careful study of "ye little red book," while the Bates boys showed that they were well posted in Webster. Considerable talk has been made about words spelled by members of the High School differently than on the paper in the hands of the enunciator and declared by him to be wrong, but since found to be one of the authorized ways; and from items in the papers one not present at the contest might get the idea that the High School was misused and the Bates boys had it all their own way. If neither the speller nor the referee chosen by his side take pains to appeal from the decision of the enunciator,—he of course being guided by the book or paper in his hand,—to the Dictionary, who is to blame? Several words spelled by Bates boys were declared wrong by the enunciator, but on an immediate appeal to Webster proved to be correct. Charges of unfairness, we are sorry to say, have also been made against Bates boys. These charges need no denial from us; they are too self-evidently ridiculous for any candid person to believe.

A SUGGESTION.

The interest manifested in gymnastics since the recent additions of apparatus to the gymnasium and the impromptu walking matches frequently indulged in, suggest to us that it is about time a field day was

instituted here at Bates. Field day has become a fixed institution in most colleges, especially in New England. On some appointed day, either in spring or fall, the students gather on the campus or ball ground, and engage in such athletic sports as standing jumps, running jumps, walking and running matches of a mile or more, sack races, hurdle races, throwing the ball, etc., prizes being awarded to the victors. Such sports can not fail to draw a large number of spectators and furnish much amusement for all concerned. These exercises are generally in charge of an Athletic Association; but the fact that we have as yet no such organization need not prevent our having a field day. Field day once established would certainly increase our interest in gymnastics, and perhaps lead to the formation of an Athletic Association.

Our base-ball ground would be just the place for such sports. The prizes are usually of but little real worth, and could be easily raised by subscriptions and by assessing a tax upon the contestants. We see no reason why such a day may not be established by another fall. Come, Juniors, wake up, the mantle of the Seniors is about to fall upon you, and here is a chance for you to immortalize yourselves. Take this matter in hand, begin to talk about it now, and not forget it when you return next term, and we may see some rare sport.

We trust this seed may fall into good ground, and bring forth fruit in abundance.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The April number of the *Targum* seems to us the best, especially in mechanical appearance, we have seen. The literary articles are good, though, if we were to criticise, we should say they were rather declamatory in style. The interest in boating at Rutgers appears to be strong.

Our Catholic exchanges, especially the *Owl* and the *Index*, seem to be much pleased with an article upon "Romanism," in our February number. They express surprise at the candor of the article. Will either of them give us an equally candid article upon Protestantism? A college journal is, perhaps, not just the place for a religious discussion, but our Catholic friends surely have more to say upon their religion than the representatives of Protestant institutions upon theirs. They, perhaps, consider it their duty to profess and uphold their faith; but they must admit that they lack that candor and freedom from sectarianism which they profess to admire in the above mentioned article.

The *Magenta* laments the lack of architectural beauty in the buildings at Harvard. It declares that the Harvard students who have figured in spelling matches (and been defeated) were not authorized repre-

sentatives of the college. Were it not for repeating what they have so often seen, we should feel inclined to compliment both the *Advocate* and *Magenta* upon the excellence of their poetry.

The *Irving Union* has enlarged and improved since we first made its acquaintance. That "Trials of a Twin" seems strangely familiar; we think we had read it before we ever heard of the *Union*. Thanks for your word of praise in March, but two small s's won't take the place of a capital.

We are glad to greet the *Hesperian Student* in its new and more becoming dress. The editor is very much dissatisfied with the last Nebraska Legislature. He says the legislature balances its retrenchments of appropriations for schools by increasing the appropriation for the State Penitentiary. Allow us to call your attention, friend *Student*, to the similarity between that article, "What is a book; and what is it to read?" and the introductory to Dr. Noah Porter's work upon Books and Reading. Can it be that you put that article into your magazine knowing that the author was guilty of the most outrageous plagiarism? Dr. Porter opens his book by imagining a South-Sea-Islander suddenly taken from his savage home and placed in the midst of a great library, and says that a public library would be a most incomprehensible thing to him. The author of the article in

your paper, says: "One of the most incomprehensible objects to the savage is a book." His second sentence, "A church he can understand," Dr. P.'s second paragraph begins with the sentence, "A cathedral he would at once understand." Take again the sentences in which your article says that the savage could comprehend a military parade. With the exception of one or two unimportant words, exactly the same thing is found in Dr. P.'s book. And so on throughout the whole piece. There is but one way to account for such remarkable similarity, not only in thought, but also in expression. We have read much in our exchanges concerning plagiarism, but we never expected to see the columns of a college journal stained with such a plain and inexcusable case.

A new exchange, the *Sigma Epsilon*, from Sewanee, Tenn., greets us. We are always glad to meet these new friends in college journalism, and especially those from the South. It is often said that college papers will tend to bring into closer acquaintance and firmer friendship the many institutions of learning throughout the country; and it seems to us especially desirable that a more intimate acquaintance should spring up between institutions in the North and those of the South.

The *College Herald* insinuates that if it were not for its clippings there would not be a spark of vivacity in the *STUDENT*. We suppose, then, there is a very little "vivacity" in our columns; but does the *Herald* contribute anything towards it? Do any of your witticisms figure among our "clippings"? The greatest fault we have to find with the *Herald* is its abominably tight wrapper.

An editorial in the *Crescent* says: "The *Crescent* seems to bother a great many people." It has not bothered us, but we have been surprised that the students and friends of Hillsdale do not make the magazine more of a success. With so large an editorial corps the editorial department of the *Crescent* ought to be fuller and more interesting. We know it is easy to find fault and give advice, and we heartily sympathize with the editors and wish them the highest success.

There is great rejoicing in the sanctum of the *University Review* over a puff which one of its Western brethren passes upon it, and now the editors cry for sugar plums from its other exchanges. We have often heard temperance lecturers speak in impassioned language of the strength and fierceness of the appetite aroused by a single glass, and here is a good illustration.

ODDS AND ENDS.

D R. B—— “*told*” at Auburn, or, at least, we saw his lips “*a-going*.”

Prof. —“What are hibernating animals?” Student (promptly)—“Those that live on grass.”

We were represented at the Auburn spelling match, and would have taken the prize if “*they hadn’t cheated*.”

When Prof. — rose to spell, at the late contest, a loyal student was heard to exclaim, “Five cents he makes his first!”

Student—“Chum, they’ve raised the amount of rank required for an oration.” Chum (gruffly)—“They haven’t raised mine any.”

NOTICE. Persons having frog’s eggs to dispose of, can learn something to their advantage by applying to the Junior Class committee.

Recitation in Embryology. Professor—“How about the duration of the embryonic period.” Student—“Hens sit three weeks, turkeys, four.”

A man in P. H. dislocated his jaw, the other evening, by attempting to encase a pillow while holding it in his teeth. Let his misfortune be a warning to others who ape the housewife.

The police now tell people the time of day without being asked.

A student translates “*Melodie des Kuhreihens*,” “tune the cow died on.”

A Junior studying “Evidences” comes to the heading “Divine Aid Uncertain,” and lays down the textbook.

Our bowling apparatus now consists of one ball and two pins. One of the pins is in fair condition, the other needs a “head put on it.”

The “spell” passed over without accident, excepting that one fellow was run over on the street while gazing at signs, in quest of such words as Pulverman, Ehrenfried, etc.

Paterfamilias, looking over student’s rank bill, sees, Prayers —, and sadly remarks, “I am sorry, my son, to see this; I hope there will be an improvement next term, and that I shall see you credited with, at least, one prayer a day.”

We advise the Sophs to walk circumspectly. A Freshman turned himself upside down in the gymnasium a few days since, when, behold! weapons fell out of his pockets sufficient to have taken Sebastopol in twenty minutes, had they been properly handled.

High School conundrum. "Why is Bates College like a bank?" "Because it has many tellers." College conundrum. "Why are the High School scholars like eggs?" "Because they foam when beaten."

A "scrimmage" occurred lately between a Junior and a Sophomore. The Junior represented science and experience, the Soph. muscle and determination. Consequently, the issue was a tie. We learn that the affair will be settled by arbitration.

Latin Class. Prof.—"How do you decline *pecunia*?" Dead-broke student—"With the greatest reluctance."—*Index*.

A tall, slim, red-haired youth of the Sophomore class, has declined a liberal offer to act as auctioneer's flag in this city.—*Record*.

The Junior who takes an interest in Zoölogy, has coined the following parody on "I was a wandering sheep" :—

I was a Rhizopod
With Protoplasmic cells;
I had a little Nucleus,
But I had nothing else.

And as I floated 'round,
On Separation bent,
Absorbing to my Nucleus
My food, I lived content.

And now I am a man,
Through Evolution's power,
But, O my little Nucleus,
I miss thee every hour.

—*Yale Courant*.

A Theologue in one of the clubs says he will ask the blessing for half his board. We think it would be worth that to the club.—*Madisonensis*.

According to the *Cornell Times*, five misses are practicing rowing at that University. They ought to beat any crew in the world, for at the start they have gone five miles—each miss *being as good as a mile*.
Ex.

The laziest student now at Lawrence is the Freshie who sat at the foot of the college stairs a full half-day, waiting for the world to turn over, so that he could get into the chapel without climbing.—*Lawrence Collegian*.

It appears that at Vassar College there is one day in the week called "Onion Day," on which all the ladies indulge in raw onions, as a health promoter. It requires upwards of fifteen bushels of this high-toned esculent to go around.—*Tyro*.

Here is the latest version of, "Mother, may I go out to Swim?"

Mater Anser.

"Desidero, mater, natare."

"I! filiola carissima!"

Et, vestimentis detractis, haec ventis

Ab ramo meminervis dare—

Ab caryae ramo amarae.

Sed cave! nequaquam accedes ad aquam!

Sic circumnabis tutissima.

—*Ex.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE Senior exhibition passed off very quietly.

At present writing Prof. Stanton and lady are in Rome.

Our nine, we hear, are to play a series of games with first class clubs.

The proceeds of the late spelling match were made over to the treasurer of the Base-Ball Association.

It is rumored that we are to have a new professor at the beginning of the next collegiate year.

Ex-Senator Patterson of New Hampshire, will lecture before the Literary Societies at Commencement.

Prof. C. H. Malcom recently delivered a course of lectures before the Faculty and students of Oread Institute, Worcester. "These historical lectures," says the *Watchman and Reflector*, "are able and elegant, and show much research on the part of the gifted author."

The "nine" has been organized, and consists of the following men: P. R. Clason, Oakes, Burr, O. B. Clason, Whitney, Hall, Noble, Fuller, and Adams. There is more enthusiasm in base-ball matters this year than ever before, and with constant training in the gymnasium and on the grounds, we expect the "nine" to show its supporters some exciting contests this season.

The Seniors have completed their engagements for the Commencement Concert. The following talent has been secured: Miss Annie L. Cary, contralto; Mr. Wm. H. Fessenden, tenor; Mr. Henry C. Brown, cornet soloist; Herr Hermann Kotzschmar, pianist; and Brown's Band. Persons out of town desiring tickets can obtain them by addressing J. H. Hutchins, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

From F. W. Helmick, 278 West Sixth street, Cincinnati, Ohio, we have a beautiful piece of sheet music, "Remember Deeds of Kindness." Price 30 cents.

J. Fischer & Bro., Dayton, Ohio, send us *School Festival Songs*, a collection of favorite English and German trios and choruses for exhibitions, concerts, and parlor entertainments. The book contains thirteen songs and thirty-three pages. Many of the songs are given in both English and German. Price 75 cents.

Silver Threads of Song is the title of a new song book for school and home, compiled by H. Millard, and published by S. T. Gordon & Son, 13 East Fourteenth street, New York. The volume contains many of the popular songs, and is specially adapted to schools, both by its songs and the excellent treatise on the elements of music.

PERSONALS.

'68.—In the Boston University Year Book we notice the name of C. G. Emery as a member of the School of All Sciences and candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

'69.—Addison Small has resigned his position as Superintendent of Schools in Auburn, and is to be cashier of the People's Savings Bank in this city.

'69.—W. H. Bolster has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational church in Wiscasset.

'71.—J. N. Ham is Principal of the High School at Peabody, Mass.

'73.—C. B. Reade and G. E. Smith were admitted to the bar at the April session of the S. J. Court in Auburn.

'76.—A. M. Burton, a former member of this class, is Principal of the High School at Bryant's Pond, Me.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni, in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Eds.]

CLASS OF 1868.

WENDELL, OLIVER CLINTON. Born May 7, 1845. Son of Oliver E. and Vienna Wendell.

1868, October, Entered Cambridge Observatory.

Married, July 10, 1870, to Sarah Butler, daughter of Dr. John R. and Sarah M. Butler of Augusta, Me.

Went West same year.

1872, Spent several seasons with Jas. B. Francis, Hydraulic Engineer, Lowell, Mass.

Children, Arthur B. and Charlie B. Present post-office address, Dover, N. H.

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JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.	THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M., Professor of Hebrew.
REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.	REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D., Lecturer on History.
RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M., Professor of Chemistry and Geology.	CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B., Instructor.
THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages.	FRANK W. COBB, A.B., Tutor.
EDMUND R. ANGELL, Tutor.	

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—
LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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JUNE, 1875.

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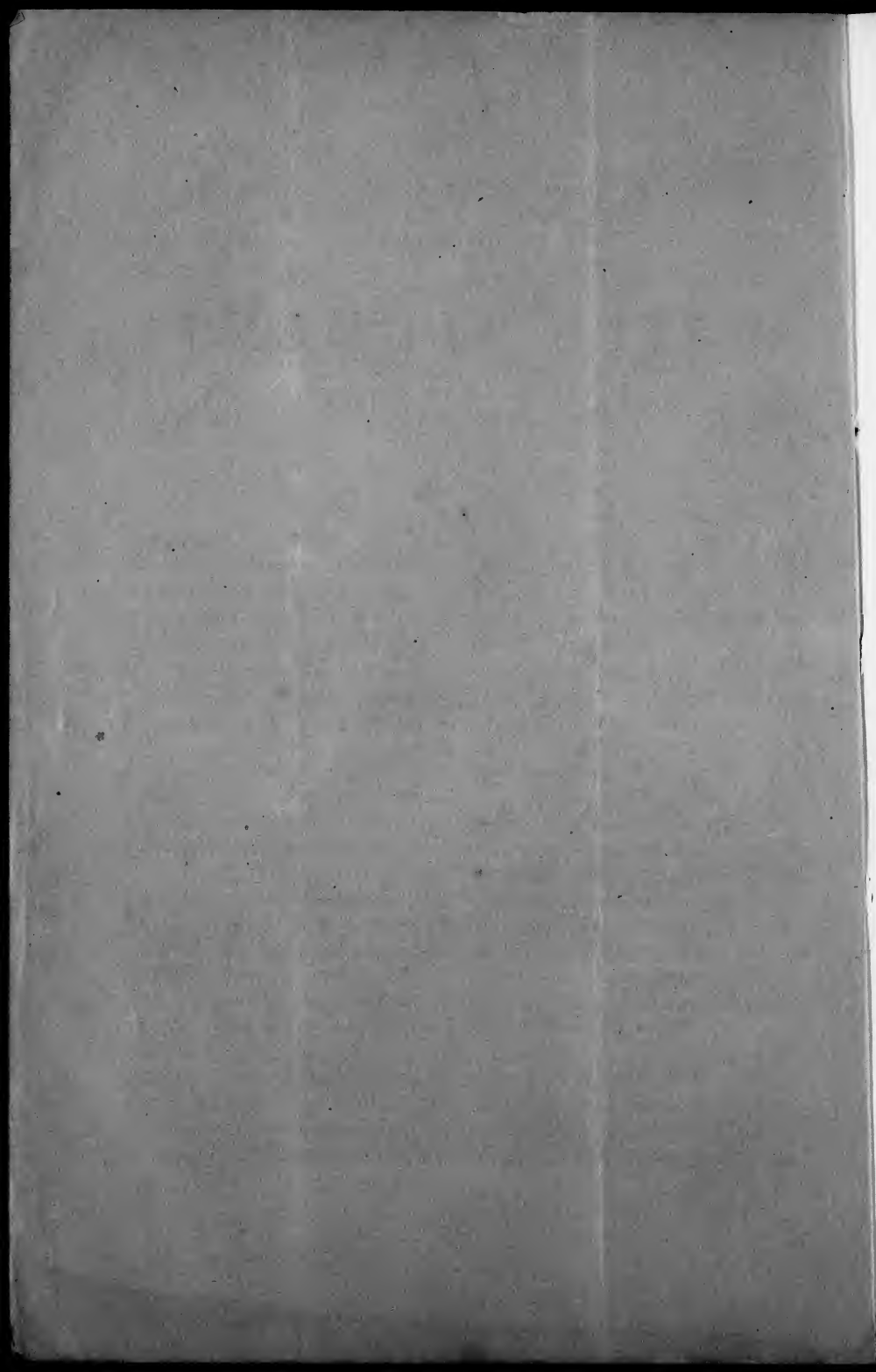
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GOSSIP.

IT is sometimes a matter of wonder, why the propensity to give advice should overbalance to such a degree the capacity for receiving the same. How willing to judge and how unwilling to be judged! And how the strongest incentive to make men withhold their judgment was to declare unto them that they themselves should not be judged.

This proclivity to advise, judge, criticise, must have been given for an end necessarily beneficent; for it is wrought so closely into the structure of the human mind that no power of man is able to obliterate it. At times it even requires his utmost strength to restrain this inborn tendency. Its frequent and often disastrous freaks of overleaping all due bounds and ranging in forbidden fields, has led many to suppose that the propensity is evil in its nature and consequently vicious in its

workings. It seems to us rather analogous to the ruling force in the preservation of the species.

Taking men as they are, this spirit of pronouncing one's judgment is the safeguard of society. Without it society would disintegrate, and man, no longer held by the bonds of what his neighbors think of him, would soon relinquish in a measure the fight he wages against his lower nature; and the result can be readily imagined.

Is it not a fact that society is held in check more by the laws of man than by the laws of God? Take a camp of miners who are practically under the jurisdiction of no government, and we can easily see the necessity of their judging one another. This satisfies their rude sense of right, that they call wrong. From this they declare certain rough generalizations by which they judge the

accused person, and if found guilty, inflict the consequent punishment. Lynch law is undoubtedly barbarous, but no one doubts its superiority to no law. That punishment, and punishment which affects the body, will be in use for some time to come, we can see no reason to doubt. But punishments are but the effects of previous judgments; therefore we find the whole system of jurisprudence based on this judging faculty. Surely that is an august faculty which gives to us our law and then judges whether or not we fulfil the requirements of that law.

But let us look for a moment to another sphere, where we begin to realize the incomparable value of the criticising spirit—public opinion. We have no need to emphasize its power or touch upon its tyranny. We become less and less afraid of ventilation and discussion. In all matters of public welfare we recognize the fact that a good, wholesome criticism on the part of a people enables them to render a better verdict than the judgment of a single individual, be he the wisest or best.

Now we have come to the main question, which is, gossip is the channel through which this judging faculty constantly finds expression. This tendency of talking about people and things is a necessity in one's life. We wish to know its limits, and thus learn to restrain its excesses.

At this season of the year we are accustomed to hear a great deal

about the dignity of true scholarship; of the scholar's relation to his age and country; his duties and privileges. And these are themes which once a year is full seldom enough to discuss. They are questions which call for repeated answers, as new duties and new requirements are asked of him. Let us briefly look at the influence gossip is apt to exert over him. He may be tempted to think it an undignified subject, but let him remember that gossip has taken down the dignity of many a one who has added years of culture to his academic and professional training.

And here let us notice a distinction. In morals the sentiments of a people are very much more likely to be right than in the realms of belief. An enlightened community seem to instinctively comprehend the bearings of the former, when they might be confused over the latter. In the former field let the scholar be cautious that he gives no occasion for the ruthless tongue of gossip to fasten itself upon him, for all the reason and logic he is able to command are powerless before the subtle poison of this power.

Gossip and slander are a scourge in the land. They have blasted many a reputation and thrown a veil worse than death on many a life. Yet we often measure the strength of a being according to the parasites it sustains. So in this. There is no motive more immediately effective

on the minds of most people to incite them to good works or restrain them from evil ways, than the approval or disapproval of those immediately surrounding them, their neighbors and friends, those they are constantly meeting and with whom they have business or social relations. Is the scholar capable of ignoring these very same incentives, the stimulus derived from the same source? Yet the manner of his life tends to draw him apart from men, until the moral side of his nature becomes weak by neglect, less able to grapple with the common facts of every-day life; and thus he often makes utter wreck of himself by some breach in morals, while yet possessing the full vigor of his intellect. We are not now touching upon his duties of a higher nature, but simply indicating the aid which comes from intimate association with the people. The heart power is by no means identical with head power. Often he may derive more benefit from souls rich in the harvests of kindly deeds and unbounded sympathies, yet who scarcely comprehend the rudiments of scholarship. The first requirement is that he should be a man. Now we go to the next.

Current opinion has been tending to convince us that the scholar and the man of the world should be one and the same. So many new duties are daily coming up that require of him practical efforts. This fact we have already recognized, but should

not forget that the secret of true scholarship is found in seasons of solitude, wherein the ways of the market and street are at war against his highest calling. He may gather much by going into the market and street, but he can only make his observations available when in the study. It was aptly said of the Brook farmers that some turned into downright farmers, while others forsook farming altogether. We do not believe in monastic seclusion, but it was the extreme representation of a fact as permanent as the hills, that there is a radical distinction between thinkers and actors.

We admit that the two must go more or less together, but that the one shall balance the other seems to us a grand mistake. As they are opposing in their tendencies, they would rather neutralize than aid each other.

In this life of beliefs, of contemplation and meditation, we should hold to the doctrine of the "inconceivable levity of local opinion." To-day the people wish this, to-morrow that. This is in one respect the tragic side of the scholar's life. Here the temptations are perhaps the greatest, and too often has he succumbed his royal prerogative and become a changeling; but if the spirit of the true scholar ever entered his soul, it will create many a restless longing, and disturb many a peaceful hour, by reminding him of what he should have been.

We venerate the true scholar, and he is worthy of high respect. We read his biography, yet how little we know the inward struggles he has passed through, the least of which may not have been his encounter with gossip. A thousand fleas may be worse than a tiger.

MEMORIES.

PEACE sleeps sweet upon a nation's breast,
 The East winds sing her name to the West,
 "Peace" whispers the North wind to the South,
 Sweet peace is in all nature's mouth.

The hill tops bland against the midday sun
 Look conscious of their store, while rivers run
 To tell the tale below—a bounteous hoard,
 For arts and peaceful measures stored.

The cottage, snug pressed upon the slope, looks down
 On meadows broad with harvests brown;
 The farmer oft seeks the elm's cool shade,
 Thrusts neath the swath his well worn blade.

The morrow comes and village church bells ring
 In the day—not of man's husbanding,—
 Ring out the pent up secrets of the past,
 Their memories of peace through ages vast.

The voice of the winds grows deep and hoarse;
 For many a day they vent their force
 And wrench the air, and brew up the cloud of war,
 Till nature appears as a broken law.

Hills bare their gashed sides toward the sun,
 Cleft to the core; the meadows still are done,
 But with harvests reaped by a battling horde,
 For the scythe has become a reeking sword.

The church tower reels and moans in the storm,
Struggling in vain to peal forth its alarm.
The church is a barrack. What oaths are heard!
The bell! 't is a cannon—speak never a word.

.
Hills crumble again for arts and peace;
The winds their gentlest sighs release;
The meadows blush with the bursting grain,
And the farmer whets his scythe again.

Once more the church bell rings its song,
Perched in the tower, bereft so long;
But murmuring echoes, lingering faint,
Breathe memories of its battle plaint.

The blush of the graves for the blood of the slain;
The farmer may whet and whet in vain,—
The steel can never forget the stain
That once in a brother's heart has lain.

THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

THE old method of collegiate instruction required the study of Latin, Greek, and mathematics from the first year of the course to the last. The barren years spent over obscure classical authors and perplexing mathematics, convinced many, like Will. Cymon, that continued conversation with the dead renders us unfit for the society of the living. Therefore, when natural principles, rescued from the darkness of superstition, were marshaled under the

name of Science, a place was assigned them in the curriculum.

The introduction of physics not only improved the educational system but also marked an era in human thought. Men learned that nothing in nature is commonplace; that all truth is valuable; that there is not a fact in the whole circle of human observation which will not, at some time, be of importance. This lesson was so deeply impressed on the scholars of Europe, that no

sooner had the critical and penetrating spirit of the nineteenth century discovered that language supplies materials capable of scientific treatment, than the great universities of France and Germany acknowledged the new science by establishing professorships of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology. The example of the continental schools has been followed by nearly all the universities of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Although her number of scholars in the new scientific field is small, America need not be ashamed of their achievements. Yet too few of her educationists are willing to give the Science of Language a place in the educational system unless it offers some other recommendation than its truly scientific character. They gladly excluded mathematics and the classics from a part of the course, to make room for the more utilitarian study of rocks, and bugs, and foul-smelling gases; but as for this most highly sublimated of physical sciences—if it is a physical science at all—what has it to offer?

Whatever the theoretical object of higher education may be, students desire that culture most which enables its possessor to draw from the *sources* of knowledge. Modern investigation has not only clearly proved that the Science of Language is the most comprehensive of all sciences, but that with regard to the positive information it offers

respecting the human intellect, with regard to its contributions toward a correct knowledge of the affinities existing among the human species, and with regard to the light it throws on the pre-historic ages of man, it is full worthy to take the leadership of the sciences.

"I believe," said Leibniz, "that languages are the best mirror of the human mind, and that an exact analysis of the signification of words would make us better acquainted than anything else with the operations of the understanding." The analysis of language, the expression of thought, not only enables us to trace the gradual development of ideas in the individual, but also in the race. Language still bears the impress of man's earliest intellectual activity. By searching out its roots and elements we reach the roots and elements of thought itself. The intellectual organization; the gradual progress from simple to mixed modes of thought, from material to abstract conceptions, from clear to obscure metaphors; in short, the complete history of the mind can be satisfactorily understood only by the student of language.

In drawing conclusions concerning the genius of the different human races and their connection with one another, we must consider their speech as well as their complexion, features, and cranial development. For language has not only embalmed the forms of thought pe-

cular to different races; it has also preserved evidences of their intercourse with one another, and facts which render possible a correct genealogical classification. The study of language has placed ethnology on a new basis. Mere guess-work has been superseded by a well established pedigree of languages and races. The establishment of the Indo-European family has united in a common brotherhood people so widely separated as the inhabitants of Iceland and Ceylon, nations so antagonistic as the Greeks and Persians, or the Romans and Teutons. The missionary no longer regards India as a place of exile, a place of toil for a people separated from him by greater than antipodal differences. He is near the home of his race, near the graves of his ancestors. The people for whom he labors are his true kith and kin not only by flesh and blood but by thought and language.

Words are the oldest monuments, and their study teaches us lessons concerning the language, customs, religion, and earliest migrations of our race, more valuable than all the traditions of antiquity. A single fact in comparative philology shows that, at a time long before the fifteenth century, B. C., the common ancestors of the Greek, the German,

and the Hindoo spoke one and the same language, that its principles were as well established before their separation that we can discover the same definite grammatical outlines in the Veda, the Iliad, and the Bible of Ulfilas. The Science of Language no longer permits the early history of the race to be written by poets and philosophers. It seizes the "winged words" of to-day, and gathering from each a bit of history, gives us a clear and living idea of man in ages hitherto dark and impenetrable.

If the new science is indispensable to the student of history, ethnology, and mental philosophy, there are also reasons why its principles should be understood by the general scholar. The books already published on the Science of Language, the articles devoted to it in the daily and weekly journals, the discussion of its principles in magazines and quarterlies, and the frequent notices of its results scattered about in standard works, are only precursors of its influence on our literature. We may expect such a revolution in our educational system as the discovery of Sanskrit and the study of comparative philology have produced in Germany, a revolution only equalled by that resulting from the study of Greek in the fifteenth century.

TASTE.

THE masterpieces of literature and art have, in all ages, elicited the admiration of men. Some have called forth a greater amount of admiration, others a less amount. This implies that there exists in the mind a faculty capable of forming opinions respecting them, and of estimating their merits and demerits.

Such a faculty does exist and extends to all the creations of nature and art. The name which it has received is taste. Taste may be defined as that faculty of the mind which enables it to perceive, with the aid of the reason to judge, and with the help of the imagination to enjoy, whatever is beautiful or sublime in works of nature and art. This definition of taste, although differing in a great measure from those given by Hume, Addison, Burke and others, seems on the whole least liable to objection.

The word taste is here used metaphorically. Literally it signifies the sense residing in the tongue by which we distinguish between different flavors. Hence it is applied with peculiar force to the analogous faculty of the mind by which we distinguish the most delicate beauties and the most minute perfections. Taste is universal in children. It manifests itself at an early age in an admiration for pictures and paintings and a love for the strange

and marvelous. In a like manner the most ignorant are delighted with ballads and plays; and savages by their fondness for ornaments, and their songs, show that they even possess a faculty capable of appreciating beauty. But though taste is thus common to all men, yet they by no means possess it in an equal degree. No one would say that there was no difference between the taste of an Addison and that of a Hotentot. In fact, the tastes of men are far more various than their natural abilities, and in nothing perhaps does nature discover her beneficence more than in this wise bestowal. Some men, whose mental organism is coarse, admire only the coarse in nature and art, while others are excited to pleasure by the most delicate. These differences in taste, common to all men, though owing in a great measure to nature, are due still more to the effects of education. In taste as well as in all the mental and physical powers, exercise is to be regarded as the great source of health and strength. This fact becomes obvious when we compare enlightened with barbarous and savage nations.

In this respect the foundation of taste is sensibility. Not the sensibility of mere instinct alone, but that of judgment. The mind may or may not be conscious of the train

of reasoning by which it arrives at conclusions, but in most cases there must be such reasoning before taste can perform its functions. The essential characteristics of taste are delicacy and correctness. The former implies the possession of those fine powers which enable us to discover beauties which lie hid from the vulgar eye. The latter implies soundness of understanding. It judges of everything by the standard of good sense, and is never imposed upon by counterfeit ornaments. Generally one of these characteristics predominates. Addison was noted for his delicacy of taste, Aristotle and Johnson for their correctness.

Another important thing to be noted in taste is that it is liable to change, and often in both individuals and nations becomes vitiated. Nothing indeed is more capricious; and the inconsistencies of this faculty, the diversities of men's tastes everywhere, the wrong conclusions to

which it often leads, have induced some to suspect that it is merely arbitrary. But this principle, when carried out, is equivalent to the proposition that there is no such thing as good or bad, right or wrong; that every man's taste is to him a standard without appeal; and that no one can censure him who prefers the empty rhymster to Milton. The absurdity of such a proposition is manifest; and, as long as this principle does not hold true, there must be some foundation for the preference of one man's taste to another's, some standard by which all may judge. Whenever an imitation of any natural object is attempted, as, for example, the painting of a landscape or the portraiture of a character, fidelity to nature is the proper criterion from which to judge. Hence in order that taste may be most fully exercised, the imagination must be free and unobstructed and everything done to facilitate its exercise.

PHILPOT,—A POET.

“**P**OETRY,” said Philpot, throwing one quire of best ruled note on the table, “poetry is the easiest known method of composition. It is also the most remunerative. And,” continued Philpot, drawing from his breast pocket with

one hand one dozen Spencerians, while his other five digits, gently inserting themselves in the folds of his coat-tail, produced a bottle of such very ebony countenance that there was no doubt of its being ink, “I will become a poet.”

Ink is to the author what milk is to the infant. He may be said to live, to grow, and to thrive upon it, for he thinks best when using most. Indeed, it may be truly said to be meat and drink unto him. In face of these facts, therefore, I refrained from uttering a word, though I could see without turning my head, seven bottles of ink, five of them well filled, ranged about the room. Philpot's eye followed mine. "Yes," he said with some bitterness, "this first bottle is to be used for recording deeds. Full, you see. This for drawing of wills. Full, also. These for writing briefs, pleas, and making out divorces—the stopples not even removed. From the sixth I fill my pen when writing to my father for remittances." It was empty. "Emblematical," said Philpot. "And the seventh?" said I. "Ah, the seventh—yes, the seventh;" and a faint blush stole up his cheeks. But a few drops remained in the bottle, and they were faintly scented with the fragrance of the heliotrope. "Let us speak of something else," said Philpot hastily.

"Look at Longfellow, a king among men; and if Whittier, a farmer boy, has reached such fame, what may not be done by men of education? I have noticed, too, that in speeches of statesmen and politicians—and I can remember six presidential campaigns—the bigger the word the better the speech, while in poetry it is exactly the oppo-

site. Indeed, the men whose verses read right along just like talking, are usually the most thought of. Now, Bret Harte not only uses such expressions that a man might suppose he had never seen the inside of a grammar, but is also low in his choice of subjects, and actually profane.

"Listen to this:—

'He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And he stops for a spell
Just to listen and think;
For the sun in his eyes (just like this, sir),
You see, kinder made the cuss blink.'

"How much better it would have been had he written in this manner:—

'He goes to the orifice below,
He stands upon the brink,
And pauses in the noontide glow,
To plan his work and think;
For the noontide beams shone in his eyes,
And he could not see a wink.'

"Not that I approve of that form of verse—being altogether too rough; but certainly these coarse expressions could be smoothed down as I have done in this case."

I assented. I had doubted Bret's orthodoxy before.

"And this other fellow, Whitman, he does not even pretend to have a rhyme in what he chooses to call his poems.

'Come up from the fields, father—here's a letter from our Pete.'

"Where's the poetry? I should call—

'Hasten your movements, if you please, father,
Hurry your lagging pace along,
A letter has just arrived from Peter—'

and then something about their all

singing a song—kind of a *Te Deum*, you know, and there you have the same idea, only it is in rhyme.

"The Cary sisters, uneducated—well, that's right enough, because it shows that their writing was nature, as a woman's ought to be. If she's to do anything, she must do it without going through any artificial training. But if they could strike out in such style, what couldn't a man do after a year's course in *Livy*, mechanics, calculus, chemistry, and such things." There was a long pause. Philpot, I knew, already felt the bay upon his brow, heard his name whispered in smothered tones when he entered the concert or lecture room, read the flattering comments of the *Atlantic* and the *London Times*; but I know he saw them only in his mind's eye, and that the sign of Philetus Philpot, counsellor at law, would still dangle from the front of the little shoe shop over which his office was perched. How did I know? Alas! "Man is but a microcosm," and some bitter wells of Mara flow in each heart. A few minutes of busy scratching, and he read to me—

"I stood in the street at twilight,
When the clocks the hour tolled,
And the moon behind the steeple
Shone like a ball of gold."

"Very good," said I, "but don't it remind you just a little of Longfellow's

'I stood on the bridge at midnight' ?
and besides, some critics might ob-

ject to the moon's being quite so high at twilight. They are apt to be very severe upon young poets." I read the first stanza upon a paper which he handed me.

"I remember, I remember
I was born in a house all brown,
Where every day the sun peeped in
Ere he went in the westward down.
He often went from sight too soon,
Before I had done my play;
Ah, where should I be, if in the night
I had been borne by a gypsy away."

"Westward, I know, is rather an adjective than a noun, but I—poetical license, you know."

"But," said I, hesitatingly, "my dear fellow, haven't you been reading Hood lately? Don't you think you may have been thinking of his

'I remember, I remember
The little house where I was born?'

"I only mention it," I hastened to say, deprecatingly, "out of friendship, you know, to save your feelings."

Philpot sat in stony silence. "The trouble is, you see," he said, "there isn't anything to write. Everybody has written everything. Now there's Read's 'Drifting'—fine poem, but I always feel when I read it that if he'd only let it alone till I could have gone to Italy, I'd have written the very same thing, and done as well as he did, too." I had no balm to offer, so I came away. I have not been in the office since. I met Philpot on the street the other day, but he did not see me. He was reading the labels in an apothecary's window.

ULTRAMONTANISM IN AMERICA.

THE compulsory decline of Catholicism in Europe, its universal toleration in this country, the appointment of a Cardinal showing its progress here, the evidence that it must make a final effort to establish itself somewhere soon, and that this is the only country where it is free and untrammelled, the very nature of Catholicism to usurp every power and take advantage of every circumstance to promulgate itself, are *prima facie* facts proving, almost beyond a doubt, that America is destined to be the future battlefield of Roman Catholicism. It may be asked, what harm if it is? Let history answer this question.

Catholics in America are ruled by the same head, and are in the same obedience to that head, as Catholics in Europe, and will work out the same mischief here, in proportion to their numbers, that they have there. What have they done in Europe? The fiendish Inquisition, and the cold-blooded massacre of hundreds of thousands of innocent people, tell their own sad story. Not only this, but to-day Europe is on the brink of a religious war, totally engendered by the Pope of Rome. Germany, Belgium, Italy, and France are all menacing each other with hostile threats, and preparing for a mighty contest. One word from the Vatican would allay all these difficulties and

remove their direful consequences. But no. Pius IX. has forbidden his people to obey a law he has not sanctioned. Now, has the Pope more interest in the peace and welfare of America, a foreign world, than in Europe, his own native land, so that he is more likely to be willing for his subjects here to obey a law that is odious to him than in Europe? If not, then it must be admitted that this country is subject to the same disturbances as Europe, only in a less degree. Already, European outrages are responded to. The assault upon the Orangemen in New York, and the recent massacre of Protestants at Acapulco, are but warning manifestations of an incipient course of action in America, similar to that which has caused so much terror in Europe.

Catholics are dangerous citizens in any country, as Gladstone has declared, and as Germany will testify; for they invariably obey the mandate of the Pope, however detrimental it may be to the interests of the country. But, if they are dangerous in a monarchy, where the rights of men are abridged, much more are they so in a republic, where every person has an unrestricted right to the use of all his powers. The very functions of the Pope of Rome, and the authority he exercises over his people, make

Catholicism incompatible with free institutions. A free government implies free citizens, but Catholics are not free. They adhere to the Pope in point of opinion like gold to the quicksilver. His will is their will, and to enfranchise ten thousand Catholics is simply to authorize the Pope to cast so many votes. In 1872 he directed the political campaign of the Catholics in the United States by personal letters, and they followed out his instructions almost to a man. This foreign element in our politics, so numerous, so compact, and so servile to the infallible head of the church, is becoming most pernicious. They already rule some of our largest States, and have a balance of power in many others.

Not only this, they are settling the pleasant and fertile valleys of the West, where as yet few have ventured, so that they may have strong and unmolested sectarian centres around which to cluster their ignorant and superstitious hordes, as they in the future shall come in. In Arizona and New Mexico they rule, and it is in these Western regions, where there are facilities even for a vast empire, that we are to look for the future struggle and opposition of Catholicism. As to what Papacy will do, when and where it comes into power, New York and Ohio will illustrate. In these two States they have struck at the very root of free institutions,—Christianity and the public schools. In Ohio, they

have bullied a bill through the Legislature, preventing the Young Men's Christian Association from holding any religious services in the prisons, alms-houses, etc., and conferring exclusive privileges upon the Catholics. This is the most flagitious outrage ever *legalized* in America. Are not men, whose conduct renders them worthy of prison, low enough in the scale of humanity, without being dogmatized and anathematized by Roman Catholic priests? In New York their struggle to get command of the schools and make separate sectarian schools for the Catholics, is still going on and with probable success to them. Ignorance is the very essence of Catholicism. To keep the people so has been the chief aim of Papacy, in the past, in all countries, and it is their aim now to do so in America, as their acts in Ohio and New York will show. It will, probably, some day, so far accomplish its object that it will cause a great struggle to uproot it, unless measures are taken now to prevent it. It will require no array of hostile armies to intercept its march, if we begin in season.

As the calm and steady rays of the sun fall upon the outer surface of the iceberg, and little by little melt it away, until at length the last grain disappears, so the gentle influence of education, if we only defend it and give it opportunity upon Catholicism, will by degrees diminish it, until, finally, the last monk shall renounce his faith.

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

“**G**“GLORIOUS,” said the Saxon sovereign,
 “Is my country and its might;
 Silver doth its mountains furnish
 From the mines deep in the height.”

“Lo, my land in wanton plenty,”
 Cried th’ Elector from the Rhine;
 “Golden harvest in the valleys,
 On the mountains noble wine.”

“Lofty cities, wealthy convents,”
 Louis of Bavaria said,
 “Labor that my land in treasure
 Well may take of all the lead.”

Then spake Everard the bearded,
 Wurtemberg’s beloved king:
 “Cities, mountains silver-laden,
 My land owneth not, nor brings;

“Yet it holds a precious treasure,
 That in forests, great and dread,
 On the bosom of each subject
 I can boldly lay my head.”

Then cried out the Saxon sovereign,
 Cried Bavaria and the Rhine:
 “Bearded Count, thou art the richest,
 Bears the palm that land of thine.”

A PROTEST.

THE laws commonly accepted as governing social relations sometimes undergo a complete revolution. The public mind, like the individual’s, is subject to radical changes, induced by a development of circum-

stances or principles. History is replete with instances corroboratory of this assertion. The theory of the earth's rotundity revolutionized the entire system of ancient geography, creating consternation in the ranks of the wisest philosophers of Greece: that of its motions was recanted from fear of public anger before it obtained a foot-hold in the popular credence whose obstinacy threatened to blast Galileo's life and to arrest the world in its progress to truth. Public opinion should not, therefore, rattle the rust of fond notions that have failed to stand the test of investigation, upon the advent of every new principle differing from those previously accepted. What inconsistencies, what impossibilities, the effulgence of modern science has revealed in the theory that once made our earth the grand centre of the universe. Yet this belief once formed the most essential feature in ancient astronomy, and consequently generated a whole system of false ideas. Common advancement demands that the public mind be open to a candid consideration of any principle whose adoption promises to enhance the interests of men as intellectual, moral, or social beings.

But, while it becomes the world to open all its avenues to new and better ideas, it is equally imperative that it close its doors to every wrong, in whatever garment that wrong be clothed. Now, while we

do not purpose to inflict upon the public another discussion of the already threadbare subject of "Co-education and Common Suffrage," we nevertheless contend that the world can not justly be charged with unfairness if it scans this question with the same critical eye with which it measures the false and the true in all other schemes propounded for its adoption or rejection. Upon such it has an indisputable right to pass its unbiased judgment; to this end a candid discussion is absolutely indispensable. Hence, that men persist in carefully weighing the merits and tendencies of this measure should not call forth expressions of severe displeasure from its supporters. In this, as in all great questions, there will be found those of opposite views: but to exhibit the attitude of ruffled feathers because the world prefers to bestow deliberate thought upon a theme confessedly tangent to common interest, surely unmasks a weakness somewhere, either in the principle or its adherents. One of the weakest methods of convincing a man that he is wrong in his views is to deprive him of the liberty of replying to an argument against those views. That is a questionable measure whose supporters attempt to ensure its success by casting opprobrium on all opponents who do not consider it a duty to be passively mouth-bound.

Is it expected that what is usually

termed "gallantry" will cramp the judgment into a verdict favorable to the schemes of the "gentler sex"? or that men will agree to circumscribe their will by deference to sex rather than principle? Yet, who that has had the moral courage to assert his convictions upon anything pertaining to what is popularly termed "Woman's Rights," when, in his views he conscientiously differed from its supporters, has not felt compelled to labor under the conviction that his frankness would inevitably be construed into hostility to the sex rather than to their views? This betokens injustice upon its very face. The discussion deals, not in a forensic contest with

woman herself, but with the principle or scheme which she seeks to promulgate. Nor does it follow that the spirit of chivalry is dead, because men seek to act their convictions untrammelled by considerations deferential to sex. It can not reasonably be expected that they will pander independence of thought and expression to maintain an exiguous popularity with ambitious aspirants of the other sex; nor that, from a false conception of true politeness, they will withhold censure or lavish encomiums, nor even allow their consent to whisper itself in their silence. To speak the truth may not at all times constitute a wise *policy*, but it is always unquestionably right.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

THE RANKING SYSTEM.

PERHAPS it will not be out of place to express our opinion upon this subject, which, though to our exchanges it may seem somewhat stale and threadbare, we have never heard discussed, with the exception of an occasional growl at Bates. Six months ago we should have expected, had we expressed our honest opinion upon the subject, to have been set down by the majority of college students and college authorities as a "sore-head"; but we can not believe that the editors of the many college papers in which we find complaints about the marking system, are all "sore-heads." The system of ranking or marking is substantially the same in all American colleges, and we have never seen a student, not even those who rank highest, who consider the system just. What we have to say here relates especially to the system, as we understand it, at Bates.

A recent number of the *Madisonensis* throws out an idea upon this subject worthy of notice, and that is the mystery of the system, if it can be called a system. We know, for instance, that we receive marks for absence from church, from chapel, and from recitation, but we doubt if there are a half-dozen students in the

College who know just how much is lost by these absences. We know that a reasonable excuse for absence from church or chapel cancels the demerit mark, but who knows how it is with recitation? Will a reasonable excuse, and the making up of the lesson, entitle one to the same rank he would have received had he been present at the recitation? We know by experience and observation that a student does not always receive zero on a recitation from which he is absent, and which he never makes up, at least the demerit marks do not always appear. Again, what constitutes a satisfactory excuse? All of us know that it is very easy, without any great stretch of conscience, to make a very plausible excuse when, if hard pressed, we should have to admit that we had no excuse at all. Was ever a professor known to tell a student that his excuse was not satisfactory and that he would lose his rank? If the excuse is not satisfactory the student certainly has a right to know it. We may be mistaken, but it seems to us, after three years' experience and from the remarks of those who have been through the mill, that this matter of excuses has come to be a mere farce.

Another reason why it seems to

us that one's rank bill does not fairly show his ability as a scholar, is that we are ranked by a number of different teachers, who, of course, have different standards of perfection. Each student knows what branches he is most thoroughly posted in, and what exercises he has been best prepared upon, and he can easily see from his rank bill that no two professors will give him the same rank in the same study. Here is a student to whom mathematics is very easy, and who always makes a good recitation in that branch, while in languages he does not do so well. Now the professor of mathematics may give average low rank, while the professor of languages gives higher on an average. It is very easy to see that that student's rank bill will not fairly show the difference between his abilities and attainments in the one branch and his abilities and attainments in the other. We do not expect, of course, to be ranked in all studies by the same teacher, but we think some common standard might be adopted which should prevent so frequent and so great discrepancies. There may be such a standard already adopted, but we have frequently seen rank bills on which the rank in some studies was, to all appearances, determined by guess-work. Is this just, either to the student or his class-mates? How does it happen that frequently a student's best rank in a study pursued through the year is received

for a term during the most of which he was absent?

While upon this subject we can not pass over the custom of making one's absences from church and chapel affect his rank as a scholar. We shall not discuss here the authority of the college to impose some penalty upon students if absent from these exercises, but we fail to see the justice in making it affect one's rank as a scholar. The custom of holding prayers at some time in the day when all can be present, should certainly be sustained; but is anything gained by making attendance compulsory? We doubt if there are many in the institution who would habitually absent themselves should attendance be made optional. And if there are a few such, what is the object in attempting to compel them to attend? We thought the day for driving people to any exercise intended for their moral good had gone by. We are often told that the intention and desire of the authorities is that the students should govern themselves. Why not allow them to govern themselves in this matter? Even as the rule is now, it is useless to attempt to conceal the fact that there are generally a few who never attend chapel, and that the students as a whole go to church or not, as they please.

We are not finding fault with any individual professors, nor would we say that the valedictorians are not generally the best scholars; we can

realize that the government of a college is no simple task, and that it would be impossible to adopt a system agreeable to all; but at the same time we do not think it unreasonable to demand that the ranking system should be so systematic and impartial that when a student steps upon the commencement stage, his audience, looking at the programme, can fairly judge of what he has done as a scholar.

SOCIETY MATTERS.

Our Literary Societies seem to be on the decline, and unless something can be done to awaken the interest of the students in their behalf, we fear that the same fate is in store for them as has befallen similar organizations in most of our older institutions. It is the general opinion that secret societies have a tendency to draw the attention and support of students away from those of an open and purely literary character. As our two societies have no such adverse influence to contend with, we had therefore hoped that their weekly sessions would continue to receive a sufficient attendance to make them both interesting and profitable. But, judging from the indications of the present term, such hopes are without much foundation. As far as we know, neither society has held a regular meeting for debate since last winter. They united in a mock trial, a short time since, and it appears that the sentence fell on the

court instead of the culprit, who is still at liberty. The most energetic endeavors used to be made during the fall term to impress upon the Freshman the special advantages of each society. Most interesting meetings were held, and all society matters received increased attention. Even that golden age seems now to be past; but few if any extra efforts were put forth last fall.

Various projects have from time to time been broached, in the hope of arousing an interest in society work. Among other methods talked of was that of having a public meeting each term, by one society or the other, for the purpose of exciting something of a spirit of competition. There was considerable enthusiasm in the matter, and a programme was arranged and the various parts assigned; but for some reason unknown to us the affair was not carried through. It seems to us that it would be well to make an attempt once more, either in the same or some other direction. No one can fail to see the importance of these exercises for improvement in writing and speaking, and we trust that some means may be taken to excite the minds of the students a little in this matter before it gets beyond remedy.

COMMENCEMENT.

The programme for Commencement Week, which may be found in another column, indicates that the

exercises will be fully as interesting as they have been in preceding years. For the annual concert the Seniors have secured the services of Brown's Band, formerly Gilmore's, together with Miss Annie Louise Cary, who is an especial favorite with Lewiston audiences and will doubtless draw a crowd at City Hall.

The address before the Literary Societies will be delivered by ex-Senator Patterson of New Hampshire, who enjoys an extended reputation as an eloquent and effective speaker. We predict that the Societies will receive a better equivalent for this expense than they did on a similar occasion last year, although the lecture at that time may have been appreciated by some.

The Juniors will compete for the customary prize, with original parts, on Monday eve., June 28th. They even now walk the campus with a contemplative air, reading is receiving increased attention, and figures of speech are *above par*. That feature of Commencement so attractive to the police and clergy, the dinner, is to be enjoyed with more extensive accommodations for the multitude than have hitherto been offered in the Gymnasium Hall. The Seniors are excused from further recitations, and are discussing various methods of beguiling the time between this and the long-awaited day! They all contemplate vigorous forays upon the maternal cupboard and the paternal purse. We anx-

iously await the exercises of Class Day, as there are some important matters to be cleared up.

BASE BALL.

The base-ball season opened with us rather later than usual, but with greater interest, if possible, than ever. The first two games arranged for, one on our own grounds and one at Readfield, could not be played on account of the weather. The season fairly began with a game with the Resolutes of Portland, on the horse-car grounds at Deering, May 22d. The game began a few minutes before three o'clock P.M., with Bates at bat, as usual. In the first inning Bates boys made one run and Resolutes none. In the second inning neither side scored. By sharp running Bates boys made another score in third inning, while neither of the first two strikers on the other side reached first, nor would the third but for a wild throw over first baseman's head. As just behind this base there is a rapid *descensus Averno*, the striker reached third before the ball could be recovered. A pass ball and two good strikes enabled the Resolutes to make three scores this inning. In the fourth inning Bates was whitewashed, while Resolutes made two runs, when the game was called, owing to an accident to Clason, our catcher. We did not expect to see our nine beat the champions of the State; but, though a few bad errors were made,

we were, on the whole, well satisfied with their playing.

Wednesday, May 26th, a match game was played on the College grounds with the Androscoggins of this city. This game was looked forward to with much interest, and up to the last two innings bid fair to be very close. A high wind sent clouds of dust flying over the field, delaying the pitchers and making the game an unusually long one. Play began at 2.45 p.m., with Bates at bat.

This game was remarkable for the number of errors on each side. In the first inning the Bates boys made no score themselves, and foolishly allowed their opponents to make three. After this, however, Bates did better, and in the seventh inning it looked like a tie game. The most exciting part of this game was the ninth inning. Burr had made his first, and stolen second, when Noble made his fourth clean base hit, sending Burr to third, taking first himself, and stole second on a pitch. Lombard now struck a fly to right field, which all impartial observers and one of the A.'s own men say was taken on the bound, but which the umpire declared out on the fly. The fielder himself refused to say whether he caught the ball or not. If he took it on the fly, why did he appear so anxious to get the ball to first in time to put out the striker? Most players, when taking a ball right off the ground, would hold it

up to show it was caught; and surely this man knew better than to throw to first, when, if caught on the fly, by throwing to second he would have made a double play. We always hate to find fault with an umpire; but why was decision delayed in this case until the Bates boys had run their bases? As the men on bases thought a safe hit was made, and heard no decision of the umpire until after the catcher of the A.'s called for the ball to be passed to second and third, a triple play was made, giving the game to the Androscoggins. If another game is to be played with this club, we suggest that an umpire who knows nothing of either nine, and whom no one of either club ever saw or heard of before, be imported expressly for the occasion.

With Maine's short seasons and our long summer vacation, it is almost impossible to do much more than get a club into good condition before either Commencement or cold weather puts a stop to the fun. Yet we think we can see great improvement in our nine even since last fall. Three years ago we had no organized nine and no Association. Now we have a large Association, a strong nine constantly improving, and as good grounds as any in the State. There is yet one hinderance, and that is that our nine are obliged to pay their own traveling expenses. We hope to see this removed, in part at least, by another

College year. It can not be expected that the nine will go away to play many match games while they have to give both time and money to the object; and it is the practice gained in match games which they must have in order to win those victories which we are confident they can and which we are all anxious they should win.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Yale Literary Magazine*, after a long absence, puts in an appearance once more. It comes nearer to our idea of what a college publication should be than any other we have yet seen. "The Spirit of Our Fathers," in the April number, evinces careful reading of the lives and writings of America's most distinguished statesmen. More such articles in college journals would be beneficial, both to the writers and readers.

A recent number of the *Amherst Student* has some good words upon "College Rowdyism." The writer implies, and not without considerable truth, as all who have been Freshmen know, that false ideas of college life especially prevail among underclassmen. We quote as follows: "Freshmen, you know, are very apt to enter college with the notion that a change is to come over them immediately, that they are to act as college boys at once. And college boys, to their eyes, present a few characteristic traits which they

must engraft upon themselves as soon as possible. Another notion is that collegians are expected to shout loudly for very inadequate reasons." Speaking of "slangy fellows," and leaders of "midnight rows," the writer says: "Their conversation is characteristic. Coming out of recitation, one will say to another, 'Gad! but didn't the old boy rip her through, though! Gad.' The other says: 'Yes, begad! he tore her along like a thousand of brick!'"

Of the two publications which Union sends us, we prefer the *Spectator*, though for a monthly it is not what it should be either in size or quality. The retiring board of editors make statements which call forth our admiration for their pluck and that of their successors. But we do not think it best that two or three should be responsible for the whole success of a college paper. It would be more a paper of the students if it was published by an Association or some class.

The *McKendree Repository* is rather dry. "Life—Its conditions and Destiny," "Immortality," "Effects of Intemperance," each contain many truths, but are not presented in a specially interesting manner.

The *Trinity Tablet* hits about the golden mean as to how much space it shall devote to literary articles and how much to college topics.

The *University Herald* declares that the BATES STUDENT is too literary. We would thank you for the compli-

ment, and express our sorrow at not being able to return it, only we fear by literary you mean dry. The new editors of the *Herald* have got a good send off and seem to find no trouble in filling their columns. We trust their strength will not fail on the home stretch.

The *College Journal* only notices its exchanges by quoting the good things they say of the *Journal*.

The *Denison Collegian* might improve by enlarging a page or two.

The *Packer Quarterly* has about the neatest appearance of any college magazine of our acquaintance. The contents of March number are hardly up to its usual standard. Is that table upon the cover, surrounded by such an array of books, the editorial table? If so, we suggest that the photos of 'ye fair editorial corps' be inserted in the open space just above the table.

"Does it pay to teach?" is a question beginning to attract considerable attention from college journals. There is no doubt that the loss in teaching while in college often more than balances the gain, either in money or discipline, yet it is a ques-

tion which each one must decide for himself. An article upon this subject in the last *Dartmouth* closes thus: "So, to those who may ever hesitate whether it is better to teach or hire money, we say again, if it will not take too much money, and you can get it reasonably, take it and don't teach during your college course." Very good, "if you can get it reasonably," but it is often impossible for one who has no friends to give security for him, to hire a single dollar. Yet, we agree with the writer that "There's a great deal lost and very little gained."

In glancing over our exchanges, we can but notice the prevalence of Latin headings, and Latin or Greek mottoes. We don't like the idea of mottoes, and such headings as "Sackvillania," "Personalialia," etc., are only equaled by the jaw-cracking names of the societies by which some of these papers are published.

The *STUDENT* will take its usual vacation during July and August, appearing again in September. Mail should be addressed to the College, as usual.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE "nine" have challenged the Washerwomen's club of this city.

Prof.—"Explain the action of the air pump valve." Student—"It opens and shuts."

A Theologue has under consideration a gigantic mutual monopoly scheme for Commencement.

A philosopher of the "Emerald Isle" says our "nine" ought to play well, for "Sure an' aint they out practicing every recess?"

Prof. in Chemistry—"For next time the class may go to water." Junior, who does n't like Chemistry, insinuates that that will be an appropriate place to stop.

Scene, base-ball grounds. Two Irish lads bespangled with specks of cotton, watching a game of ball. First lad—"Say, Mike, what do these college fellers do, anyhow?" Second lad—"Oh they don't do nothing, only stay in the house over thar. Their old mons is all rich."

Prof.—"What was the character of the early apostles?" Student (in an absent-minded way)—"They were very immoral men." Prof.—"No, no. Were they? were they?" Student (bound not to yield)—"Well, most of 'em are now, I don't know how it was in ancient times."

We hope that when our assistant chemist has anything to eat in recitation again, he will share with his comrades.

A poem was lately found, evidently addressed by some Freshman to his lady-love. It is remarkable for melody and tender sentiment. We make the following extracts, and shall place the poem in the care of the Faculty, of whom it may be recovered. The two parties are supposed to be thinking of each other, and the first stanza gives their location. The remainder is devoted mainly to pleasant anticipations:—

"You in cozy chamber,
I in study tall;
You by Saco river,
I in Parker Hall.

Thinking of the future,
When we hope to be,
You a queen and I a king,
Our throne the household tree.

From doubt, neglect, and envy,
Where only love may be,
Where pearls shall not be needed,
Save a gem for you and me.

Awhile we're walking singly,
Sometimes our paths come near;
A kiss, a gift, a heart clasp,
For months provides us cheer.

Our confidence is growing,
A link can not be broken,
Enduring ties are forming,
More than we yet have spoken."

At this point it is supposed that the young man left for Saco.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

PROF. HOWE is about to erect a house on Frye street.

Commencement Dinner will be served in a large tent on the College grounds.

Secure your tickets for the Commencement Concert; it will be one of the best musical entertainments ever given in this city.

The oration of the retiring President of the Eurosophian Society, Mr. H. S. Giles, was well spoken of. His subject was "Culture."

Quite a number of the students will try the waiter business again this summer. Some go to New Hampshire, others to Rhode Island.

We regret to record the death of Dr. Day, one of the trustees of the institution. The College has lost in him one of its most zealous supporters.

The ascent of Mt. David is being made easy by the building of some plank steps, and the laying out of a gravel walk at the lower end of the base-ball grounds.

Are public declamations and debates going out of fashion at Bates? The Seniors have given us no public exercises this year, and the Sophs. have omitted the usual prize declamations and debates. Perhaps they

are all supplied with copies of the Unabridged.

Improvements are being made about the campus. About fifty trees have been set out by the students, and the paths have been cleared of those unsightly stones on which no one could walk without danger of fractured limbs.

BATES COMMENCEMENT.

EXAMINATIONS.

Juniors, Friday, June 25th, 2 P.M.

Sophomores, Saturday, June 26th, 8 P.M.

Freshmen, Saturday, June 26th, 2 P.M.

REV. CHAS. S. PERKINS, A.M. } Exam. Com.
REV. JOHN A. LOWELL, A.M. }
REV. CHAS. F. PENNEY, A.M. }

BACCALAUREATE EXERCISES.

Sunday, June 27th, 2 1-2 P.M., at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

Sermon before the Theological School, Sunday, June 27th, 7 1-2 P.M., at Main St. Free Baptist Church, by Rev. James L. Phillips.

Original Prize Declamations by Juniors, Monday, June 28th, 7 3-4 P.M., at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

Annual meeting of the President and Trustees, Tuesday, June 29th, 8 A.M.

Graduating exercises of Theological School at College Chapel, 2 1-2 P.M., Tuesday, June 29th.

CONCERT.

By Brown's Band, assisted by Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mr. Wm. H. Fessenden, Mr. Henry C. Brown, and Herr Herrman Kotzschmar, at City Hall, Tuesday evening, June 29th, at 8 o'clock.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Wednesday, June 30th, at City Hall.

Address before the united Literary Societies, Wednesday evening, June 30th, at City Hall.

Orator, Hon. J. W. Patterson, of New Hampshire.

ALUMNI EXERCISES.

Thursday, July 1st, 10 A.M., at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

Orator, Rev. A. Given.

Poet, C. H. Hersey.

CLASS EXERCISES.

Thursday evening, July 1st, at City Hall.

PERSONALS.

'73.—Geo. E. Smith has been admitted to the Massachusetts bar, and will practice his profession in Boston. He is in the office of Horace R. Cheney, Esq., No. 1 Pemberton Square.

'73.—I. C. Dennett is teaching at Castine, Maine.

'74.—R. W. Rogers was in town a short time since.

'74.—J. F. Keene is pursuing his law studies in Phippsburg, Maine.

'74.—R. Given, Jr., is reading law in the office of Morrill & Wing, Auburn, Maine. —

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni, in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—EDS.]

CLASS OF 1868.

KNOWLTON, THOMAS OAKS. Born at Liberty, Me., 1844.

1869-70, Engaged in teaching as Principal of Francestown Academy, Francestown, N. H., and Superintendent of Schools.

1870-71, Member of the Harvard Law School. Received degree LL. B. from Harvard University, at the Commencement in 1874.

1871-72, Read law in the office of Asa Cottrell in Boston, and in the latter year was admitted to the Suffolk Bar.

1872-74, Engaged in farming and lumbering in Liberty, Maine.

Married, May 1, 1874, to Miss Emma Richards, youngest daughter of Capt. Perry Richards of New Boston, N. H., at Nashua, N. H., by Rev. Charles Weatherbee.

1874-75, Engaged in the active practice of the law in the city of Manchester, N. H.

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President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
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JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
Professor of Systematic Theology.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Instructor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

EDMUND R. ANGELL,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—
LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. MATHEMATICS: in Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

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The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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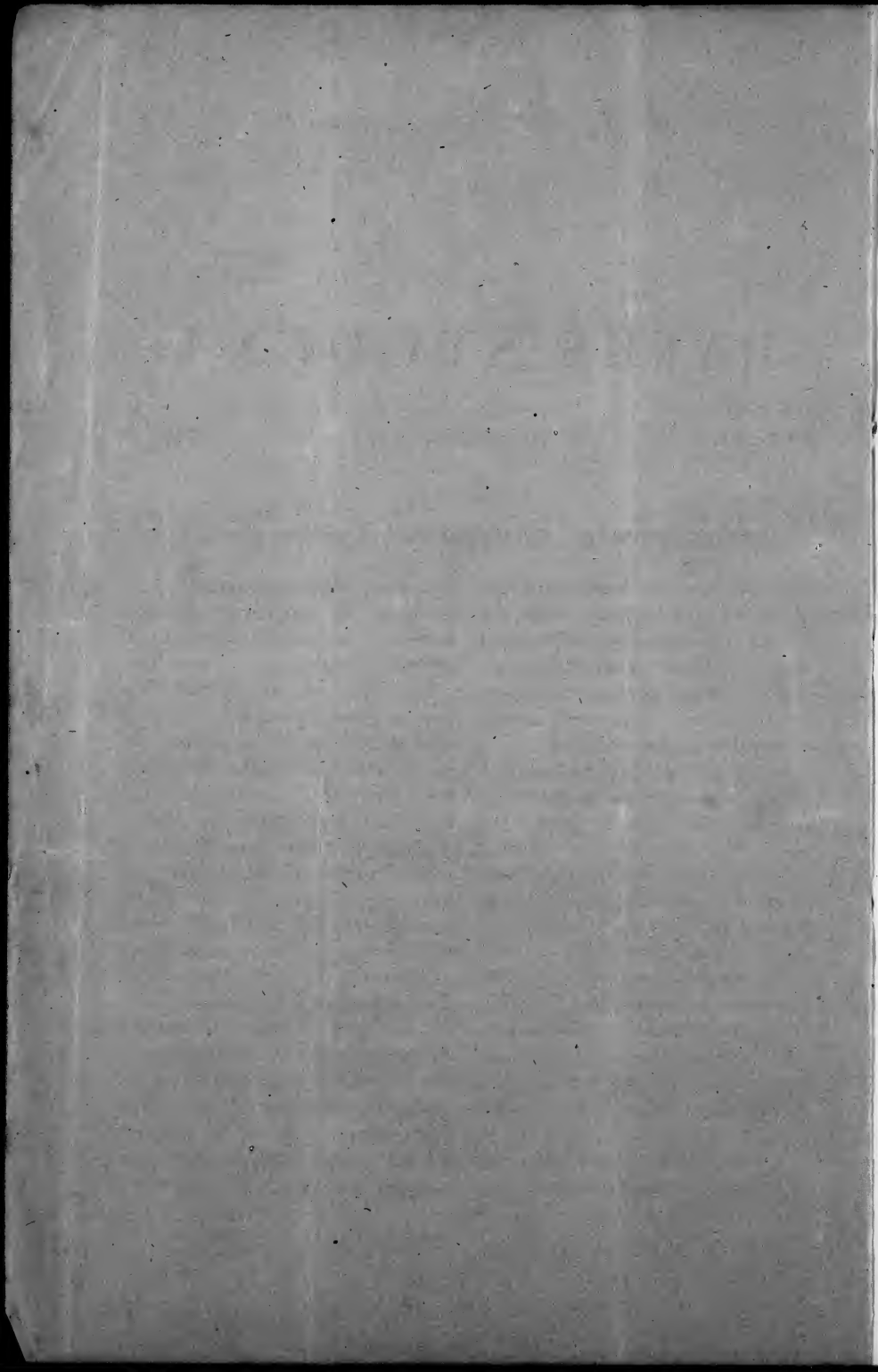
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THE

BATES STUDENT.

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THE RELATION OF ÆSTHETIC CULTURE TO MORALITY.

THERE are some fields of thought in which we gladly follow the reaper and rejoice in the fruits of his toil, but into whose golden harvest we cautiously thrust the sickle, lest the beauty we so much admire may wither at our rude touch.

Such a field of thought does our subject open to us, whether we view it as a whole or in its parts. We stand reverently at the entrance and listen involuntarily for the command: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

By æsthetic culture we understand the culture of that power of the mind by which it discriminates with respect to the beautiful or sublime in nature or in art; that power which is commonly denominated taste.

By morality we intend not merely that external regard for human and

divine law which sometimes receives the name, but that inward devotion to truth which finds expression in active personal piety.

That the two are somewhat related is generally admitted; but the kind and degree of the relation are not clearly determined. Evidently the existence of the one does not necessarily imply that of the other.

The noblest specimens of statuary—those to which genius makes pilgrimages and to which she renders homage—are the production of an idolatrous age, the representatives of deities to whom were attributed the grossest passions—many of them in their very chiseled outlines the propagators of vice and sensuality. The grandest conceptions that have found expression upon canvas have been consecrated to the service of a wicked and superstitious church; while the artist has rever-

ently bowed in adoration of his own genius. That the poet's inspiration comes not at the bidding of the virtuous alone, witness Byron, Shelley, Burns! Witness our own nameless, mysterious Poe!

On the other hand, no nation has been found so rude and barbarous as to be entirely destitute of a moral code. Ideas of right and justice prevail to some extent even among savages.

The peasantry of many nations, though apparently almost destitute of taste and refinement, are yet distinguished for their regard for the sterner virtues, and often for their courtesy and hospitality. Our Puritan ancestors, though world-renowned for their strict integrity, can hardly be said to have possessed a great degree of æsthetic culture. They did, indeed, recognize and appreciate the sublime; but this indicated only a partial development of the discriminating power.

Taste has its origin in sensibility, the susceptibility of impression. The more delicate and acute this susceptibility, the more comprehensive and accurate the faculty that is based upon it. One man is thrilled with delight by what in another awakens no emotion. The ear of one is on the alert for every sweet sound, his eye open to every beautiful scene; and when these are wanting, the imagination compensates for their absence by its own wonderful creations. Another goes

blindfold through a world that God has crowned with beauty. All, however, seem to be endowed with some capacity for perceiving the beautiful. The cultivation of this susceptibility gives rise to taste in its different degrees.

But while the delicately constituted mind is thus sensitive to the presence of the beautiful, it is also, from its very organism, peculiarly the prey of external influence. Its vibrating strings are often swept by the fierce blasts of passion, or they tremble at the breath of forbidden but alluring pleasure. This, when considered in connection with the fact that evil has ever been predominant in the world, and that man is a fallen being, will enable us to perceive how the most wonderful genius may be prostituted to the service of vice. But while purity of heart is not essential to the existence of refined taste, it is nevertheless true that æsthetic culture is most effectually promoted when the soul is in harmony with its Creator.

Beauty is the manifestation of the spiritual under sensible forms. It is the invisible dwelling in, animating, and seeking utterance through the visible. The glistening dew-drop, the flower that charms us with its beauty or regales us with its fragrance, the waving tree, the broad blue sky with its changing glories of morning and evening, the deeper blue of the grand old ocean—each radiant with its own loveliness or

crowned with its own majesty—reveal to us a life subtle, mysterious, intangible.

But it is in man himself that “the spiritual shines forth most clearly through the veil of the material.” Here the emotion of the heart depicts itself upon the countenance; the language of the soul is written upon lip, cheek, and eye. Here is engraved in indelible lines the character; here find expression the secrets which tongue and heart would fain withhold.

Thus in art, also, all that is beautiful, all that is sublime, derives its power to please or impress us from this mysterious interweaving of the visible and the invisible. Poe has said: “We are often made to feel with a shivering delight that from an earthly harp are stricken notes that can not have been unfamiliar to the angels.” In like manner we may believe that the grace and beauty dimly shadowed through these material forms that we so much admire, are the faint foregleams of a beauty that sin has not marred and mortality has not veiled.

Meanwhile, in all these forms, and in all these voices, comes to us the voice of God. The more complete, then, the harmony between the soul and God, the ampler the appreciation of the beautiful that is but the manifestation of Himself. What wonder, then, that the vivid imagery of Isaiah and Ezekiel, the tender

pathos of David, and the charming simplicity and conciseness of the historical parts of the Old Testament, remain peerless among writings of a similar nature. The men who wrote the Bible were in harmony with their Maker; and though each writer has revealed to us in some degree the peculiarities of his own mind, yet the pen of each was guided by an invisible hand; and the language of each, after the lapse of so many centuries, comes to us illuminated by the light of a heavenly inspiration. The Bible affords the grandest scenes for the painter, the purest conceptions for the sculptor, the noblest themes for the orator and the poet, while the musician has caught his most inspiring strains from the echo of its celestial melody. Answer, Raphael, Beethoven, Milton—did ye not derive your truest, loftiest inspiration from the Sacred Volume?

We have said that a refined taste does not necessarily imply the existence of a pure heart. It is true that a cultivated mind may shrink from the perpetration of gross crime; this may be due, however, not to the love of virtue or the hatred of vice, but simply to the extreme delicacy of its own organism. For the same reason, a person in whom the æsthetic faculty is imperfectly developed may lose sympathy and shrink from contact with the masses; but the man of liberal culture will “Honor the hard hand of toil, and

reverence the form bent in the stern service of mankind."

While correct taste and purity of heart are in so great a degree independent of each other, it is yet true that a full development of man's moral nature requires a corresponding cultivation of the intellect; and that art can not rise to her grandest conceptions save under the inspiration and guidance of true religion. Under the influence of Christianity, art seeks her home in the region of

the spiritual; left to herself, she is taken captive to decorate vice and sensuality. Wedded to art, religion arrays herself in robes of beauty; despising art, she chills us by her gloomy austerity.

The omnipresent beauty and sublimity of nature alone adequately represent infinite skill and goodness; so man's highest development will be attained only when he once more becomes the image of his God.

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

THE happy and important changes which have taken place in public opinion during the last century, concerning the position and education of woman, show that the world is beginning to understand the spirit of the Golden Rule.

But public opinion, with all its splendid triumphs, still clings tenaciously to the manners and customs of the past. The clear light of our age reveals abuses imposed upon woman during the barbarous ages of the past, still unreformed. Many of the objections to the higher education of woman are but prejudices, clothed in the shining garb of reason. These objections, when stripped of their robes of prejudice and gilded rhetoric, are only the bones of some

old sanctioned error, which crumble in the pure air of knowledge.

Everywhere we hear it said that the sphere of woman does not require an extended and superior education. This remark shows that man, in the contest for gain and fame, oftentimes forgets the grandest objects of education. Those people that talk about the sphere of woman seem to forget that she has a mind. In the discussion of the higher education of woman it is not enough remembered that the mind is immortal; that its cultivation is not for time, but for eternity; and that from the realms above we shall look back with pleasure or pain upon the cultivation given to it in this world. Mind, the highest and

noblest gift of God, is of more importance than material blessings. It has its own laws of growth and development, and must be nourished and cultivated for its own good. The enjoyments and pleasures which come from the acquisition of knowledge form the glory and happiness of our being. But the duties which naturally devolve upon the female sex require great wisdom. Where is there a position that demands more knowledge than that of mother? To her is entrusted the training of children during those most important years of life, when their minds receive those early impressions that nearly decide the destiny of the future man. A well educated mother can inspire her children with valuable tastes that will abide with them through life and carry them up to all the sublimities of knowledge. But if she is absorbed in frivolous amusements,—if she has received only a fashionable education, so popular in many of our large cities,—she is incapable of laying the foundation of a great character. A lawyer may need education to enable him to plead for justice; a physician, that he may know how to care for the body; a minister, that he may rightly care for the soul; but mothers, because they mould and give form to the character of the whole world. The opinion that the wife should be less educated than the husband, is a relic of the barbarism of the past. What is the

ideal of married life? A perfect union of the affections, thoughts, and tastes. Intimate society can not exist between people when education has made them radically dissimilar; and that policy which marks out a different course of education for the two sexes, destroys one of the greatest sources of human happiness—that which results from similarity in knowledge and tastes. Let the same education be given to both sexes, and it will increase the happiness of married life, by multiplying the subjects in which both parties take a common interest, and by making marriage a communion of the understanding as well as of the affections.

The opinion that music, drawing, or painting, should receive more of a young lady's attention than the higher branches of learning, pervades society and has caused many evils.

If a person has a taste for the fine arts, that is the highest reason why the talent should be cultivated. But that system of education which makes music and drawing of the first importance should not be tolerated. These are, in most cases, only accomplishments to adorn youth; and when youth is gone, these accomplishments are laid aside, and, in too many cases, forgotten. We do not speak lightly of the fine arts, but against the tendency to let these supplant real knowledge; against the opinion that girls must spend their

best days in drumming on a piano when they have not the least musical taste; against preferring poorly painted pictures to a cultivated mind. Music may give pleasure to others; it may lend charms to the bright, rosy years of youth; but it does not cultivate the mind like literature or science. The early education of a girl should produce enjoyments and amusements that fade not away with age; should provide for every season, and leave her, when she is stricken by the hand of time, in full possession of the charms of knowledge.

By making the higher education of both sexes somewhat similar, innumerable benefits will ensue. Woman must be admired for something, and society having proclaimed against the charms of education, she seeks in many cases to make herself attractive through dress. When society prepares for her equal

chances with man for a polished education,—when it regards her intellectual culture of more importance than her dress or mere accomplishments,—then will many of the curses of fashion decline.

The system of female education, as it exists in many places, stands condemned as absurd. Women should not be educated for drudges, toys, or angels, but as man's companion and equal. Let all restrictions which now debar her from our colleges be removed. Let girls have all the advantages of education, and we have no fear but that she will find her own place. The higher education of woman should aim at intellectual culture rather than at a knowledge of music and drawing; should seek to furnish pleasure that will endure as long as life endures; should strive to make youth attractive and age venerable.

UNSOLVED PROBLEMS IN PHILOSOPHY.

THE human mind long ago set for itself problems over which it still toils, and which it seems destined never to solve. Modern times have witnessed an astonishing advance in both physical and metaphysical studies. Notwithstanding this, questions that rose, clothed

with majesty and profound mystery, before the princely minds of the age of Pericles, seem even more unanswerable than ever. Kant, the supreme intellect of Germany, comes more than twenty centuries after Plato; yet they stand alike with rapt souls and dumb lips before phe-

nomena which defy their insight and mock their longing. Copernicus has given us the true system of the heavens; Newton, the law of universal gravitation; steam and the electric spark have become our obedient servants; the naturalist, the ethnologist, the student of physiology, and the philosopher of the mind—have all contributed largely to increase our knowledge of this mysterious and manifold creation of which we ourselves form a part; but who has penetrated the secret of existence? This fruitful earth, those wheeling stars, this animating soul within—who has told us whence they are, what they are, why they are, and whither they tend?

For answer to these great questions, men have always looked both to the student of nature and the inspired teacher. Philosophy and Revelation are the two means by which thinkers have hoped to gain profoundest knowledge of the soul and of the phenomenal universe; but they have watched and waited in vain.

The great questions and established principles of all supersensual philosophy are almost precisely the same to-day that they were three centuries before Christ. To explain the principles of human knowledge; to prove *a priori* the existence of God; to show whether Realism is truer or falsier than Idealism; and to demonstrate that the soul is immaterial and immortal—these things

are as impossible to the modern as to the ancient thinker. Three times, at as many great crises in the history of human thought, Reason has been proved unequal to the solution of these problems. First, we learn that Oriental philosophy produced Mysticism. Next we see that Greek philosophy, repudiating faith, ran its brilliant course for six hundred years and ended at last in Neo-Platonism and the faith-philosophy of Alexandria. Finally, at a much later date, in Germany, philosophy again declined from presumptuous rationalism, and the *ecstasy* of Plotinus reappeared in the *intellectual intuition* of Schelling.

But what has Revelation done toward explaining these profound mysteries? Very little. Revelation was not given to disclose all truth, but only such as is necessary to the welfare of man. Moreover, it was designed not so much to explain facts as to state them. Unmistakably does it declare God's existence, the immortality of the soul, human guilt, and the way of salvation; but it answers no philosophical queries by elaborate explanation and demonstration; and beyond these few concisely stated facts, the seeker after supersensual truth gains but little knowledge from the pages of the Bible. These pages, it is true, contain many mystic sentences which may hereafter be made clear to the understanding; but at present they baffle the keenest and most zealous

minds. Like him who stands at night on the inner threshold of some vast cathedral, and in the midst of darkness looks far up to where through the stained glass of the storied windows struggles the faint moonlight—just seen and then buried in the majestic shadows; so the thoughtful soul, not having yet learned the simple lesson of faith, and unable to turn aside from unknowable things, stands before the sublime and awful mysteries of God's Word, mocked by the scanty light which but dimly illumines the borders of profoundest gloom.

So, then, neither Philosophy nor Revelation have given answer to certain questions which are primary in interest and importance. Revelation, indeed, gives assurance of many great facts; but a multitude of things which these facts suggest, and questions which start up on every side, it passes silently by. What, then, shall thinkers do? Like multitudes during the decline of Greek philosophy, like other multitudes at a more recent date in Germany, and as very many are doing to-day in England and America, should they relinquish all that has been gained, and sink into the apathy of skepticism? Assuredly not. But should they abandon their questionings, and turn their thoughts to other and less profound subjects? Some might find it simply impossible to do this; and on the whole perhaps it is better, oftentimes, that they should not.

Men will do well if they cling to Revelation with the feeling and the faith that it contains for them many things which they have not yet apprehended. We of the present know but little compared with what will be known by future generations, learning not only from the stars and the rocks, but also from the pages of Divine Revelation.

We must also cling to Philosophy. Why? Because, first, it is a fountain of rare delight to the mind. For the old Greek it possessed a charm not inferior to that of Apollo and the Muses. And thousands to-day, though using the term in a somewhat different sense, can exclaim with the second brother in "*Comus*":—

"How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Secondly, because it brings "rich instruction and a mind enlarged." "The study of philosophy is largely designed to teach one to think," says one writer. "It means the lifting of the mind from particular facts to general laws or universal truths," says another. "It makes us acquainted with human creatures and some of the laws which govern the material and visible world," are the words of Robert Hall. "It is the sovereign science, made to govern all others," thought Aristotle. "The day on which man first reflected was the birth-day of philosophy; philo-

sophy is nothing else than *reflection* in a vast form," wrote Victor Cousin. "It is thought passing beyond the simple perceptions of things . . . to seek the ground, and reason, and law of things. It is the effort of Reason to solve the great problem of 'Being and Becoming,' of appearance and reality, of the changeable and the permanent."

Philosophy, moreover, does good service for man in teaching him the limits of human reason. It leads him along the very frontiers of human thought, pointing out just the points where begin the unknowable mysteries of God. But, furthermore, we must cherish philosophy because it is our sole means, aside from revelation, of apprehending supersensual truth. While it must be confessed that philosophy has failed in most of its higher undertakings, it has, nevertheless, achieved many things in the realms of nature and mind, and it has a future mission of good to the world. Recall what it did before the coming of Christianity. "When we consider its mission previous to 'Christ,'" is the language of most thinkers, "we feel convinced that it had its place

in the divine plan." It waged a ceaseless and effective warfare against polytheism; it enthroned conscience as a law of duty; it elevated and purified the Moral Idea, revealed the immediate spiritual wants of the soul, and distinctly presented the problem which Christianity alone could solve. But the mission of philosophy did not end with the coming of Christ; it pertains to future ages as well as the past. The forerunner of the New Testament, philosophy is also its attendant, assistant, and interpreter. James Martineau has profoundly and truly said: "If there be any provision in Christianity for the growing evolution of divine truth and human discernment, then does this very process constitute a new fact in the history and experience of humanity, a fact whose law and whose moral traces it is the business of a reverential philosophy to follow. To justify the faiths which revelation assumes—to interpret this conscience to which it appeals—remain, therefore, in any case, offices in attempting which philosophy does not pass the fore-court of our religion."

MUSIC.

O MUSIC, how oft to thy silvery strain
Have I listened with attentive ear,
Dreaming sweetly o'er memory's golden chain
Of bygone days, to my heart so dear.

When dark-eyed Nox, the sable goddess of night,
Hath closed the pearly realms of day,
How sweet the minstrelsy of the breezes light,
As they float upon their airy way.

As, musing, I listen to thy tender lay,
Watching the twinkling stars above,
I think how very sad it were, here to stay,
If this world indeed were void of love.

Like a fleeting shadow from the misty Past
Spring tender childhood's careless hours,
With happy, restless moments, which did not last,
And bright-eyed hopes which ne'er were ours.

Now, floating in on memory's silent tide,
Come the rosy days of froward youth,
Filled with rich joys, treasures we would not hide,—
The brightest, happiest age, forsooth.

How clearly I remember those sylvan retreats,
Those cloud-capped hills with valleys so green,
The old-fashioned church with its stiff oaken seats,
The cool, clear spring which fed the wild stream.

Thus heaven-born music is the golden key
To which open the portals of Time;
And as we view those days which are gone, we see
The past, though dead, a beautiful clime.

But as music charms the present, shows the past,
A silent whisper of conscience tells
That the song of life, which shall always last,
Must be sung to Him who in heaven dwells.

E. C. STEDMAN.

IT is at any time a thankless task to review the works of a living writer; and when that writer is a man in the prime of life, with his full harvest work and aftermath yet to come, with perhaps only a very ordinary spring from which to judge the ensuing growth, in utter ignorance as to what future showers of inspiration may descend to bless the hidden seed and help it germinate—in such a case, when the question, “flower or weed?” is still in abeyance, it is more than thankless—it is venturesome.

Yet, if there be risk, there is also pleasure in venturing upon such fresh and unhackneyed work. It is restful sometimes to consider that the sweet notes which ring in the ear have not come sounding down through the ages, but have been uttered in one's own day and generation. To turn aside from the “perennial streams” to one of our own wayside rills is for the nonce refreshing. Moreover, in order to receive the most enjoyment, the disposition to cavil must be laid aside, and a hopeful spirit adopted, which is disposed to see the best side of everything. In such a spirit we wish to glance briefly at the poetical works of Edmund Clarence Stedman, who has some claim to be called a singer, and in proof thereof has sent forth an edition of his *Complete*

Works, which, previous to this writing, has become an incomplete one.

In judging Mr. Stedman's work, it is well to remember it is mostly that of a young man, and should be considered fully as much for what it indicates as for what it really presents. If in what he has done there be some vein well worked, some chord finely and harmoniously sounded, or some new chant for truth and beauty, let us accept the hopeful indication and be glad therefor, though we find much that is mere echo or even weakness.

We shall take his works as nearly as may be in the order of original publication; hence his early poems, published in 1860, first claim our attention. Among these we think *The Ballad of Lager Bier* is as complete and original as any. It is a jolly reverie (perhaps we ought to say revel) in a beer-garden, in which the writer sees pass before him a quaint assemblage of German worthies, and is transported to the land of German Hebes and—*Lager Bier*; a striking, amusing vein the author here works, and one in which he can hardly be called an imitator. This charge, however, can be brought against him in *Penelope*, wherein he evidently, and it would seem deliberately, sings a Tennysonian strain. Had Tennyson's *Ulysses* never been written, then supposing *Penelope* to

be read, one would find much that is pleasing; though on the other hand we can hardly conceive of Stedman's work existing alone, as certain parts of it seem intended for a direct reply to Tennyson's poem. It is something for Mr. Stedman, after all, that he has imitated so successfully. In *Flood-Tide* we find a marked flavor of Locksley Hall, to which it is decidedly inferior, to our thinking—not comparing as favorably with its original as Penelope with Ulysses. We fancy there is a suggestion of *Långfellow* in a sweet little poem called *Heliotrope*; not sufficient, however, to mar its beauty. As we begin *The Freshet*, the influence of Tennyson is again perceptible; but we forget it before we advance far in the well-written idyl, and this we hold a good sign. As a knight may strike sturdy blows in another's armor, so a singer may sing a fine strain to another's harp, causing us to forget that the instrument is not his own. How *John Brown Took Harper's Ferry* is a poem in a different vein, and is quite stirring and strong. The *Sonnets* in this first issue we do not admire; indeed, we by no means consider Stedman as good a sonneteer as Aldrich, a younger poet who has done much more and much better work in this line.

We would next invite attention to a poem called *Alectryon*, which, in its flowing rhythm and excellent choice of language, is unsur-

passed by anything in the volume. Yet the beauty of the poem is wholly sensuous. It may appeal to the intellect, but it never sounds any moral depths. It seems much like an artist's work, but working in clay. A mythological story, well enough in its place, but it would seem that its fitting niche is in the *Classical Dictionary*; and if Mr. Stedman must sing of the old mythology, one would think he might find nobler themes to employ his pen than the illicit loves of Mars and Venus, together with the unfaithful watch and ward of *Alectryon*. We freely confess that our objections to this poem came after we had laid it aside, and not during its perusal. At that time we gave ourselves up to its flow, and were borne along without pausing to analyze sensations, lulled, as it were, by the gentle lapsing of its waves of melody. But when it was finished and looked upon in retrospect, we felt like one who, launching his skiff upon a quiet stream, floats the livelong day among water-lilies, under arching trees, catching glimpses of summer skies (though not often) not learning new truths nor obtaining fresh revelations of nature, but steeping his senses in languor, idly dreaming and perhaps building his *châteaux en Espagne*, and at last comes back more enervated than before, to take up again his burden of life.

But this does not constitute our chiefest objection to *Alectryon*.

Perhaps lotus-dreams have their use and significance; and an idle hour passed amid sensuous beauty, even though it teaches us no lesson, may rest if it do not harm us; but in this story there is a lack, which, though it may be necessitated by mythology (we do not know why it should be), is hardly pleasing to morality. It seems to us at any time a riskful if not a dangerous experiment, to throw the halo of imagination around unlawful love: if it bring its own moral compensation, if remorse and repentance follow committed sin, then indeed may some good result; but when this is not the case—when the wrong is deliberate, and its discovery, not its evil, causes what slight feeling is manifested—then its influence may be questioned, even though it be the *dei immortales* who offend, and fair Venus herself who seeks the Cyprian isle, “half in shame, half laughter-pleased,” while Mars, angry and “disdainful of secret joys that stript him to the laughter of the gods,” rages away to Thrace, and indulges his spleen by changing Alectryon, his unfaithful warder,

“—to the cock,

That evermore, remembering his fault,
Heralds with warning voice the coming day.”

Perhaps Mr. Stedman has handled his theme as delicately as he could, but it seems a pity so much beauty of workmanship should be given to so unsatisfactory a subject.

The other poems in this issue of '64 which have specially interested

us, are The Old Love and the New, and Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call; the latter particularly claiming our attention as another example in the peculiar vein which Stedman seems to have made his own, and to which we have already alluded in The Ballad of Lager Bier. Peter Stuyvesant's Call purports to have been made, when New York was a youngling, by the old Manhattan governor upon his friend Govert Loockermans. The description is well rendered; the old Dutch interior is present to our living fancies, and Hardkoppig Peter as he drinks and dreams is highly interesting, and suggests Irving's Knickerbocker with its delightful humor.

In the poems of 1869 we first direct notice to the songs and studies, among which we find some of Stedman's best work; noticeably the poem called Pan in Wall Street, wherein a dusty organ-grinder twirls a Pan's-pipe, and by dint of the poet's exorcism we forget the Wall Street surroundings and wander off to Sicilian hills with him, and are recalled at will by his art. Truly, here is a seizing of hidden springs to move one's nature; a looking under the surface of commonplace occurrences and drawing forth of concealed beauties to delight and instruct us. How he transforms a somewhat repulsive crowd into a suggestion of something finer! This is certainly one of the best, if not the best thing in Stedman's special

vein. *Fruit Ilium* is another, to our thinking not as good, called forth by the tearing down of an old mansion in the heart of the city. *The Doorstep* is a charming poem in another way. How exact the picture of the scene at the door of the country church! How delightfully the walk home is portrayed! And then—the adieu on the doorstep! Ah! “listless woman, weary lover,” here is an old story sweetly and archly told. *Toujours Amour* and *Country Sleighing* are good, the latter quite musical. In *Poems of Nature*, we like best *Betrothed Anew*; but *Autumn Song*, *The Feast of Harvest*, and *Holyoke Valley* are very enjoyable. Under *Occasional Poems*, we find, *Wanted—a Man*, which embodies an indignant protest and a stirring appeal, and, at the time of writing (1862) may have had singular appropriateness. Here, too, we find Stedman’s best sonnet, written on *Abraham Lincoln’s Assassination*.

The Old Admiral, *Gettysburg*, *Treason’s Last Device*, all stirring poems of the war—the first in honor of *Admiral Stewart*—thrill us and at times cause us to exult with somewhat of martial fervor. *Israel Frazer’s Bid for Gold* is noticeable in striking contrast; a poem with a lesson, doubtless, tacked on so that all can read, but we think it inferior to some others. *The Dartmouth Ode* is excellent, and in it the author takes occasion to pay a worthy trib-

ute to Chase. *The Heart of New England*, which completes the volume, is a touching poem, a tale with a tear in it, yet an artistic work, with an apt choice of words for the refrain that closes each stanza that reminds one of the same trait as manifested in Longfellow’s *My Lost Youth*.

We have left ourselves no time to speak at length of the two long poems, which have in turn been made the nucleus of smaller volumes, and are now incorporated in this. Perhaps it is as well: certainly we feel less regret in omitting them than we should have felt in being obliged to leave out certain shorter and less pretentious ones; for while they contain some beautiful passages, yet as wholes they lack something to give them interest. They do not seem thoroughly sustained to the end,—though the later work, *The Blameless Prince*, more nearly approximates this than *Alice of Monmouth*. They weary you slightly, and might be placed under the head of poems that you begin with interest and finish from a sense of duty.

After all, what have we found? Is there anything in a measure new? Yes, we think there is. Such work as *Pan in Wall Street* seems to us in a certain way both new and delightful, and we wish Mr. Stedman might give us some more glimpses into the poetry that lies underneath the common every-day incidents of city life. We also find him charming in such

country sketches as *The Doorstep*, a class of work which seems as successfully performed as his other and more striking vein. The chant for truth and beauty has not been wanting. The new songs of love and passion have been found. It is also encouraging to observe that as we advance in the volume less imitation is apparent. His songs cease to be echoes, and the tones come clear, full, and ringing, in his own measure, from his own heart.

A writer in *Scribner's* recently said, in an imaginary letter to a person of poetical accomplishments: "The most original and individual of poets often begin with imitation, and the greatest put the whole world of life and literature under contribution. If you have stuff in you, you will find the talk about imitation growing less and less, and by and by you may have the fact of your own strong originality well proved by the crowd of mere mock-birds who are trying to sing your songs." Whether this is wholly

true or not, it is partly so, and Mr. Stedman's work has proved it. We can but hope that he will continue to sing.

We think we have found something in our examination of his work to reward our search. Ours has been eminently a modern search; not through nature's woods, stumbling over mossy logs, tripping our feet in tangled underbrush, to be finally rewarded by finding a violet "nestling cup-like in its bed of moss," and a few delicate ferns—no! we have wandered along garden paths, the evidences of cultivation everywhere about us, and after examining a few flowers, foreign to the soil and bearing their transplanting in some cases with little grace,—after turning disappointed away from some showy, pretentious blossoms, occasionally grasping at a beautiful rose only to have its petals disappear, leaving an unsightly thorn,—after all this, we have been made glad, inasmuch as we have found a *heliotrope*.

CHUM'S FIRST ESSAY.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was duly convened, and Chum was in agony. He was to relate his experience, or a part of it, while he was attending P—Academy. The Seniors, with

gravity and well polished manners, were arrayed in order, smoking quietly and expectantly.

Here and there was a Junior, looking forlorn and sad, who, but for the presence of the Freshmen, would

have subsided, for Chum was a Freshman, just entered, and had been appointed to deliver his essay upon that eventful evening. The Sophomores were jubilant, feeling that Chum was inadequate to the momentous occasion.

With much ado the light was regulated, and in a trembling voice he spun, though I am sure that inwardly he prayed most fervently for the coming of Atropos to cut the thread and relieve him from

A deadly weight of wit
That clung about his heart,
And bid him upward "git,"
And to his room depart.

THE ESSAY.

In P—— Academy we all lodged up one flight of stairs, the girls sleeping upon one side of the long hall, and the boys upon the other. The Principal slept at the head of the stairs, and was ever on the alert to prevent communication between the two parties. But, lately, he had become inclined to visit a charming young widow in the village below, and remaining late, would creep up the stairs on tiptoe, and, softly approaching each door, place his eye and then his ear to the keyhole, to ascertain whether his chickens were well roosted.

We didn't like such maneuvering. We had been educating a billy-goat to charge upon rebellion, or any other onion, or young one. Darkness crept down from the hills and slipped out of his overcoat, and the

billy of P—— Academy was led forth to be sacrificed. In the hall he stood, arrayed, not in purple and fine linen, but in long stockings, well stuffed with hay, that he might trip

"The light fantastic toe"

without disturbing the sleep of our venerable shepherd, the Principal. Sharp sticks had been thrust at "Billy," till, let any one stoop over, or point towards him, "Billy," lowering his head, would dash his horns against the opposing force; and woe to the luckless and riderless foe that encountered him then.

Every light was lowered, for it was late. A titter from some girl's room or giggle from some boy, was all that broke the silence. "Billy" stood midway the hall, with his head down, evidently engaged in deep thought. The quick, nervous step of the Professor was heard on the walk. Carefully he opened the hall door, and lightly stepped upon each stair in his ascent. All were expectant. In the darkness nothing could be seen, and we could only imagine the proceedings of the Principal from the noises that came to our ears. By the sliding, rustling movement we knew that he was at our door, looking in at the keyhole. Sanford lay upon the bed, holding a handkerchief over his mouth to keep from laughing outright, and I kept in an opposite corner. A sudden shifting on the outside, and with a thud the Professor went down. But

he, holding his rage, rises to his knees, and makes a dash after the imaginary student who dares to treat him to such honors. Smack went "Billy's" forehead against the nether portion of the Professor's body, and away he rolled to leeward. Once more, getting to his feet, he struck out into the darkness with the formidable cane, and again he went rolling on the hall floor, this time exclaiming: "I say, boys, that's enough of this." No answer, and we knew "Billy" was recruiting for the next sally.

"I'll kill you yet, and I don't want to hurt you—keep off!" Whack went the cane, and "Billy" charged anew.

"I—I—I say—I give it up—who ar-r-re ye-you?" roared the Professor, amid the thrusts and bunts of his friendly companion. Silence echoed naught. Again on his knees, for his antagonist would not yet allow him to rise upon his feet, he pleads: "Whoever you are, go to your room and it shall be all right." Silence. "I—say—le-l-l-let—me—u-up!" And they were at it again. "Prof.'s getting his ire up," whispered Sanford. "Aye; keep still."

"Well, young man, when I do find you out, you'll suffer," said the Professor, crawling off and getting to his feet.

All was still for a moment or two, when the Prof. again advanced upon his foe. Whack! crack! went the cane, and bang went the Professor,

striking solidly on the floor. A titter from the girls' side, and the Prof. cries out: "Girls, bring a light." No light was brought, for it had been agreed that we should open our door at the proper time. "Confound you—con-fou-ou-nd you, I've got—ye," gasped the Professor, setting his fingers into the wool on "Billy's" curly head, and dancing around smartly on his knees, sitting down and rising up, with more haste than grace. "I'll—I'll—hold—you—my—lad,—go—it,—go—it,—I—sa-y;" and the Professor fairly danced with joy at having got hold of the culprit. "Now, open the door," whispered Sanford; and, light in hand, I sprang into the hall, followed by Sanford. Boys and girls came pouring out of the different rooms, and a flood of light revealed the Prof. on his knees, his hat a few feet distant; his cane, broken, was beyond the hat; while before him stood "Billy" with his head poised for another charge. He was led away to banquet; the Prof. was assisted to his feet; the hat and cane taken, and quiet restored.

The next morning, I received a recommendation to College, and Sanford a discharge. The Prof. never visited the hall after dark again. "Billy" still lives, and cherishes tender regards for all who bow before him. Moral: "*Facilis est descensus Averno.*"

Chum had finished, and all were asleep.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

SUPERSTITION.

TRADITION and modern science agree that this universe was once in a state of chaos. So history teaches us that the ideas of mankind concerning this universe, concerning its author and government, concerning nature and her wonderful and varied phenomena, were once in an equally chaotic state. To the lover of his fellow-men, to one interested in the progress of true knowledge and civilization, no department of history can be more interesting than to trace that slow but constant change in man's knowledge of the world in which he lives, and the strange objects and mysterious changes greeting him on every side. What a change—what an advance, from the dark days of fear, ignorance, and superstition, to the nineteenth century, filled with the light of reason and science; from the time when doubt and experiment were sins, to the time when only that knowledge gained by experiment is received as true knowledge—when, instead of rejecting ideas conflicting with tradition and accepted hypotheses, we reject the hypothesis if not confirmed by experiment.

Superstition, in some of its many forms, has always prevailed to a

greater or less extent, and it will always remain in the world in proportion to the enlightenment, and in accordance with the modes of thought, of the people. One of the most absurd, and yet one of the most wide-spread and lasting, forms of superstition, was the belief in witchcraft. With the exception of the Epicureans, all sects of Grecian and Roman philosophy believed that certain persons were able by supernatural agency to inflict evil upon mankind. These philosophers were engaged in the exposition of abstract truths and theories, and not in the earnest study of nature. Three centuries ago the belief in witchcraft was universal, and persons were convicted of this crime and burned at the stake late in the eighteenth century. But the reign, as we may term it, of witchcraft was during the Middle Ages. From the sixth down through the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, the minds of men were filled with supernatural conceptions, and the sense of Satanic presence and power was profound and universal. Thousands upon thousands, especially of innocent and helpless women, were tortured and put to death for the crime of witchcraft. As the belief is absurd, so, as we may rationally ex-

pect, the proofs were equally absurd. The slightest deformity or peculiarity was sufficient proof of a league with Satan, and the accused was hurried away to the tortures and the stake. What a death! Unlike the martyr who dies for his religion, these unfortunates looked forward to no blissful immortality and sweet reunion with friends gone before; for, ignorant and tortured until they came to look upon themselves as really guilty, they felt that with the denunciations of the clergy upon their heads they were doomed to worse and unending torments.

Allied to, and co-existent with, the belief in witchcraft, is the belief in demons and the constant intervention of supernatural agencies. During the Middle Ages, miracles were daily occurrences. There was not a village throughout all Europe but had been the scene of some great miracle or supernatural cure performed by its canonized saints. Nothing resulted from natural causes. Famines, pestilences, earthquakes, eclipses, were all evidences of diabolical power, intended for the injury of mankind, and to be averted only by sacrifice and penance. These beliefs have gradually faded away before the light gained by scientific investigation. And yet there is, even in enlightened communities, a strong belief in signs and omens; there is yet a clinging to, and a love for, the supernatural; a tendency to regard phenomena as direct interpo-

sitions of the Creator's hand, rather than as the result of his eternal laws.

By superstition we may mean a belief in witchcraft and sorcery, a belief in, and the worship of, false gods, or an over scrupulous and too rigid observance of unrequired ceremonies in the worship of the true God; but whether used with one or all these significations, it is best defined by the late Canon Kingsley as "fear of the unknown." It is always fear of the unknown, unseen, intangible something which can not be met and grappled with like a human being. We can easily imagine with what fear primitive man must have looked upon many natural phenomena—the tempest and hurricane, the blazing comet, the eclipse of the sun, and the earthquake. We of to-day are more superstitious when alone in some solitary place, or surrounded by the darkness of night; and were we willing to own it, even to ourselves, we should find that our chief sensation was fear.

The study of the old superstitions is profitable, because it teaches us to what heights of absurdity the human mind may be led, and what restraint and guidance our imaginations need. It shows us how mistaken have been even the wisest of their time. Above all, it enables us to realize what a debt of gratitude we owe those who have spent their lives in the study of nature and in scientific research.

COMMENCEMENT.

The exercises of the week began with the President's Baccalaureate, Sunday, June 27th. The annual sermon before the Theological School was delivered by Rev. C. F. Penney of Augusta. The prize orations by members of the Junior Class came off on Monday evening at the church. The following are the names of the participants: O. W. Collins, W. H. Adams, T. H. Stacy, E. C. Adams, G. F. Adams, M. Douglass, I. C. Phillips, and J. H. Huntington. The various parts were regarded as of a high order of merit and reflecting credit upon the class. The decision of the committee, which we presume was made with the usual amount of difficulty, was announced on Commencement Day, and the prizes were awarded—first to Stacy, second to Collins.

On Tuesday A.M. the President addressed the Boards upon the affairs of the College. He stated that by the will of the late Joshua Benson of Boston, the College will receive about \$50,000. The sum of \$30,000 is needed to secure the pledge of Mr. Bates. The expenses of the College for the year past have been \$3,500 in excess of receipts. The work of grading the campus and planting will go on during the coming year. The President announced his disapproval of too frequent absences from College, granted to students for the purpose of preaching. We are glad that this

matter has at last excited the attention of the Faculty. It seems to us that the course pursued heretofore has had something of a tendency to encourage absence from College. It can but prove detrimental to thorough scholarship when students, who have been absent nearly half the time during their course, graduate with higher honors than those who have been with their class every term; for all can see that any student, however limited his ability, can do more and better work in four years than the most scholarly can do in half that time.

At one of the meetings of the Board of Fellows, Hon. J. G. Blaine presented Dr. Cheney with an elegant gold watch and chain, the gift of the Trustees and friends of the President.

Oliver C. Wendell was elected Professor of Astronomy. Resolutions were adopted in respect to the memory of Messrs. Day and Knowlton of the Board of Fellows, and the vacancies were filled by the election of Hon. G. G. Fogg and Hon. B. J. Cole.

On Tuesday, at 2 P.M., the graduating class of the Theological School held their exercises at the Main St. church, where a large audience listened attentively to the excellent speaking. The concert, Tuesday evening, was in every respect successful, and the graduating class had reason to be especially gratified at its financial results. Wednesday,

at 10 A.M., the graduating exercises of '75 took place at City Hall. The various parts showed much thought, and many were expressed in elegant and graceful style. At 2.30 P.M. the procession was formed, and moved to Gymnasium Hall, where ample provision for the wants of the inner man had been made. After the dinner, speeches were made by ex-Senator Patterson, Hon. J. D. Philbrick of Boston, ex-Speaker Blaine, Hon. W. P. Frye, and others, which contributed to make the occasion a pleasant one. Wednesday evening ex-Senator Patterson of New Hampshire delivered the annual address before the Literary Societies. His discourse was somewhat of a political nature, we thought, but was no less interesting to the average student on that account. It was remarkable for force and earnestness in thought and delivery.

One of the most interesting events of the week, the class-day exercises, came off Thursday evening. The oration, poem, and address were excellent, and the history and prophecy excited considerable mirth. The historian finished that Hat affair, and told a long story to portray the fright a mastiff once suffered on account of a rat terrier, which some admired more for ingenuity than truth.

This exit of '75 ended one of the most successful Commencements ever held at Bates, and leaves the field clear for '76.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Commencement reports make up a large portion of the reading matter of our later exchanges, consequently they are somewhat less interesting than usual, as all our anniversaries are very much alike in character. Many of our favorites appear with new names above the editorial columns, and to these new acquaintances we wish success.

The first paper which we take from the huge pile that has accumulated during vacation, is the *University Herald*. We regard this as one of our best exchanges. It has, at times, criticized the STUDENT somewhat severely; but we are willing to take criticism from such a source.

The *Alfred Student* is remarkable for the thickness of the paper on which it is printed, and for the uninteresting character of many of its articles.

The *College Argus* has changed hands. We hope the new board of editors will succeed in keeping the paper up to its present standard of excellence.

The *Amherst Student*, in an article on base-ball, has this sentence: "We would urge upon the members of the various Class Nines that they keep themselves in as good practice as possible, that if any vacancies occur upon the University Nine, there may be no lack of good men to fill them." We think that this idea might be carried out to advantage here.

The editorial department of the *Tyro* is spicy and interesting.

The last number of the *Packer Quarterly* is upon our table. We should criticize many of its contributed articles as being of a somewhat light and trivial nature, but we prefer this to the other extreme toward which many of our exchanges are inclined.

The *Targum* is emphatically what it aims to be—a college paper.

The *Vassar Miscellany*, one of our most readable visitors, contains several excellent articles upon noted authors.

We have received a catalogue of Georgetown College, and under "Regulations for Students" we notice the following: "The College Authorities reserve to themselves the discretionary power of opening all letters to students, not known to be from parents or guardians."

ODDS AND ENDS.

“WHICH on him to save the Androscoggins depended.”

That wonderful record no longer speaks for itself. “It is hushed now; its once restless echoes are still.”

A paper says that the Vassar girls are going to have a wash. That’s right. “Cleanliness is next to godliness.”

Students mysteriously disappear at the sea-shore. The Warwick man thinks that they elope with the mermaids.

Five of the last class graduated at the Maine State Agricultural College favor “*creamation*.” Who despises the fruits of a practical education.

The Kentuckian who gave his attendant the hat of Daniel Boone has not visited the mountains this season. Excessive liberality has proved his ruin.

Prof. (looking at his watch)—“As we have a few minutes, I would like to have any one ask questions, if so disposed.” Student—“What time is it, please?”

Scene — Glen House. Student waiter spills hot tea upon elderly

gent’s bald head. Up jumps elderly gent in a rage. “Look here, young man, when I want a Turkish bath I’ll order it.”

A Senior at Commencement found on his diploma the following: “This is granted on condition that you remove, with all your goods and chattels, to Nichols Hall without delay.”

When you receive a note of inquiry with stamp enclosed, never reply, but keep the stamp. In this way, allowing that you have one such note per day, you can acquire in a year \$10.95, and in 50 years, \$547.50. With this amount you can secure the degree of D.D., buy a promising colt, or chew tobacco.

He sat under the sunny side of a rock by the sea, musing upon the dignity of his office, and looking out over the blue expanse. He opened his mouth and spake, saying:

“The Profile hath its charms for some;
Some like the Glen and ham;
But O, for me this lovely isle,
The siren and the clam.

“With frequent gifts, I could endure
Old Jove with all his sham;
But here I’ve found joy, rest, and peace,—
The siren and the clam.”

The first discouraging word: “Considerable fault is found with the Dartmouth and Amherst College student waiters at the White Mount-

ain hotels, because, though their example may be good, and their knowledge of Greek and kindred topics excellent, they can't hand soup properly, and seldom bring around things ordered until they are cold."—*Springfield Rep.* Our representatives can hand soup properly, we infer.

A convict with a ball chained to his leg said, the other day, he didn't like "Locke on the Understanding."—*Ex.*

Prof.—"Now, class, we will represent the earth by this hat, which—" Small voice from a corner—"Is it inhabited?"—*Ex.*

The Oberlin students talk of getting up a Students' Congress, with a view of preparing themselves for coming responsibilities.—*Argus.*

First Fresh. (who has a snapping turtle he wishes to dispose of)—"Now, Charles, I'll tell you what he did. I put a match in his mouth, and he held it like a vise for a whole hour." Second Fresh. (who has already lost three boxes of this article)—"Enough said. I'll take him,

and put my box of matches in his jaws for safe keeping. What's the price?"—*Argus.*

The Sophomore who politely asked his landlady for a comb to arrange his butter with, has changed his boarding-place because, he says, he prefers a longer walk this warm weather.—*Lawrence Coll.*

A paper innocently asks if there is any harm in sitting in the laps(e) of ages? George thinks it depends upon the kind of ages selected. Those from seventeen to twenty-five are extra hazardous.—*Review.*

During the recent revival in college, a Sophomore informed his chum of the conversion of a mutual friend, whereupon the considerate young man exclaimed: "By jolly, I am glad of that, for now I can sell him my Bible."—*Dickinsonian.*

A Harvard student from Fitchburg broke through the ice, while skating, where the water was only four feet deep. When he was hauled out and laid upon the ice, he faintly whispered: "Boys, I didn't care for myself, but I'm engaged."—*Ex.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE Freshman Class will number about 25.

The waiter business is losing popularity.

"Who are the first miners?" is the great question.

Prof. Stanton has returned with improved health. The Juniors hope to hear those promised lectures at an early day.

The base-ball grounds have been put in order, and we hope that a strong nine will soon be organized and practicing to contest the State championship. Several new players are expected this term.

We are pained to record the decease of Arthur G. Moulton, of the class of '74, who died in Greene, Me., June 24th. Mr. Moulton, at the time of his death, was Principal of Lapham Institute, No. Scituate, R. I. He was a man of fine scholarly attainments, and his loss will be felt by the College.

The first college regatta took place between Harvard and Yale at Lake Winnepiseogee in 1852.

Some members of the Sophomore Class at Wesleyan University were recently fined for hazing, in one of the courts of Middletown, Conn.

Prof. Huxley has 350 students at Edinburgh.

The New York *Herald* proposes an inter-collegiate rifle match.

\$100,000 has been subscribed as an endowment fund for Bowdoin.

Bowdoin gives four reasons accounting for her position at Saratoga.

Harvard offers 95 electives in 11 departments, 18 of which are in Greek.

It is a lucky year for Cornell. She wins the prizes both for brain and muscle.

Jeff. Davis has declined the Presidency of the Texas Agricultural College.

C. D. Foss, D.D., has been chosen for the Presidency of Wesleyan University.

Three new colleges for women will open next year. Let them increase and multiply.

The Maryland Agricultural College has only thirty-five students and a debt of \$10,000.—*Herald*.

The largest university in the German Empire is that of Berlin, which had, in the summer term of 1874, 2,980 students and 187 professors.

PERSONALS.

'72.—Rev. F. H. Peckham has accepted a call to preach to the Free Baptist and Christian Societies at Newport, Me.

'73.—E. P. Sampson has been chosen principal of the Ellsworth High School.

'75.—Monmouth, July 21st, by Rev. O. M. Rogers, A. M. Spear and Miss Helen F. Andrews. Mr. Spear has been elected Principal of No. Anson Academy.

'74.—W. H. Ham is Principal of the High School at Princeton, Me.

'75.—L. M. Palmer is Principal of Hopkinton, Mass., Academy.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni, in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Eds.]

CLASS OF 1870.

LINDLEY MURRAY WEBB. Born in Windham, Maine, March 7th, 1849. Son of John and Martha M. Webb.

Fitted for College at Gorham Seminary, Gorham, Me.

1870, Entered the law office of Davis & Drummond, Portland, Me.

1872, Admitted to the bar in October, and began the practice of law in Portland.

1874, Married to Miss Clara L. Cobb of Gray, Me.

P. O. address, 88 Exchange St., Portland, Me.

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REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D., Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.	GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.
JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.	THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M., Professor of Hebrew.
REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.	REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D., Lecturer on History.
RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M., Professor of Chemistry and Geology.	CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B., Instructor.
THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages.	FRANK W. COBB, A.B., Tutor.
EDMUND R. ANGELL, Tutor.	

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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No. 8.

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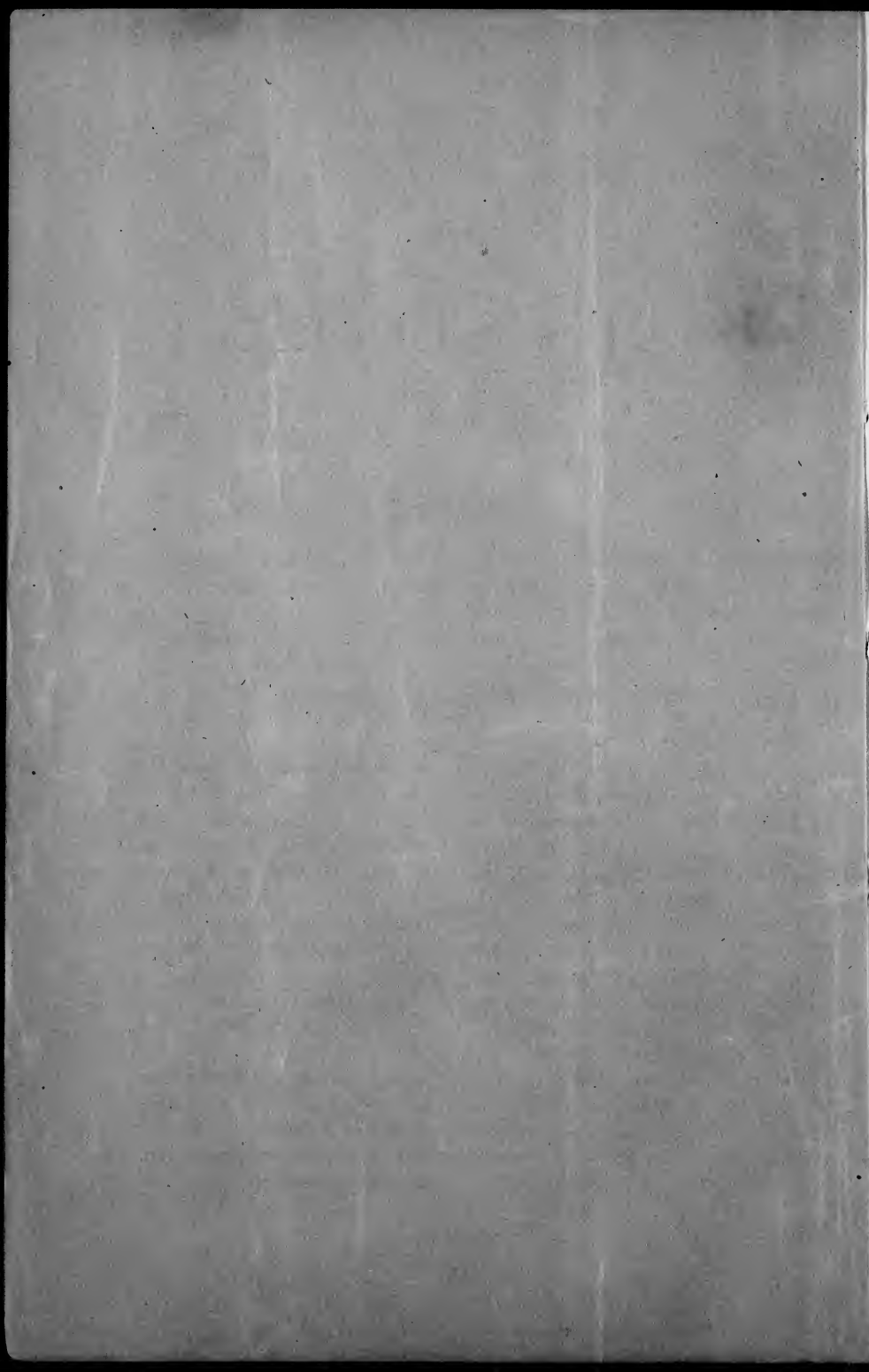
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LEWISTON:

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

1875.



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FETTERS.

THERE is somewhere a limit beyond which mortal progress can not extend; but nowhere can we find in history, or see at the present day, where any people or individuals have reached that boundary. Yet many thinkers of our time would fain convince the people that in theology and social science we have reached a degree of excellence beyond which it is impossible to pass.

These men appear to see the bounds plainly; they try to show them to the people and say, "Thus far and no farther." Every age has had such fetters, and the effects are that civilization is retarded by wrong influences and bad teachings; and with a very few exceptions fetters make men dependent, weak, and anything but what God designed they should be; yet we fail to see it in the present because we are taught how not to see it or think of it.

But first let us look at the past. The Greeks and Romans were as sincere as we are, and we can only pity them, as we remember how they searched for God among the stars of heaven and in the elements of earth, never finding him as we know him.

Stephen was stoned because he threw off the fetters of his age and taught the truth. The Jews would not receive Christ because he came not a temporal king, as they expected he would; they asked Jesus, "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?" They nailed our Lord to the cross.

We condemn them now, but who can say that the Jews were not sincere?

I need not mention the cloud that began to gather with Edward VI., and which deluged the earth in blood through the persecution of noble men, including over two thou-

sand worthy ministers, just because they differed from the popular theological creeds.

It makes us blush with shame to think of the deeds of John Calvin. The Puritans, fleeing oppression, oppressed others in the new world. Innocent Quakers were hung. In 1690, when some were hung, as being engaged in witchcraft, Rev. John Norton, seeing them, said, "What a sad thing to see firebrands of hell hanging there." Cotton Mather's expressions are known to all. These things happened because men said "'Thus far and no farther;' we are now all right, let us alone."

Now let us look at the present. The work of Catholicism is to keep the people in ignorance. Extended education it denies them, and makes them slaves to superstition. What a slavery that is which blinds the mental vision and confines in Spain alone over 30,000 beautiful women in convents! Free thought and its expression were vetoed in Spain; a free press was not allowed. The same things were tried in Germany, and now they come to America and seek to overthrow her free institutions, ever alert, like vultures seeking their prey, and the only thing that can avail the Catholics is their sincerity through ignorance.

Protestants are sincere, but why is the church not doing the desired good to-day? Because it is full of men who understand anything else

better than they do religion, and who say that the customs of the fathers must not be departed from, as said the Jews, the Puritans, and the Calvinists of the last generation.

I see no reason why the church should make laws which shall exclude any Christian from its membership. Are we not all striving for the same object? Then wherefore these things that divide into parties? They fill with emulation denominations that should be one, and produce a sectarianism which seems a greater struggle for self than for the true good of all. Jesus came with doctrines broad enough to take in the whole world. To-day they are not able to comprehend two sects in a small village.

The sight of a minister coming fills some with horror; innocent games are hustled away, all talk of a proposed trade is dropped, the children must sit straight in their chairs without speaking for an hour, and the minister is supposed to know nothing of human nature. The church is allowed to be uninviting, while the theatre has bright lights, easy seats, and fine music. Yet the deacons wonder why the young people don't come to church oftener. Though we live in the present, we are bound by the past, and held far beneath our privilege.

One has well said, "Of all bondage none is so chilling and so killing as that which binds us to the past. We wear out our old coats

and cast them off; we wear out our creeds and cling to them, glorying in our tatters."

The idea of fate possesses some when they meet the roughness of the world face to face. When the same billows which rock the tired ship as a mother rocks her babe to sleep, swallow it with impetuosity nor leave a vestige of its remains; when the coldness of friends chills their blood; when gravity and lightning respect none. But what of it? Something of Him who made these is in man, and if the universe has savage incidents, much more savage are the atoms of man in resistance, for whom all things were made.

The mischievous torrent is taught to turn the wheel at the mill. The winds lift a thousand snowy sails. Steam, dreaded until the other day, is made to propel monstrous machinery.

Electricity, which has flashed in the flying thunder-cloud, is quiet beneath the hand of man. The atmosphere presses upon us with a force equal to nearly fifteen pounds to the square inch, but the action of air within our bodies sets it right and prevents us from being crushed. If nature strikes with unlimited power, there is unlimited power in the recoil.

Custom and popular opinion fetter the world. They dictate our mode of life and style of dress. We pity the Chinese woman who cramps

her feet, and the Indian who flattens his forehead in accordance with custom, but the deformities of the intellect in civilized countries, caused by the despotism of public opinion, are much worse. The tattooed faces of the South Sea Islanders are not so hideous or injurious as some of our persons disfigured by dress. As soon as we begin to think, theories and beliefs are presented to us which we are presumed to accept.

We should listen to the experiences of others. Due respect belongs to the opinions and customs of our fathers, but before all others we should be just to ourselves. When we are we honor God.

The world needs men of individuality, men who do not feel obliged to say yes because everybody else does; men with pure grit and backbone, who are sure to succeed because men worthy of success are not those who need the approbation and applause of the people for existence.

Our country boasts of its independence and liberated slaves, but the galling chains of Egyptian bondage and the southern plain are not comparable with the fetters that bind the thoughts and spirits of men in America.

The great centennial is coming to celebrate America's prosperity. Better would it be if it was to celebrate a day in which the national debt which binds us should be wiped out, when monopolies and stock-compa-

nies would have lost their power to convulse the country and govern the laboring classes ; when all could fully realize that "true liberty is the significance of the individual, the grandeur of duty, the power of character." So far as man thinks he is free, and only so far, is he a true man.

This life is the place for development, and man will develop and become strong only in proportion as he is just to himself, ever remembering that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," for where and when we least think it we are enslaved and fettered.

OCTOBER.

GRIM-VISAGED Time is sternly forging the last link
 That lengthens out the chain of seasons with the year.
 Into the lap of the great Past, months slowly sink,
 And on their bosoms bear away our parting tear.

'Tis well! each blow that moulds links in time's endless chain
 Beats out some cheerful spark to light earth's devious way:
 Dissolving seasons sink their weight of human pain
 In the receding darkness that preludes approaching day.

This morn the grandest flood of sunlight bathed the earth
 That ever poured in golden rays from yon great sphere;
 And had an angel swept through space and hushed all mirth,
 Not heaven's sweetest peace divine could seem more near.

'Twas such a day as this, a mild October day,
 Ere yet the year had led the willing seasons round
 Twelve moons; the last bright gleam of sunset's parting ray
 Kissed tenderly the green grass o'er a new-made mound.

The willow's shadow rested on a woman's form
 Bowed deep in agony upon the rounded grave;
 Her face was pale and white; the lines that grief had worn
 Ran deep, and traced her care for life she could not save.

And as the golden russet of the sunset's glow
 Beckoned the shadows that o'er nature sadly stole,
 And threw them, like a friendly raiment settling low,
 Upon her and her dead, she thus poured forth her soul:

"God hath afflicted all within me; and the rod
That lays its withering length across my bleeding soul
I can not calmly kiss, and say the will of God
Be done, and hear the knell of all my life's joy toll.

"My darling boy! my blighted life retreats with thine
Within this grave that hides all that to me is dear;
My heart strings yearn to clasp thy tender form to mine;
Without thee, Marion, my life is blank and drear.

"A form I loved like thine, my son, once trod with me
Life's rugged course, and made my daily burden light;
I loved thee yet the more, that in thine I could see
His manly frame that death too soon snatched from my sight.

"And now thou, too, art gone! O God! if earthly love
Of earthly mothers can avail with thine own Son,
I pray, through Him, look down from thy great throne above
Upon the grave of him I love, and death hath won.

"Let my hope's bleeding ruins perish on this mound,
And bury all its sorrows in this sacred mould,
With me and mine, ere yet the year completes its round:
I love not life; 'tis robbed of all its precious gold."

The shadows covered her; and night's dark mantle came
And gently wrapped the sacred twain from human eyes;
Celestial worlds, dim burning, held their nightly reign
And twinkled trembling gleams from out the vaulted skies.

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A year has flown from off the dial face of time;
Revolving spheres again performed their annual rounds;
To-night the lingering rays gleamed from the orb sublime
And kissed the green grass waving o'er two new-made mounds.

O human Love! whose anguish bursts the human breast,
And, bleeding, dies beside its sister, Hope, in vain,
In heaven's peace a God of Love shall give thee rest
Where grief, and tears, and death can never come again.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN THOUGHT.

THERE are those who laugh and those who weep; those who make the best of everything, however bad it may be, who see the "silver lining to the darkest cloud," and live in hope that there will be a "turn in the lane by-and-by." On the other hand, there are those who can not see anything that is good, and who growl because clouds obscure the sun, and again are vexed because it shines with such intensity. Among the latter class are found those who are so sour and morose that not even the faintest gleam of sunny thought can pierce the gloomy shades which overshadow them; and it is such as these who are forever discovering a lion in their path, and whose cry is: if some one would only come or some would go, or if some one would do this or some one would do that, or "if that wall was thrown down or that fence built up—oh, how happy we should be!"

Doubtless some of those who are gloomy and whose "courage is ever at the lowest ebb," belong to that class who have not the faculty of seeing the bright side, though they strive ever so hard to climb out of the valley—in other words they have not learned the philosophy of being joyous. But frequently we meet those who seem to think it a part of their duty and daily

work to whine, scold, and snarl at the mirthfulness of others.

Yet some people really exhibit more good sense in laughing than others do in preaching. To be merry, at a proper time and with due restrictions placed upon mirthfulness, is practical good sense.

The Creator of the human soul, which is capable of so many pleasurable emotions, and of all animal creation, has written out His will upon this subject, in the faculty of mirthfulness which He has given to every creature. The general joy of the animal creation—the frolics of the lamb, the gay prancings of the horse, the gambols of the squirrel amid the tree-tops, and the sweet songs of the birds, declare that joyousness is as natural as breath.

The innocent jokes which we fling in playfulness of spirit at each other, and the little pleasantries which pass from tongue to tongue, like electric sparks of joy, what are these but the outbursts of nature?

There are a thousand little troubles, trials, and disappointments that vex us, and make us sad. There are hardships, toils, and gloomy thoughts which would break down and overcome us, were it not for the free and joyous spirit within to cheer and strengthen our fainting courage, and often we have felt that "a merry heart doeth good like medicine."

Cheerfulness is regarded as absolutely essential to physical and mental health, for nothing is more paralyzing to mental energies and destroys the vigorous action of the body more than a cold, cheerless state of mind. The experience of every one teaches him that it is better to resist sorrow and gloom than to succumb to them; that dependency is hateful and destructive of happiness, and that all which detracts from willing and vigorous labor is wrong.

Contrast the life of that individual whose heart is overshadowed with cheerless thoughts, and whose countenance is the very index of sadness, with that of him who takes joy in his existence, and is glad that he is one of the great multitude of the living. Gloom and despair are want of sympathy of will, and dependency is by no means the best coin wherewith to redeem our own or another's disaster.

The mind is called the "glory of man." It is, indeed, the vast mental storehouse whence he draws intellectual and spiritual life and with which he beautifies his own existence; and since a healthy and uncontaminated body is necessary for a pure and elevated mind, it follows that the intellectual and social condition of man is improved by the vigor and glow given by the cheerful influences which come from a joyous heart.

Men who have sustained them-

selves in hours of great trials and grave responsibilities, have done it by hopeful views and by looking upon the sunny side of everything.

Abraham Lincoln was noted for his jocularity and amusing stories, and when the nation's life was in peril, and his heart was burdened with cares and anxiety, he cheered himself and others about him by relating some pleasing anecdote; and he is reported as often saying that if it were not for these outbursts of humor he should be overwhelmed with gloomy thoughts that came flooding in upon him. Man is a meditating being, whose happiness lies in his meditations; and to be happy, and to have the warmth and the sunshine which a genial nature brings to the heart, he must shut out the cold, selfish thoughts and bring in their stead the bright and pleasing. He who is continually exercising scorn toward the pleasure of society and the prizes of the world is one who has failed in the experiment of life and been soured by his failures.

In intellectual and practical life it is seen that those men who have cherished melancholy thoughts and brooded over morbid sorrows, instead of cultivating vigor and cheerfulness and a genial love of life, have been men whose lives have been made up of grief and distrust in mankind.

Byron's whole life was one of melancholy thoughts, mourning

that he was ever born, and often meditating suicide, and his written thoughts are an index to his feelings.

"Fain would I fly the haunts of men,—
I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
My breast requires the sullen glen
Whose gloom may suit a darkened mind."

One of the noblest of studies for man is to seek to know the philosophy of being cheerful when the

mind is depressed by real or imaginary sorrow, and this will be learned soonest by those who realize that the "richest and most sparkling pearls lie hidden in the darkest depths," and who strive to oppose gloom and despair by recalling golden memories of past scenes and associations and bathe their present thoughts in the sunlight of joyousness.

JAMES WATT.

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.
Fair crews, triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they
move,
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy
cloud."

SO sang Dr. Erasmus Darwin about the middle of the last century. The first part of this prophecy the present generation has seen most literally fulfilled. Whether the next generation or any other shall ever see the "flying chariot" as a successful mode of conveyance through "the fields of air," is yet to be decided.

There has always been in the minds of men a desire for rapid transit. Each generation has sought to do more work and with greater despatch than the preceding. Rap-

id transit has been not only desirable, but very necessary, for many reasons. It has been necessary for bringing into a close relationship the different parts of a nation; it has been necessary to the development of countries, and the breaking up and prevention of monopolies. Abundant facilities for internal communication are found to be as necessary to the growth and prosperity of a nation as are perfect organs of circulation to the health of the individual. Post roads and canals were the first steps in the improvement of internal communication. But as by the rapid increase in population and the invention of new tools and machines the productions of the world were greatly increased, turnpikes and canals proved insufficient, and some new motive power was sought for, since, for the work they

could do, horses were expensive, while the wind was uncertain and difficult to manage. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention; steam was applied as a motive power, and to-day we have the iron horse, with his iron track, in every civilized country, and the steamship ploughing the waters of every sea.

But it was not on account of the demand for better modes of transit that the power of steam was brought into notice. Indeed, this very demand was in part the result of the application of steam power to many processes of manufacturing. To minds interested in the natural sciences, steam has always been an interesting object of study, and almost as far back as authentic history goes we find evidence that some idea of its power had been gained. No one man can be pointed out as the inventor of the steam engine. Yet, as has been said, "More nations than ever claimed to be the birthplace of Homer have claimed some one of their citizens as the original inventor of the steam engine." The truth is, it is the result of a long succession of inventions and improvements. It was for no one man to begin at the beginning and solve the whole problem of steam power and its application. One discovery, improvement, invention, was made by one philosopher, another by another, and so on until the steam engine became the greatest gift of man's inventive genius to the race.

Prominent among these inventors stands the name of James Watt, not the inventor of the steam engine, as he is sometimes called, though he never claimed that honor, but the inventor of certain improvements which made the steam engine the mighty power it is. James Watt was born at Greenock, Scotland, January 19th, 1736. He seems to have been descended from a family of excellent mathematical abilities and a natural taste for scientific pursuits; his grandfather having been a teacher of mathematics, his uncle a surveyor and engineer, and his father a dealer in mathematical instruments. Throughout his whole life Watt was troubled with great delicacy of health, and in childhood was unable to attend with any regularity the public schools. But his early education was not neglected by his parents; and many anecdotes are related of his early display of a taste for mathematics and for the invention and construction of toys. His favorite books were works upon Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology. When eighteen years of age it was decided by Watt and his parents that he should adopt the business of a mathematical instrument maker. For this business he seemed to be well qualified by his accurate eye and mechanical skill; and Watt probably saw that this business would be likely to lead to a farther acquaintance with the natural sciences. In 1755 he

went to London to learn his trade, and though he spent but one year there, so diligently did he apply himself to his work that at the end of that time he was as skilled in the business as any journeyman having served a full term of apprenticeship. Returning to Glasgow with the intention of immediately entering upon his chosen work, but being prohibited from opening a shop within the city, since he was not the son of a burgess and had not served a regular apprenticeship, he was taken into the University, furnished a shop, and given the title of Mathematical Instrument Maker to the University of Glasgow.

Of this act the University might well be proud, and certainly the patrons of Watt never had reason to be disappointed in him. While here Watt built up quite a business in Scotland and England, and what was better, attracted the attention and won the life-long friendship of Dr. Black, the originator of the theory of latent heat, and Professor Robison, men practically interested in the advancement of science. Here, too, his attention was first turned to the study of the steam or "fire engine," as it then existed.

As we have said, there had long been among men some idea of the expansive power of steam, and many attempts had been made to turn it to use, but, with the exception of the expensive and inefficient

engines of Savery and Newcomen, none of these attempts had met with any degree of success. The names of Hero of Alexandria, Solomon DeCaus, Marquis of Worcester, Papin, Savery, and Newcomen are closely connected with the early history of the steam engine. Hero's engine was only a metallic ball to which a rotatory motion was given by steam issuing from tubes bent at right angles near the orifice so as to produce unbalanced pressure. DeCaus and the Marquis of Worcester brought the pressure of steam to bear upon water so as to raise it above its level. With Papin originated the idea of a piston to be raised in a cylinder by the force of steam and forced down again by atmospheric pressure, the steam having been condensed and a vacuum formed. Savery conceived the idea of raising water by means of a suction pipe into a receiver in which a vacuum had been formed by condensation of steam, and then raising it still higher by bringing the pressure of steam to bear upon the water in the receiver. Later, Newcomen united Papin's piston and cylinder with Savery's separate boiler and furnace.

Thus far the improvements had been purely mechanical, and we might almost say accidental, since they were the results of noticing the action of steam when left to itself, and not of careful study of its nature and properties. It was re-

served for Watt to study this problem in a philosophical manner, and by purely scientific discoveries and inventions to do more in a few years for the improvement of the steam engine than had been done in all the centuries since the days of Hero. In the winter of 1763 a small model of Newcomen's steam engine, belonging to the Natural Philosophy class of the University, was brought to Mr. Watt for repairs. Having repaired it he was struck by the fact that its boiler, though apparently large enough, did not supply the cylinder with steam; on further observation he was convinced that the cylinder exposed too great a surface in proportion to its contents to the cooling effects of the atmosphere. This led him to consider still further the great waste of steam and so of fuel in Newcomen's engines; since by injecting cold water into the cylinder to condense the steam, that the piston might be forced down by atmospheric pressure, the cylinder was made cold; and on bringing steam in again a large quantity must be expended in reheating the cylinder before the tension of the steam would be sufficient to raise the piston.

The problem now became in Watt's mind a purely scientific one—how from a given amount of steam, or, what was the same thing, a given amount of fuel and water, he should obtain the greatest power. He now began experimenting

upon the elasticity of steam and its relations to the atmosphere and temperature. From these experiments he established the rule that as the temperatures increase in an arithmetical ratio, the elasticities increase in a geometrical ratio. By these experiments, made during the year 1764, Watt became convinced that in order to have a perfect steam engine the cylinder must always be as hot as the steam which entered it, and that the steam when condensed should be cooled to 100° , or even lower, that there should be nothing to retard the downward motion of the piston. But how should these seemingly incompatible points be united? After much groping in the dark another principle of physics flashed across his mind, viz., that if communication be opened between two vessels containing the same liquid at different temperatures the tension in each vessel becomes that corresponding to the lower temperature. Watt had now arrived at the idea of a separate condenser, that invention which alone would be sufficient to place his name high among those of the world's inventive geniuses. Other minor improvements, as pumps to remove the water, steam, and air from the condenser; the introduction of steam to the upper surface of the piston, making the machine truly a steam and not an atmospheric engine; followed in rapid succession. It would seem

that Watt had now an open road to honor and pecuniary reward for his arduous labors. But a large engine must first be built that the practical worth of these inventions might be proved; and for this purpose a large amount of capital was needed. A partnership is formed with Dr. Roebuck, a man of great energy and excellent business ability, and a patent taken out for "A New Method of Lessening the Consumption of Steam, and consequently of Fuel, in Fire Engines." But fickle Fortune frowns upon the Doctor's affairs, and the progress of the new engine is brought to a stand for some years. Watt meanwhile is obliged to engage in some immediately paying business, and turns his attention to engineering, surveying and superintending the construction of several canals, building bridges, and improving harbors.

At the settlement of Dr. Roebuck's affairs his share in Watt's patent was transferred to Mr. Boulton, a strong friend of Watt's and greatly interested in his engine. Having obtained an extension of the time for which the patent was granted, though the request met in Parliament a strong opposition headed by the "immortal Burke" himself, Messrs. Boulton and Watt began the construction of engines for draining mines. After making all necessary plans and specifications, superintending the construction and keeping their work in

repair for a year, they only asked that the difference in the amount of fuel required by other engines and that required by theirs should be carefully estimated, divided into three parts, and one-third given to them. The facts that at one mine it was found advantageous to buy the inventor's right for £2,400, or \$11,616 annually, and that by the construction of engines on such moderate terms Boulton and Watt were able to amass fortunes, testify to the worth of Watt's improvements.

It was only a display of human nature that many miners, after having grown rich by Watt's improvements, should attempt to apply them to their old engines, and thus deprive him of the moderate price for the use of the improvements. A powerful attempt was made in the courts to overthrow Watt's privilege, by proving that he had invented no machine but only abstract ideas! Yes, they were ideas, but such as could come only from a mind of most wonderful inventive powers—ideas which have revolutionized the whole industrial world. By these ideas the power of the steam engine was not only greatly increased, but it was made perfectly subject to man's will and pleasure. It performs the most delicate as well as the mightiest operations. Water, wind, and steam are our three great motive powers. Wind and water can only be used in certain localities

or at certain seasons, while steam is used everywhere and at all times. It sends our ships across the ocean independently of the wind. It whirls loaded cars over the land with a speed beyond that of the swiftest race-horse. It is beyond the human mind to comprehend the almost infinite value of the steam engine. And for all this we owe more to James Watt than to any other man.

In addition to continued minor improvements upon his steam engine, such as parallel motion, throttle valve, the governor, the steam barometer and steam gauge, Watt invented a micrometer for measuring distances, a machine for drying linen by steam, a process for copying statuary and sculpture, and deserves a large share, to say the least, in the honor of the discovery of the composition of water.

According to Watt's contempora-

ries he was a man of wonderful intellectual powers. His memory, especially, was great, and had the happy faculty of retaining only what was valuable. He was acquainted with all the modern languages and well read in their literature. He was able and willing at any time to converse upon subjects literary as well as scientific. Walter Scott, in a tribute paid to his distinguished fellow countryman in the preface to "Old Mortality," says, "He was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings." It is well for us to study the life of such men, for we are apt to regard men of science as men of but few ideas. But here we find a man eminent above all of his time in science, and yet interested and well-read in the lighter literature of the day.

MILTON AS A POLITICIAN.

THE times of the English Commonwealth and of John Milton are separated from us as by a gulf. They do not immediately concern us at the present day, since we are so far removed from them. They can not excite our passions nor appeal to our party prejudices; for this very reason they appeal to our

judgment and excite a keen philosophical curiosity. So that, looking back to the time when the discontent of the Puritans was fast drawing to a head against the tyranny of the Stuarts, we can judge of the conduct and writings of Milton without prejudice.

It is obvious to any one, at a

glance, that God has not made any such thing as a complete recollection of the events of past ages possible. But we are not devoid of all benefit from past ages because we lose the remembrance of many of their events and actors. The principle and best fruits of the past come down to us, even if attending circumstances are not recorded. We all recognize it as the wondrous felicity of certain historical characters that we know so little and yet seem to know so much, and that of a type so impressive.

For, if their whole history were written so as to answer all inquiries and bring all circumstances into light, the additions made would rather mar and flatten than raise these great characters. One must be a truly remarkable man if his name can be perpetuated untarnished by trivial and unwarranted criticisms.

If Milton were known as perfectly as some critics would have him known, we should not have the Milton of to-day compelling us to give almost unbounded admiration to his lofty and wondrous thoughts and his pure love of liberty; and therefore it is, I conceive, that when God has withdrawn from earth some highest, grandest miracle of character, which has done much for the world, he makes use of time to brush away all the trivial and petty faults which marred it.

In surveying Milton's political

life we are glad that trivial controversies and unimportant circumstances are blotted out by the hand of time and there remain to us only the flashings of his genius and his lofty patriotism.

At the time when Milton reached manhood the unity of the life of England was rent and there were two conspicuous theories of life, to one of which each man was compelled to attach himself; two experiments of living, one of which each person must essay; two doctrines in religion, two tendencies in politics, and two systems of social conduct and manners. The large "insouciance" of the earlier fashion of living was gone; every one could tell why he was, what he was. Looking back, we have a right to say that Milton was the first statesman of his time. Cromwell and the rest were trained in the rough school of a statesmanship which does not miss its mark. There was no lack of will, and they found out the way. But when they had to defend in letters the work they had done; where as against a defeated church or a throne overturned, they had to justify in eternal argument their course—to whom had they to turn but to John Milton?

At the time of these changes he was traveling in Italy, and was intending to go forward into Greece, Egypt, and Syria. Suddenly there came to him great tidings from his

native land—so great indeed that, to the ear of Milton, who so well knew to what issue the public disputes were tending, they roused and alarmed him. At such a time and with such prospects what honest patriot could have endured to absent himself from his country, and with no more substantial excuse than a desire to gratify his classical and archæological tastes—tastes liberal and honorable beyond a doubt, but not of a rank to interfere with more solemn duties. Laying aside everything but love of liberty Milton returned to England.

Johnson petulantly taunts him with "great promise and small performance" in returning from Italy because his country was in danger, and then opening a private school. Milton, wiser, saw no absurdity in this conduct. He returned to his revolutionized country and assumed an honest and useful task by which he might serve the state daily, whilst he launched from time to time his formidable bolts against the enemies of liberty.

These productions were earnest, spiritual, rich with allusions and sparkling with innumerable ornaments. They were remarkable compositions, the fruit of his public life, and having for their ideal centre a conception of human liberty.

Milton seldom ever deigned a glance at the obstacles to be overcome before that which he proposed could be done. There is

no attempt to conciliate—no moderate, no preparatory course suggested; but peremptory and impassioned he demands at the instant ideal justice. For this reason some of his writings lack soundness of judgment and great merit. But when he comes to speak of the reason of a thing, then he always recovers himself. His "*Areopagitica*," the discourse addressed to Parliament in favor of removing the censorship of the press, is the most splendid of his prose works; in it he insists that a book should come into the world "as freely as a man, so only it bear the name of the author or printer, and be responsible for itself like a man." It is, as Luther said of one of Melancthon's writings, "alive, hath hands and feet, and not like Erasmus' sentences, which were made, not grown." This tract is still a magazine of reasons for the freedom of the press.

The events which produced these tracts, the practical issues to which they tended, were mere occasions for the philanthropist to blow his trumpet for human rights. They are all varied applications of one principle,—the liberty of the wise man. He sought absolute truth, not accommodating truth.

Thus, having been drawn into the controversies of the times, he is yet never lost in a party. His private opinions and private conscience always distinguished him. That which drew him to the party was his love

of liberty, ideal liberty; this, therefore, he could not sacrifice to any party. He considered "the claims of human rights as prior to those of political or party rights." He looked upon true and absolute freedom as the greatest possession of this life. Carrying out his idea of perfect liberty he proposed to establish a republic of which the federal was weak and loosely defined and the substantial power should remain with "primary assemblies."

Milton was a politician, but he had a religion and a faith. Hence he was interested in political and religious movements. Nor was he only a politician and a religious man; he was a man of letters, a man of genius.

Therefore he discovered in the

revolution other tendencies than either revolutionists or religionists discerned. He was interested in literature; he discerned the great stimulus which the revolution would give to originality and vigor of thought in the different departments of literature. He had a broad and comprehensive view of the revolution. To him it admitted of no division.

He has been rightly called the apostle of freedom—freedom in the state and church, freedom of speech and of the press. His political opinions, although almost entirely left behind in the progress of the race, found a starting point for liberty, and to them may be attributed, in no small degree, the rapid advances which it since has made.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

IN a letter received some months since, a former editor of the *STUDENT* gives us a text upon which we have often felt we might preach a feeling if not an effectual sermon. He says: "I think the greatest discouragement under our management was the lack of apparent personal interest on the part of students and alumni. Few seemed willing to contribute articles."

We would not say there has been no improvement in this respect, yet we do feel that there is not that support and encouragement given to the editors which they have a right to expect, and which are necessary to make the *STUDENT* what it should be. That two students, busy with their regular college duties, should furnish all the material for each month, no one can expect. We should like to know, however, from what literary mine you who ought to be more practically interested in the success of the magazine, think that these monthly articles are obtained. We think that the intention in giving the *STUDENT* the magazine style at its start was that it should consist largely of essays and reviews of such a character as to make it more interesting to the alumni than a weekly or fortnightly journal de-

voted wholly to college affairs. With this understanding, the editors have naturally looked to the alumni for quite a part of the articles for the literary department. We know there is not much honor to be won in writing for the *STUDENT*; it is a work of sympathy and love,—of sympathy for the editors, and of love for our Alma Mater, manifested in an interest for the success of her representative among college publications. But we think it would be good for some of our graduate friends to engage in such a work occasionally.

Two unsolicited contributions have been received thus far, and for these we feel most deeply grateful. Others, after repeated and urgent requests from the editors, have furnished articles when we know they were busily engaged either in teaching or in their professional studies. From others we have received much good advice and promises yet unfulfilled. On the whole, the greatest fault we have to find with any to whom we look for aid, is the lack of sufficient interest to contribute without repeated invitations. If at the first invitation you can not comply with the request, don't wait for a second, but seize the first opportunity to engage in this work of sympathy and love.

And this applies particularly to our fellow students. The present editors have always felt that the *STUDENT* ought to be more emphatically a magazine of the students, and to show more fully what the students can do in the way of writing. There is, and always will be, room in the *STUDENT* for the essay of the undergraduate, be he Senior or Freshman, Junior or Sophomore, as well as for that of the Alumnus. To spend an hour or two at croquet, or base-ball, or sit down in your pleasant room at evening and feel that there is nothing that must be done that night, is perhaps pleasanter than writing for the *STUDENT*, but it is well to deny self occasionally. More than this, every undergraduate ought to regard the *STUDENT* as an avenue through which, from year to year, he may make great improvement in writing. Few students go through a year without striking some subject in which they become greatly interested; and no one thing would be more beneficial than to prepare a carefully written essay upon this subject. It would lead one to the reading of many books and essays with which he might otherwise never become acquainted. It is surprising how in almost any book we find ideas upon any subject in which we are interested.

The present editorial "we" will need but little more help from any one, but we shall be satisfied if by

much speaking upon this subject we can be of any help to those who are soon to succeed us in this delightful labor.

BASE BALL.

The Base-Ball Association held a meeting at the beginning of the present term, which resulted in the election of the following officers for the coming year: President, E. H. Besse; Vice President, P. R. Clason; Secretary, J. W. Smith; Treasurer, O. B. Clason; Directors, G. H. Wyman, T. Buker, J. P. James. By an amendment to the constitution, E. R. Goodwin has since been chosen Chairman of the Board of Directors and General Manager. At the same meeting a committee was appointed to select a first nine, which subsequently reported as follows: P. R. Clason, Oakes, O. B. Clason, Whitney, Burr, Lombard, Noble, Adams, Hoyt, with Hutchins as substitute. The first game of the fall season was played with the Stars of Mechanic Falls, on their grounds, Saturday, Sept. 11. Our boys, somewhat contrary to expectation, found their opponents a difficult club to beat, it being composed of the best players selected from several disbanded clubs in the vicinity. The College nine was materially weakened by the absence of Oakes, the regular pitcher, but by hard work managed to lead the score throughout the game. On the following Saturday the Nine played a game with the

BATES.					ANDROSCOGGIN.				
R.	P.	O.	1b.	E. A.	R.	P.	O.	1b.	E. A.
Hoyt, r. f. . . .	1	1	0	1	Piggott, 3d b. 1	3	0	1	1
Adams, c. f. 1	0	0	0	0	Fitzgerald, r. f. 1	2	0	0	0
Lombard, 3d b. 4	1	1	2	Wilson, 2d b. 0	1	0	2	1	
Clason, c. . . .	4	0	5	9 Oxley, c. . . .	0	9	0	5	1
Noble, l. f. . . .	0	0	1	0	Callahan, l. f. 0	2	0	0	0
Burr, s.	0	0	1	1	Keefe, 1st b. . .	0	5	0	0
Whitney, 2d b. 1	1	1	4	0	Coburn, s. s. . .	1	2	0	1
Clason, 1st b. 2	16	3	2	4	O'Brien, c. f. 1	3	0	2	3
Oakes, p. . . .	0	1	2	1	3 Egan, p.	2	0	3	0
Total.	5	27	8	15	Total.	6	27	3	11

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	1	0-5
Androscoggin. . .	1	0	2	0	1	0	1	1	0-6

Umpire, Dr. Foster. Time of game 1 h. 40 m.

BATES.					BOWDOIN.				
R.	P.	O.	1b.	E. A.	R.	P.	O.	1b.	E. A.
Adams, c. f. 2	1	2	3	4	Payson, p. . . .	2	2	1	1
Lombard, 3d b. 1	3	1	4	0	Fuller, l. f. . .	0	2	1	0
Croscup, s. 3	1	3	3	4	Potter, 2d b. 0	0	0	3	2
Noble, l. f. . .	2	1	2	0	Wright, c. . . .	2	8	2	12
Madden, 2d b. 2	3	0	6	4	Waite, c. f. . .	2	2	1	1
Oakes, p. . . .	1	0	1	2	3 Cobb, 3d b. . .	2	2	0	4
Clason, 1st b. 1	13	1	0	0	Melcher, s. s. 3	0	1	3	0
Whitney, r. f. 2	1	1	0	0	Sanford, 1st b. 1	10	1	5	0
Clason, c. . .	1	4	0	6	4 Perry, r. f. . .	0	0	1	0
Total.	15	27	10	21	Total.	12	27	8	23

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.	3	1	1	0	8	1	0	1	0-15
Bowdoin.	0	5	0	0	3	1	2	0	1-12

Umpire, Dr. Foster. Time of game, 2 hours 20 minutes.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges, "those exponents of the thought and culture of the institutions they represent," and which are supposed to be such a power for good, are beginning to pour in more rapidly. We like to greet these weekly, fortnightly, or monthly visitors, and are disappointed if each mail does not bring one or more. Commencement and Saratoga have received at least their full share of attention, and will now be allowed to rest until another July or September. Yet these subjects were not wholly devoid of interest; we are pleased to learn that so many Commencement exercises were, for some reason, of an unusually interesting nature, and are

specially glad to know the "reasons why our crew did not win."

The *Oberlin Review* is full of college news. The article, "The Man of Items and the Man of Principles" contains as good an argument for the usual prescribed college curriculum as we often see. From the contrast which the editors make between the gentlemen's reading room and that of the ladies, we infer that co-education has not destroyed the average Oberlin college boy's love for destroying property.

The *Amherst Student* has passed into the hands of the Junior Class. Some of our exchanges speak of the *Student* as heavy and uninteresting, but we fail to see it. It contains a fair share of literary articles, and certainly is not lacking in college news and items of interest.

We are struck by the great amount of good advice bestowed upon Freshmen by our exchanges. This is all very proper, perhaps, and in some cases may do a vast amount of good, yet we doubt not that some of these Freshmen are older and have seen more of the world than these wise editors who are dispensing so much gratuitous advice. A recent number of the *Yale Record* has a classical article entitled, "A Yawp to the Freshmen." The editors of the *Record* are evidently live men, and the *Record* is about their idea of what a college paper should be. They get some good hits at the secular and religious press for their

attacks upon the students, and their exaggerations of any little college affair. But the *Record* has a most ridiculous way of commenting upon its exchanges. Everything is turned and twisted to appear in the most ridiculous light.

The *Union College Magazine*, though rather behind time, the June number not reaching us until the last of September, is one of our ablest visitors, and is a credit to the college. "The Spring-Time of English Literature," "Shakespeare and Milton," and "Oliver Goldsmith," though of the class called "heavy," are written in an interesting style, and are well worthy a careful perusal. The first two seem to have been slightly mixed in the make-up of the magazine. The poem, "Wreck of the Atlantic," has some merits, but lacks originality, either in thought or style.

The first number of the *Olio*, under the new board of editors, is hardly up to the usual standard. "Scientific Scepticism," and "The Position of the Classics," are rather stale.

The *College Journal* (Pittsburg) has a short essay upon that inexhaustible subject, "Life," upon which every school boy or girl must write at least one composition. We glance along this article, and we see just the words we expected: "Infant, guardian angel, boat, narrow stream; then boy, rudder, river, ocean, rocks, hidden shoals, tempests, and finally

a harbor." We will give \$1.57 for a well written essay upon this subject which shall not contain the words boat, river, or ocean.

From the *Alumni Journal* we should seem to have reason to expect something superior to most of our exchanges; but we must say we fail to find it. The *Journal* is printed on poor paper and its general appearance is anything but attractive. A letter from England attempts to describe an English picnic. The writer tells us that after receiving the invitation he hurried to the barber-shop, where he paid one penny for being shaved, "or rather tortured, and by half past nine was at the depot with my best clothes on." Well, that's good. It is always well to look as well as you can when away from home. But how much more interesting it would have been if the gentleman had only described those "best clothes." This writer is evidently a strictly temperate man, for he won't drink a glass of beer under any circumstances, but he admires the English custom of having four meals daily, and thinks it would be well to insert one or two more! There's temperance for you. A young lady has been elected assistant editor of the *Journal*, and speaking of her predecessor, she says she could "keep house nicely in one of his boots, and have rooms to let." Is that a joke? If true, it's too bad to twit on facts in so public a manner.

The *Crimson* exults over Harvard's two hundred and thirty Freshmen, and on reading that the class at Bates numbers twenty-five, "the business ability of the financial editor of the *STUDENT* becomes such a theme for soaring imagination that we are forced to abandon prose-writing for the present." Well, we are sorry for you, but we don't think the world will suffer any, unless you attempt poetry.

THE "ALMIGHTY DOLLAR."

Would our subscribers like to know how the *STUDENT* is prospering

financially? We are happy to say that our prospect is, for the most part, of the most encouraging nature. Our advertising columns are filled to overflowing, while the constant additions to the subscription list bespeak an increasing patronage. But the subscriber's dollar is seldom welcomed to our table. Is there any remedy for this? We hope our subscribers will sympathize with us in this our only difficulty, and immediately favor us with responses intended to throw light and encouragement upon it.

ODDS AND ENDS.

MILK of lime, as a pigment, is not a success.

A coal-man was lately heard inquiring where Parker Hall lived.

If any man speaks a word derogatory to base-ball, "shoot him on the spot."

Who were the most intemperate people mentioned in the Bible? The Git-tites.

The second baseman has retired; his sensorium was not sufficiently extended for the position.

The optical powers of the Seniors are pronounced excellent when exercised in certain directions.

Pure and unadulterated joy,—that of the Freshman who finds in the library a translation of Thucydides.

It may be all right, but it seems to us that our assistant chemist has to visit the City Agency rather frequently.

Prof.—"When is the focus of an ellipse nearest the curve?" Student—"When its longevity is greatest."

We wish that the Faculty would grant a little more time for recreation, so that superfluous activity might all be worked off in the daytime.

As one of the Androscoggins stepped in to strike, in the late game, one youngster was heard to remark confidentially to another, "That feller's bat weighs forty-six pounds."

The Sophs. have a habit of ducking their heads below their coat collars and making a most distressing noise. The Profs. say that they must be muzzled if this habit interferes with "*Sleep.*"

Barnum^a lecture here, but he thinks, "if he knows his own heart," that he shall not give another show in Lewiston at present; there are too many ministers in town who want to go for nothing, or at least half-price.

Prof.—"How do we obtain sugar from woody fibre?" Senior—"By boiling the fibre." Prof.—"No, there is no sweetness in the material itself." Senior—"I suppose, then, we must boil it in some sweet solution." Prof. funeralizes his countenance, and says no more.

Professor, speaking of the magnitude and distance of objects, says: "Mr. W., if you should see a fly on the window there, what might you suppose it to be on the mountain?" "Possibly, the observatory, sir." Class think it an illustration of "It's all in your eye!"

COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE annual game of ball between the Sophomores and Freshmen resulted in the defeat of the latter by a score of 8 to 5. It was a finely played and interesting game.

Base-Ball matters are creating unusual interest.

Dr. Jabez Burns contemplates another visit to America in 1876.

Brown University has just built a library building at a cost of \$7000.

The Library is now open from 1 to 2 P.M. We hope that this course will be continued.

The Polymnian Society has procured a fine organ with which to enliven its weekly meetings.

The Seniors lately passed a pleasant and instructive evening at Prof. Wendell's by his invitation.

Eighty-eight American Colleges and Universities conferred, last year, 146 D.D.'s. and 100 LL.D.'s.

The Nine have made a change in their uniform in the shape of gray knee-breeches and checked stockings.

Tennessee has 8 Universities, 51 Colleges; Ohio, 9 Universities, 33 Colleges; Missouri, 2 Universities, 19 Colleges; Pennsylvania, 6 Universities, 33 Colleges.

Prof. Young, of Dartmouth, has recently been elected Vice President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Juniors have elected the following men to take charge of the STUDENT for the coming year: 1st Editor, M. E. Burnham; 2d Editor, H. W. Oakes; Business Manager, O. B. Clason.

W. H. Merriman, of the Senior Class, recently sustained an injury to his eye, which it was feared at one time would cause the loss of sight. We have lately learned that his case is improving.

The officers of the Junior Class are as follows: President, F. F. Phillips; Vice President, N. P. Noble; Secretary, E. H. Besse; Treasurer, M. E. Burnham; Orator, B. T. Hathaway; Poet, Miss C. M. Warner; Historian, O. B. Clason; Chaplain, A. Merrill; Odist, H. W. Oakes; Toast Master, G. H. Wyman; Prophet, P. R. Clason; Class Committee, C. V. Emerson, L. A. Barr, Miss J. E. North.

The Freshman Class has elected the following officers: President, S. C. Mosely; Vice President, L. M. Sessions; Secretary, C. M. Hutchins; Poet, G. F. Comstock; Orator, E. M. Briggs; Historian, F. Kincaid;

Prophet, W. E. Given; Treasurer, E. A. McCollister; Toast Master, T. J. Bollin; Chaplain, G. W. Way; Committee, R. V. Johonnet, F. Howard, F. L. Buker.

The Eurosophian Society has chosen the following officers: President, E. Whitney; Vice President, N. P. Noble; Secretary, R. J. Everett; Treasurer, A. Merrill; Librarian, M. Douglass; Orator, O. W. Collins; Poet, J. W. Daniels; Editors, J. O. Emerson, J. A. Chase, F. H. Bartlett; Executive Committee, W. H. Adams, F. F. Phillips, J. P. James.

We hear that a building is soon to be erected for the accommodation of some new astronomical apparatus, including a fine telescope now in the process of manufacture.

The Polymnian Society has chosen the following officers: President: C. S. Libby; Vice President, O. B. Clason; Secretary, F. O. Mower; Treasurer, C. E. Brockway; Librarian, B. T. Hathaway; Orator, T. H. Stacy; Poet, W. H. Merryman; Editors, A. L. Morey, E. H. Besse, J. W. Hutchins, E. M. Briggs; Executive Committee, B. H. Young, J. W. Smith, M. Adams.

PERSONALS.

'67.—W. S. Stockbridge has entered upon his duties as Principal of Lapham Institute, R. I.

'73.—J. H. Baker is Principal of the High School at Denver City, Col.

'74.—R. Given, Jr., is teaching at Bowdoinham, Me.

'74.—A. Simmons is Principal of the Academy at Fryeburg, Me.

'75.—A. T. Salley is Assistant Principal of Lapham Institute, at North Scituate, Rhode Island.

'75.—F. L. Evans has accepted the charge of Northwood Academy, N. H.

'75.—G. W. Wood is taking a post-graduate course at Yale.

'75.—F. L. Washburn is studying

law in the office of H. R. Cheney, Esq., Boston, Mass.

'75.—F. B. Fuller is pursuing his studies at the Harvard Medical School.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni, in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—EDS.]

CLASS OF 1870.

JOSIAH CHASE, JR.—Bn. at York, Me., July 14, 1840. Son of Josiah and Mary B. Chase.

Fitted for College at Maine State Seminary.

1870, Entered the law office of Strout & Gage, Portland, Me.

1872, Admitted to the bar in October. P. O. address, 88 Exchange street, Portland, Maine.

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REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
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Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

OLIVER C. WENDELL, A.M.,
Professor of Astronomy.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Outline of Sallust*; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

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The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 28, 1876.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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Lewiston, May 5, 1875.

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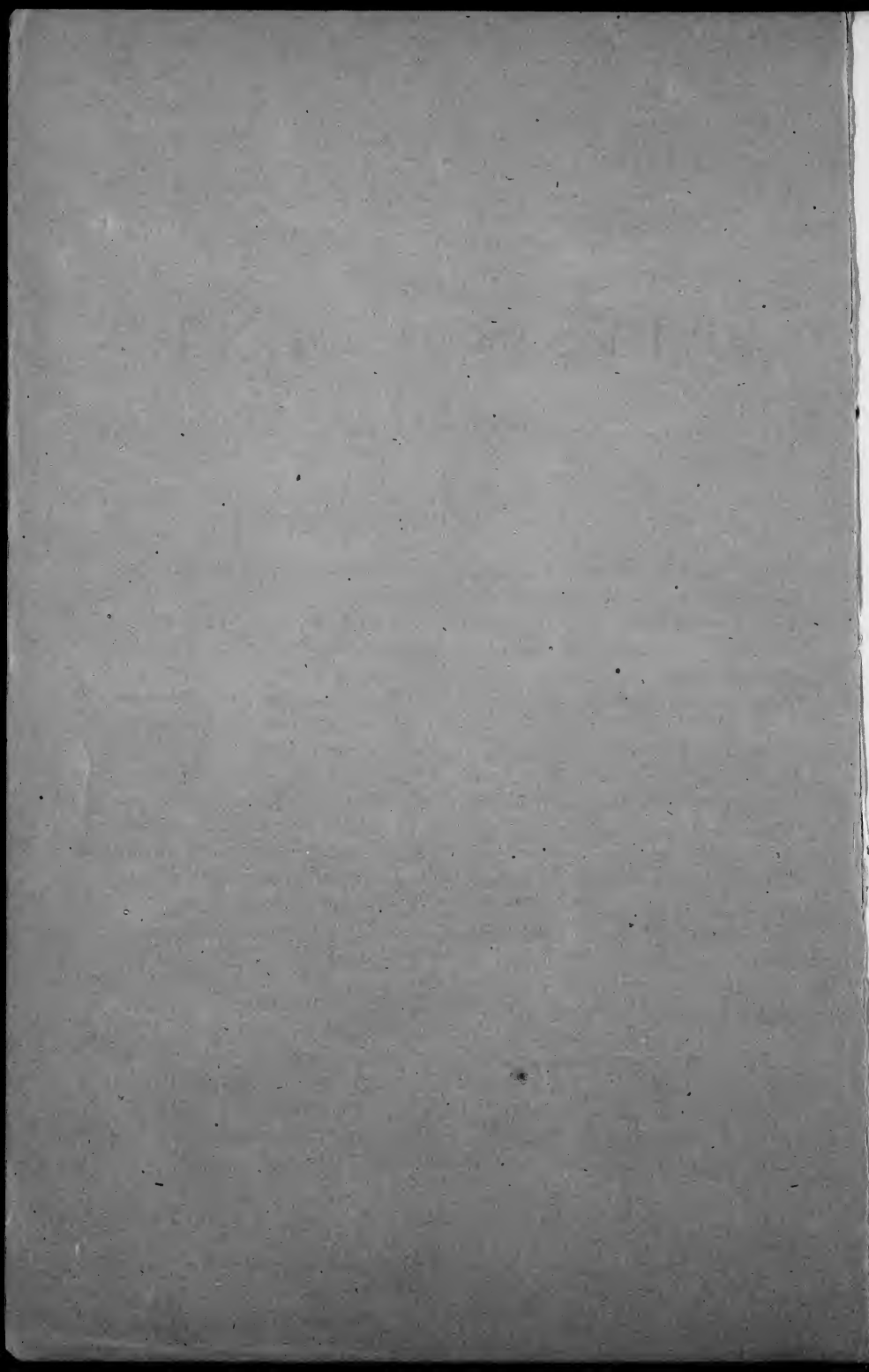
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THE PULPIT OF THE NEXT GENERATION.

THE student, interested in the progress of opinions, the conflict of ideas, finds no more engaging theme for reflection than the Christian pulpit. Beginning in the midst of prejudice and distrust, it worked its way through all obstacles, identified itself with humanity and justice, and surely, though not without difficulty, advanced till it became what it is to-day, a symbol of civilization and the fountain of morals. There is hardly a greater power in our land. If all do not conform to its requirements, none escape its influence. It forms no small factor in the education of our people, both by giving them information and by leading them to think. And since it is admitted that character is the ultimate object of education, it is evident that an institution whose office is to give direction to thought, to cultivate morals, and thereby shape

character, occupies a very important position.

The pulpit of the next generation, however, will have a work somewhat peculiar to itself. The forces are steadily and uncontrollably at work which will determine the future. We are in a state of transition, passing not, perhaps, out of one permanent condition into another, but through a period of our national growth. Time in its relentless course sweeps away not only generations of men, but customs, institutions, and opinions. It not only renews the earth with vegetation, but with tools, methods, and aspirations. The tinder box has been banished; the farmer carrying his grist to mill on horseback has disappeared; and the traveler who wishes to visit a neighboring city no longer takes his seat in the stage-coach to be rattled over long miles of dusty road.

Wonderful have been the changes since that band of Puritans, driven by persecution from their own country, landed on the western shore of the Atlantic and became the nucleus of a future nation which has stretched out its vast boundaries even to the Pacific! Since that day Torricelli has shown the world in what nature's abhorrence of a vacuum consists. The steam-engine has been invented; Franklin has brought down the lightning from the clouds and made it the servant of man; Arkwright has invented the spinning-jenny, which, with its improvements and the impetus it has given to manufacture, has driven the wheel and loom from our homes and dotted our streams with factories. Within the present century, the steam-boat has begun to ply our lakes and rivers; the railroad to furnish means of transportation and travel; and the telegraph to weave its network which has united not only village to village, but has stretched beneath the ocean and bound together the continents.

The Pilgrim Fathers brought with them the ideas and spirit of their times. They were men of unbending integrity, of highly religious temperaments, and of unbounded confidence in their theories. They organized a government to protect and institutions to cherish their favorite doctrines. Under such circumstances, not only did religion flourish, but credence was given to nearly every kind of alleged spiritual

manifestations. Witches, the very idea of which is almost ludicrous to us, were to them serious realities. The Devil and his agents were on very intimate terms with poor mortals, and like crows about a corn-field they watched to destroy every grain of goodness as soon as it should shoot forth. Troubled ghosts thought it not beneath them to be out of their graves, wandering about, if for no other reason than to show themselves.

The people always had the alternative of assigning to supernatural causes what they could not explain. But with a more general diffusion of intelligence a spirit of investigation was awakened. Advancing science found natural causes for what had before been attributed to supernatural ones. The doctrine of witches has died. The Devil has come to be hardly more than a personification of evil. The idea of spiritual agency is not yet extinct, but it is by no means a popular belief. Thus one by one have been eliminated from the catalogue of the supernatural, theories which were once universally accepted; and to-day we stand in a terrible condition of distrust and uncertainty.

The unthinking, to be sure, move on in the channels in which they started. But those who think are too often forced to confess to themselves that the grounds on which they found their hope are not so satisfactory as they wish they were.

It is not uncommon to hear men in our work-shops speculating upon the probabilities of the future, and to hear the conclusion expressed that this life is all there is of existence for man. Among those who study, the works of Huxley, Darwin, Tyn-dall, and Mill, though often spoken of with a sneer, are most certainly doing their work. The duplicity with which men deal with one another is undermining the public confidence, and leaves it uncertain how much of a particular statement is the result of the speaker's convictions, and how much of it is said because it is the thing to be said. The clearness with which science demonstrates its facts, and the frankness with which it admits its ignorance, disposes the mind to give some degree of assent, at least, to its theories; and if they chance to conflict with the present interpretation of the scripture, it seems no conclusive argument that those theories are false. When one remembers the numerous interpretations of scripture now existing, and the facility with which they have been changed in the past, the tidal waves of indignation on the other hand which now and then sweep over the pulpit of

this country at the results of science, resembling so much the sensitiveness of conscious weakness, are little calculated to inspire confidence.

Such are some of the influences which are to determine the future, and which are to be met by the pulpit of the next generation. To meet them it should have a broad culture and a deep insight. It should be so thoroughly acquainted with the modes of thought peculiar to the time, and with the amount and kind of evidence which produces assent, that it may be able to apply that mode of thought and adduce that evidence for its own themes. Or if it should not desire to confound the spheres of faith and reason, it should, at least, be able to give satisfactory reasons for the acceptance of that which faith alone may grasp. It should inculcate sincerity by both precept and example. Then, by truthfulness to itself, by faithfulness to its own peculiar mission, which for all time remains the same, the pulpit of the next generation, like that of all the past, will stand inseparably linked to all the purest, truest, dearest, and tenderest associations known to the human heart.

A PRAYER.

O THOU, Supreme, to whom I prostrate bend,
 My God, my Guide, Creator, Father, Friend!
 O by each sacred name incline to hear
 The humble purport of the creature's prayer!
 Who knows thy power unlimited can give
 More than desire can ask or thought conceive.
 Give to my conscious soul that spark divine
 Which seeks thy will alone to make it mine.
 Whether the little bark propitious sails,
 Or storms and tempests drive in adverse gales,
 Still equal, calm, undaunted, undismayed,
 Still safe with thee I shall not be afraid.
 By hope supported and by thee inspired,
 My soul shall reach the haven most desired.
 O keep the present hour from error free,
 And make it point the path which leads to thee.

THE IDEAL HISTORIAN.

THE ideal tendency of our age is nowhere more fully exemplified than in its conceptions of the proper qualifications for an historian. To the ancients the requisites seemed few and simple. Now, rules and requirements exist, more abundant and difficult than those of Cicero for a perfect orator. Then History was designed for amusement; now it means "philosophy teaching by examples." Every young coxcomb with a smattering of Hume and Macaulay will talk to you of the "dignity of history." But may it

not reasonably be asked whether after all this fine talk about the union of the historic muse with philosophy, the modern style of historical composition is, on the whole, a great improvement upon that of antiquity? Scan the shelves of our libraries, and what names for historians do they reveal? A scholar with a series of essays for a history, a politician, theologian, philosopher, each with a favorite theory to establish or an odious one to tumble down. A few like Mr. Prescott write history because they delight in it.

Ralph Waldo—a quotation from him seems not without precedent—has made this remark: “I am ashamed to see what a shallow village tale our so-called History is.” That we may not act too prematurely by adopting this view without some deliberation, let us hastily compare the real and ideal historian of ancient with that of modern times.

Rapin deemed it sufficient for an historian that he be able to tell a good story. Herodotus did more than that: he was a geographer; a searcher after scientific as well as historic truth. He was, indeed, a man whom De Quincey would call a “speculator upon the *humanities* of science.” The great pavilion of the sky; the earth with its mountains, seas, and rivers; the sun, moon, and countless stars, excited in him emotions to which we, looking with the cool, passive eye of science, are wholly strangers. Should not the historian of to-day look out upon the various phenomena of social life, which now for the first time are shaping themselves into a science, with the same childish emotions of delight that Herodotus had as he beheld the thousand pleasing forms of nature? With natural scenery Herodotus wove a fanciful fabric to please the imagination; with the wonderful laws of mind as a basis our historian must explain oft-recurring paradoxes to charm the reason. The style and language of Herodotus was in keeping with his simple knowl-

edge of nature; but this very simplicity, together with his animation, makes him the first of story-tellers. Who could wish him to have stopped the musical flow of his narrative style after relating some great event, and to have broken in with the rough jar of speculation and partisan estimates upon pros and cons, whys and wherefores? But the credulity of Herodotus in recording upon trust has exposed him to invidious remarks. Sir Robert Walpole could not refrain from changing the epithet “father of history” to “father of lies.” It is comforting to the sympathizing antiquary to reflect that Sir Robert is not everybody, and that he was bitterly prejudiced, as it is evident from his remark to his son: “Quote not to me history, for I know that to be false.”

Thucydides is a more accurate but less pleasing historian. Just as in mechanics force is gained only at the expense of time, so in histories vividness of detail must be sacrificed to comprehensiveness and profundity of reasoning. The style of Thucydides is but the exponent of the abstruse turn of thought peculiar to his age. Skeptical of hearsay, he robed his page in the sober vesture of truth. Still his faults are commensurate to his perfections. The incongruity of putting speeches in the mouths of his heroes—with his style of composition—seems wholly to have escaped his notice. What added to the efficacy of Herodotus’

style detracted from that of Thucydides. So, as History has developed in the hands of the moderns, evils have ever kept pace with the excellences.

The moderation of the ancients in their conception of an ideal historian is conspicuous among moderns only by its absence. Lucian, a very good historian himself, thought genius for political investigation and a good command of language the two prime requisites for an historian. Now every half-fledged critic will limn you a fancy portrait of his ideal historian upon a week's notice, surpassing the combined excellences of every writer, ancient and modern.

The fate of a writer in the time of Lucian should be a warning to all who expect fame in this employment. This writer devoted several introductory chapters of his history to proving the necessity that an historian have infallible wisdom. The kindness or derision of Lucian alone preserved his name from oblivion.

The philosophical element is never omitted nowadays in sketching an ideal historian. "He must be a profounder reasoner," said Lord Macaulay. No one, probably, is prepared to doubt the utility of the reasoning faculty; yet, in this new phase, history has exhibited some of the most glaring faults.

Men reason like Vico, in whose mind first arose the thought awakened by the study of Greek and Roman antiquity, that there might

be philosophy in history. He imagined the law of revolving cycles of men and events,—a law as wild and fruitless as a dream. What reason have we for the floating notion which everywhere prevails that nations, like men, are born, grow to maturity, and die? Is England an exception, or is she the Methuselah of nations?

When we survey any portion of the world's history, and see what a mixture of the clear and the inexplicable there is, truths colored by passion and prejudice, fabrications wrought and facts suppressed in support of darling theories, effects traced to wrong causes, reasons perverted by local interests; when we see men acting in given circumstances contrary to customary motives, every man's hand against his neighbor, often against himself; when we try to discern and separate effects brought about by man's will and energy from those which are the result of outward causes and conjunctures; when a Providence must be eliminated from the mysterious agency called chance, and God's hand be recognized in man's vilest work—reasoning is rebuked and philosophy as an element of an historian stands abashed. Why not? Is it permitted that professed philosophic historians answer the vital question, whence the course of man's destinies in this earth originated and whither are they tending, whether they are guided by an unseen wisdom or circle in blind mazes? The

day has passed when men attempted to answer this. The lonely monk in some mountain cell or convent spoke through his missal and breviary his convictions of divine appointment; but his words fell cold and meaningless upon the skeptical ear of the polished Gibbon. Yet, if we reject the honest but biased theories of these ecclesiasts, can we hope to gain anything from the narrow, cynical views of human life expressed by such men as Voltaire, Hume, or Gibbon?

A Marlborough could do great things in this world's business, and know no more of the philosophy of history than can be gleaned from the pages of Shakespeare. Philosophy is latent in every work of genius; for the same truths lie hidden in the perfect representation of Nature as in Nature herself. Every one, as well as De Quincey, may discern philosophy in Herodotus. So far as philosophy is concerned, Shakespeare and Homer are perfect historians.

The imagination is an element of an historian not to be disregarded. It is the informing spirit which gives life to history. Aggregates of the calculating historian never reach our sympathy. "Four thousand were shot at Acre;" does that convey to us the untold agony and suffering carried to hundreds of bereaved homes?

Lord Macaulay has gathered a thousand images of poverty and cruelty about the single word, *hearth-money*.

One who can look upon some old sachem of the forest and be reminded of the gray old mountain tops, recall at the sight of his wrinkled brow the image of granite layers, possesses an element for a good historian. Macaulay could find a world of meaning in a blurred and faded coin.

Sometimes it is remarked that American history is devoid of romantic interest. They say that the gloomy faces of the Puritans form a sober contrast with the merry sons of knighthood; that no gilded trains of royal equipment have clinked their golden spurs among the hills of America; that the gorgeous pageantry of eastern magnificence stopped upon the shores of the old world.

True, but when the enchanter Time shall throw his magic halo about our bloody struggles for civil and religious freedom, when our world-renowned traitor, distinguished duelist, histrionic regicide—if the term is allowable concerning the murderer of our chief magistrate—shall figure prominently before the dark background of oblivion, the imagination will be captivated by the tragic pen of some powerful historian. Then, if he be possessed of such disinterested love for humanity as a Walpole or Turner pleading for King Richard, Abbott for Napoleon, or De Quincey for poor Judas, what a field for the imagination in American annals! Then Arnold will become a Bruce; Booth, his country's martyr,

and the name of Jeff Davis, instead of dwindling to the microscopic size of that of Outis in the cave of Polyphemus, will become so melodious to the popular ear that every darling eldest will be saluted "Jeff." Such is the tendency of those historians who in adopting the sentiment of Carlyle, that universal history is the biography of great men, degrade it to embrace all those monsters of ambition and wickedness who attract men's imaginations by the very magnitude of their crimes. Many find fault with Macaulay's portrait of

Marlborough, as drawn only to show his defects.

Our ideal historian must avoid such errors. He must be endowed with a wonderful power of sifting individual character. He must perceive and justly value all the nice traits of genius. In short, such a wonderful prodigy of parts must be our ideal historian that the reader may well exclaim in the language of Rasselas, "Thou has convinced me that it is impossible to become an historian."

ART.

WE read in Holy Writ that man in his original state was pure and sinless, and that, untrammelled by any of the infirmities consequent upon sin, his free spirit could soar aloft upon the wings of fancy, grasp the infinite, and drink in truths of which we have but a faint conception.

But he sinned, and upon him came in all its power the curse of Almighty God, and he was driven forth a wanderer upon the face of the earth. So sad was now his condition that it awakened pity among the angels of heaven, and one of them, the brightest of the throng, descended to earth to share with him his hard lot and shed beauty

upon his pathway. The name of this angel was Art; and she has ever been true to her mission.

First among the arts in order of time arose Architecture; it was the offspring of man's necessities, and was at first extremely rude, but as he progressed in civilization it assumed a nobler aspect until it became what we see it to-day. The offsprings of Architecture—Sculpture and Painting—issued one after the other from the maternal bosom. The art of Sculpture was, *par excellence*, the art of mythological antiquity. Nor could it be otherwise—for under the empire of mythology which referred all creation to man, and recognized in the gods only

perfect men rendered immortal by beauty, the favorite, the dominant art, must have been Sculpture. Those beautiful realities, the flowers, the immense seas, the mountains, the infinite heavens, were represented only by human forms. The Earth was a woman crowned with towers, the Ocean and its depths were figured by boisterous gods, followed by Tritons and Nereids, its roaring was only the sound of marine shells blown by half-human mouths. The bark of the oak concealed the modest Hamadryad, the green prairie was a reclining nymph, and Spring herself bore the name and tunic of a young girl.

How could painting exhibit its beauty and eloquence when Nature, which contains in itself the treasury of light, and in that treasury all the colors of the palette, was entirely ignored? Now the question suggests itself naturally enough: By what means has the art of Painting taken the precedence?

The cause is this. The religion of Olympus gave the highest place to the beauty of the body, and its art was, of course, sculpture. The Christian religion placed the beauty of the soul above that of the body, and when it spread over the world, its representative art, painting, gained the ascendancy. In pagan sculpture man was naked, tranquil, beautiful. In Christian painting he is troubled, modest, and clothed. Nakedness now makes him blush,

and the flesh is a shame to him, and beauty causes fear. Henceforth he will seek his pleasures in the moral world; he will need an expressive art, an art which to touch and charm him borrows *all* the images of creation. Such an art is painting.

Without going more into the history of art, let us now consider some of the relations which it holds to society. We believe that whatever lifts us from the dull routine of common life, with its sordid cares and petty strifes, fills us with nobler aspirations, and gives to us higher, purer joys, is worthy of encouragement. Among the least of our wants are those which minister to our physical existence, those we share in common with the brute. But man is higher than these, created a little lower than the angels, and there are necessities of a higher order in his nature which if left unsupplied create an aching void.

The beautiful creations of art which appeal directly to his finer sensibilities with an influence that is irresistible, yet so subtle as to prevent all analysis, are peculiarly fitted to perform this work. Notwithstanding all this, both art and artists have been held in light esteem from Plutarch's time to the present day. The chief cause is obviously this: men respect *power*. They detect the exact amount of it present in any class of their contemporaries with an instinct that is absolutely infallible, and in strict proportion to

the amount of power present is the amount of deference yielded. Now the power of artists is of so subtle a nature that the great mass of people can scarcely detect its presence, much less be appalled by its manifestations.

The history of art has ever been the history of genius struggling against poverty and popular prejudice. It has had its days of sunshine rich and mellow, its days of shadow dark and gloomy. Although the mighty masters of former times have passed away, let no one think that their art has perished with them; on the contrary, it lives, strong in accumulated riches. Thank

Heaven, genius has not yet abandoned this earth; we have always had chosen creatures, winged natures, masters. We have them to-day, we shall have them to-morrow. From another Ictenus another Phidias shall be born, and other Raphaels will find new ways of being sublime. No—the beautiful, the ideal can never die, because from its very nature it is immortal. Although at certain periods it seemed threatened with destruction, it has but slumbered, like the Evangelist, whom the poetry of the Middle Ages represents slumbering in his tomb, where cradled by dreams he awaits the coming of the awakening angel.

THE SHORE.

I.

WILD, rugged rocks on "Cushing's" isle
 jut out to meet the restless sea,
 And form a cove, with sandy beach,
 So harbor-like that one would be
 Contented here when all is calm
 Or in the dangers of a storm.

II.

I've stood here when the limpid sea
 In gentle ripples kissed the shore,
 When lazily the ships came in
 Well freighted with their goodly store
 Of merchandise, and o'er the bar
 The sailors' welcome sounded far.

III.

And many other sails went out,
Far out across the boundless main;
I saw their masts fade in the sky,
And wondered if they'd come again;
Or if the storm and tide and wind
Would keep some one of them behind.

IV.

I've stood here when the shades of night
Hung heavy o'er the sea and land;
When wildly beat the surging waves
And flung the spray far up the strand,
And with it many a sail and spar
That took the ships across the bar.

V.

How like our lives! We sail far out,
Out, out into the misty sea;
Our boat is firm, the sails are strong,
The sea is wide, the winds are free;
Yet many, when the storm is o'er,
Will lay in wrecks upon the shore.

VI.

Once in a storm a bird flew past;
I heard the sea-gull's painful cry,
As wearily it beat its wings
In fright against the angry sky;
I saw it fly against the light,
Then fall amid the rocks and night.

VII.

My soul was not unlike the bird
That passed me when the storm was high;
And now the time to choose had come,
Which I would take, which let go by,
The joy that truly is a joy,
Or that which comes but to destroy.

The Shore.

VIII.

Ah! he who gives the lily clothes,
And notes the trembling sparrow's fall,
Will never leave his flock alone;
He watches o'er and cares for all:
And when the tempter's grasp is strong,
A kindly hand would shield from wrong.

IX.

Close by my side the withered moss
Lay, sere and crisp, along the sand,
And some was beaten on the waves,
And thrown far in upon the land;
While some clung firmly to its rock,
And trembled when the rushing shock

X.

Was o'er, and swift retreating tides
Pulled at the sinews of its life.
Should I be tossed on waves like these
Against the cliffs, or leave the strife,
To die upon the barren shore,
Unknown, uncared-for evermore?

XI.

Or like the moss upon the rock—
Oh, happy thought! that ragged stone
In union with the restless sea,
Gave all the life the moss could own.
O "Rock of Ages! cleft for me,"
I fain would "hide myself in thee,"

XII.

I said, and sought the one true light.
I pitied then the affrighted bird
That swept across the midnight sky,
And cried when none could help who heard,
And thought the light would guide it home
Which should have said "You must not come."

XIII.

The sun rose clear the morrow morn,
'Twas clear all day, and when it set,
The gold and purple on the sea
And shore I never shall forget ;
The hills seemed as a purple fold,
The city spires were threads of gold.

XIV.

And when the gilded rays came up
Against the soft and mellow dome,
The gates of heaven seemed ajar,
To welcome storm-tossed wanderers home ;
And there I stood beside the sea
Which had a lesson taught to me.

XV.

Good-bye, loved shore, I'll come again,
Perhaps, to tread your yielding breast ;
If not, you'll teach some other soul
The way to live when I'm at rest.
If I come back, or come no more,
Good-bye, good-bye, remembered shore.

CÆSAR AND NAPOLEON.

THOUGH their spheres of action were in almost the same part of the world, and each surpassed all rivals in his leading vocation, warfare, they were affected by circumstances in some respects widely different. Napoleon lived in an age favored with a condition of learning, civilization, and Christianity, advanced beyond that state of idolatry, ignorance, and overwhelming de-

generacy, which prevailed at the period of Cæsar's life. Judging from this circumstance, we might reasonably suppose Napoleon to have been, in the modern acceptance of the term, the more model man ; but will his record bear us out in this assumption ? The character of neither will substantiate claims to true greatness. Selfish ambition entered too deeply into the nature

of both, and too often prompted them to act in violation of right and the common interests of mankind. But in Cæsar's life we see the stronger tendency toward liberality of views and regard for public good. This may be ascribed in part to Cæsar's more benevolent mould of disposition. Again, the early years of his manhood were given to a cultivation of the more liberal arts, which, tempering his mind, gave rise to that liberal course of action contrasting with the oftener selfish and vindictive policy pursued by Napoleon.

On the other hand, the youth of the latter was devoted to his military education, which, upon its completion, was immediately called into active exercise, to the exclusion of improvement in the gentler arts, so well calculated to improve and elevate the mind. We must attribute to both most extraordinary powers of conception and execution. Cæsar reduced to submission the greater part of Europe, and pierced through an enemy's country to Britannia. Napoleon overran Italy, vanquished Austria, and humbled the Prussian. But here the star of Napoleon began to wane; his ambition, tempted too far, conceived the conquest of Spain and the reduction of Russia, two of the most fatal mistakes recorded in history. He gave up the rash attempt upon Russia after the loss of nearly half a million of Frenchmen had convinced him of

its fruitlessness. Spain he abandoned, with results hardly less disastrous. From this time fortune seems to have entirely forsaken his arms; falling into the hands of his enemies he was doomed to exile, in which he lived but a short time, a prey to remorse and disappointed ambition.

Cæsar continued victorious till death. He drove Pompey from Italy under circumstances of great provocation, if not of justification, and, defeating and capturing his army, returned to Rome in triumph. He fell at last by the hands of assassins, the foremost of whom owed his life to Cæsar's clemency.

In the case of each we see remarkable political abilities, for either developed the internal resources of his country to a surprising degree, and made many and great improvements in laws and government. But, while in war and internal improvements they seem equal, aside from these, Cæsar's abilities certainly justify superior claims to greatness. Each was an orator, but the style of Napoleon was passionate, and well calculated by its nature to excite the mind rather than influence the reason; and his oratory was little heard except to animate his soldiers on the field of carnage. The voice of Cæsar sounded in the senate chamber rivaling that of Cicero, and surpassing it in point of moderation and clear-sightedness. This we see when, in the conspiracy of Catiline,

Cæsar counseled moderation and justice toward the conspirators, while Cicero sought to vilify them, and with others influenced the senate to hasty vengeance upon them. The result showed the wisdom of Cæsar's course, for Cicero shortly paid the penalty of his severity in exile.

Again, Cæsar was an author, whose historical works would have survived all ages, independent of the many other attributes of fame ascribed to him. Napoleon, though enjoying ample opportunity at St. Helena, a time peculiarly adapted to reflection and writing, lacked either the patience or ability necessary for the task, and has left us nothing of a literary nature.

But, of their claims to true greatness, we judge better by a closer comparison of their characters and the motives actuating each. Though both were ambitious, Napoleon saw everything strongly affected by egotism, which taints one's views with its own peculiar nature, as the stained glass discolours everything seen through it as a medium. This characteristic evinces a decided weakness, besides preventing the exercise of candor and fairness in judgment, which were traits of Cæsar's character. This selfish disposition, combined with Napoleon's early application to war, which restrained the generous impulses of his nature, gave rise to the oppressive policy with which governments,

unfortunately the victims of his ambition, were afflicted. Cæsar's conquests, besides insuring the safety of Rome, generally improved the condition of the races subjugated; as in the case of the Gauls, who, previously engaged in domestic wars, when subjected to Rome enjoyed a much greater degree of security. Prominent acts of self overruling reason and humanity, may be noticed in Napoleon's execution of the Duke d'Enghien, and the desertion of his wife, Josephine. Acts of cruelty may be charged upon Cæsar, but he was more uniformly humane, as may be seen by his conduct upon receiving intelligence of the death of Pompey. When his rival's head and signet ring were brought him, he received the latter, but turning in tears from the former directed that it be disposed of with sacred rites.

There is a noticeable difference in the means by which each obtained and maintained influence. Napoleon established a system of espionage, and, controlling the press, practiced a course of deception, by misrepresentation and absolute falsehood, thus maintaining a despotic but not enduring power. Cæsar, from the liberality of his nature, pursued a course of moderation so indicative of human sympathy with his followers, that, upon one occasion, some of his soldiers being captured, and offered pardon upon condition of serving against him, with

the alternative of death threatening them, preferred it to such a sacrifice of attachment for their leader.

Napoleon adapted his religious faith to circumstances. In Egypt he was a Mohammedan, and profaned divine power when he said, "I can command a car of fire to descend from heaven, and can direct its course upon the earth." But his most partial biographers admit him as irreligious, and can claim for him but little moral principle. Here we regret to notice the deepest blemish in Cæsar's character, his sensuality, without which his record would stand pre-eminently above those of all rivals in his peculiar sphere of renown. Yet he was courteous and humane, and these traits imply veneration and benevolence, two most important elements for a nature adapted to religious esteem. But his great powers of action, and his natural sympathy with the whole class of active forces in nature, as distinguished from those which tend

to contemplative purposes, unfitted him for profound religious belief, had not the age in which he lived prohibited it.

Reviewing their lives, we see that Cæsar possessed a greater versatility of talent. Napoleon was famous only as a warrior and statesman. Cæsar combined with these the historian, poet, orator, architect, and grammarian, besides being, as history informs us, a patron of the fine arts to a degree surpassing all examples of his own or a previous age. We must confer the higher degree of greatness upon the mind capable of turning readily from the most gigantic feat involving physical force, to a literary production, a question of internal improvement, or the working of a blessing world-wide in its influence as the Julian calendar, rather than upon a man whose abilities reached only to improvement in government, or the removal of physical obstructions.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WE regret that it becomes necessary to renew our complaints in regard to *bills unpaid*. Doubtless it is unpleasant for you to be so often reminded of this, but the way of deliverance is plain. We suppose our friends are aware that "THE STUDENT," so recently established, is not a paying, nor even a self-supporting institution; also, that the class publishing it assumes the balance of debt above receipts of subscription and advertising. Now, what we want to ask is, Will our subscribers send in their dues immediately, that we may close our accounts and complaints with the year?

ALUMNI MEETING.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following report of a meeting of a portion of the Bates alumni, recently held in Boston. In nearly every large city there is an organized association of the alumni of the older institutions; and though our College is yet young, and its alumni association comparatively small, this report shows that the alumni are alive to the interests of their Alma Mater. From this apparently small beginning may there come a permanent organization which shall exert

a strong influence for the good of the college:—

"A meeting of the Bates Alumni living in and around Boston, was held Saturday evening, Oct. 30, at the office of Geo. E. Smith, 1 Pemberton Square.

"It was their third meeting. The second was held two weeks before, at the same place. Messrs. Emery and Abbott claim the honor of suggesting the idea at an impromptu meeting on the corner of Court Square, under an umbrella, one very rainy day last spring. The first meeting proceeded in a most harmonious manner till the election of treasurer came up, when there was an immediate division of the house (or rather umbrella), both gentlemen loudly advocating their own qualifications.

"The matter was postponed for further consideration, and at the last meeting it was thought best to abolish the office, as none of the members could give the necessary bond. There were seven members present, and three or four more living in the vicinity failed to appear. Mr. C. G. Emery, class of '68, was chosen President, who explained the object of these meetings and what it was hoped they might become. Messrs.

Abbott and Pearson followed, telling a few stories and recalling many pleasant reminiscences. It is hoped to continue these meetings at intervals of four or five months, and renew our acquaintance with each other and keep alive our interest in college affairs."

BASE BALL.

Two games have been played since our last issue: one for the State championship with the Bowdoin College nine at Brunswick, the other a friendly game with the Androscoggin of this city. The game with the Bowdoin caused more excitement and received more notice from the papers than any other game of the season. We were not surprised to see in these papers many erroneous statements, but we did expect better things of the *Orient*. The editors of the *Orient* must know that some of their statements, if not false themselves, are so worded as to give an entirely false impression. The circumstances attending this game and its result are such that we give a full report for future reference.

The Judiciary Committee, having decided that the game of Oct. 9th was an "off" game, they instructed the Bowdoin that their challenge from the Bates nine stood accepted. Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 19th, the Secretary of the Bates nine received a letter from the Bowdoin saying, "We will play you Wednesday p.m.,

if convenient for you." An answer was then sent by return mail that it would not be convenient, as the Faculty did not allow them to play even on their own grounds any day but Saturday. It was then mutually agreed that 9.30 o'clock, Saturday, Oct. 22d, should be the time, but Oakes, our pitcher, who was teaching sixty-five miles away from Lewiston, failing to arrive in season for the early train, it was thought by a majority of the nine better to forfeit the game than to go unprepared to do themselves justice. The facts were telegraphed to Bowdoin, and the courteous reply was, "Come as soon as you can and will play when you get here;" so Oakes having arrived, the boys finally started on the 11.15 train, and the game began immediately upon their arrival. Though apparently never in worse condition, many of them having been on the tramp since 5.30 A.M., and obliged to play without dinner, the Bates played a fine game, both at the bat and in the field.

Bates had the first turn at bat, the first three men retiring in succession. Bowdoin got one run by a strike to 3d and a wild throw of Lombard. In the second inning Bates scored one run and white-washed Bowdoin. In third Bates made two runs, Lombard getting a fine two-baser to centre field, while Bowdoin followed suit, Waitt putting in a two-base hit. Fourth in-

ning, Bates brought in four runs, and Bowdoins their fourth and last. Fifth inning, Bates scored the last run of the game. In the sixth inning, Jacobs, catcher of Bowdoins, was hit in the throat for the second time by a swift foul tip, and obliged to leave the game. In the seventh inning, Fuller, in attempting to steal to second, was cut off by a fine throw by P. R. Clason. In the ninth there was a prospect that the Bowdoins would get at least one run, Perry having reached 3d, and Payson 2d, with but one man out. Fuller, however, was out on a foul tip to Pell under the bat, and Wright on a fly to "Whit."

On the Bowdoin nine, Sanford and Payson played their positions without errors, while Cobb covered 2d much better than the man who has played that position in the other games we have seen the Bowdoins play this term. Oakes and P. R. Clason did some very effective work, while O. B. Clason and Whitney played their bases finely.

The Bates boys supposed that there could now be no possible question as to their right to the streamer, but what was the Captain's surprise to be told that he could not have the pennant, because one of his nine, *horrible to relate*, was a member of the Latin School and not of the College. Upon this point we will only say that students of Nichols Latin School have always belonged to the Bates B. B. Associa-

tion and played upon the same. The man so obnoxious to the Bowdoins in this case, has played on the nine since last June, and even if not connected with the College, could legally play with the Bates, since he has played on no other club for sixty days.

Up to this writing it has been impossible to get the Judiciary Committee together. We trust that another year base-ball matters in this State will be more efficiently managed.

The last game of the season played with the Androscoggins resulted in favor of the A's by a score of 14 to 5. The Bates pitcher and short-stop were absent, and the catcher was severely injured in the first inning.

We congratulate the nine upon the good record they have won for themselves during the past year, and trust that it may have completely crushed out that fault-finding spirit which has been too prevalent heretofore. Nothing hurts a nine more than to have their friends continually finding fault. Let us remember the time and hard work our representatives have put into this business, keep our mouths shut, except to cheer, and open wide our pocket-books.

The base-ball season having been so interesting, there needed at its close only a spark, in the shape of a challenge from the second eleven of Tufts College, to awaken a deep interest in

FOOT BALL.

This game had never been played scientifically at Bates, but we suppose it may now be considered as fairly introduced. The challenge having been received, a ball was purchased and a most vigorous system of kicking—to say nothing of tearing—began. We had always thought that some of our fellow students were decidedly mulish in their natures, and from the skill and pleasure they manifest in kicking, we are more firmly fixed than ever in this belief. If there is any force in the saying, “laugh and grow fat,” we must have gained several pounds avoirdupois during the past three weeks. Every man who had failed to distinguish himself in base ball seemed possessed with the idea that here was an opportunity to immortalize himself and show that the reason he was not on the first nine was by no means because he was not smart. Tall and short, lean and stout, quick and slow, active and clumsy, have all rushed into this new game. Shirts have been torn, coats curtailed, boots ruined, and shins bruised; but, never mind, it's fun and good exercise.

It being evident that the kicking and rushing powers of the boys were good, it was decided to accept the challenge. Rules were procured and studied, an eleven organized, a ground laid out, the goals set up, and on Saturday morning, Nov. 6th, the visiting eleven, with their friends, arrived.

The game began at 11 A.M., Tufts having the kick-off and Bates the wind. After several advances and retreats by each side, Nash of Tufts, toward the close of the first half-hour, by a good run gained a “touch-down,” but failed to “kick over.” In the second half-hour, French of Tufts got the ball again beyond the Bates goal, on what was claimed by Bates as a foul, but was decided by the referee as a second “touch-down” for Tufts. At the beginning of the third half-hour Tufts had two “touch-downs,” but had made no goal, so that unless another “touch-down” should be made in this last round it would be a draw game. This was what the Bates eleven hoped for, a draw game, and had they succeeded in this they would have even surpassed the expectations of their friends at the beginning of the contest. In the third half-hour, a new man was brought on to the Tufts side, in place of one who was lamed, and being fresh he easily eluded the affectionate grasps of the Bates boys and gained a third “touch-down.” Nash, by a place-kick, now sent the ball fairly over the goal, thus winning the game.

The object of the Bates boys in accepting a challenge to a game of which they were so ignorant, was to learn the points of the game by practice, and to form an acquaintance with the students of Tufts. That they succeeded in the first respect, was shown by the marked improve-

ment in their playing toward the end of the game, and a pleasant acquaintance was formed which we trust will be revived another season. Of the visiting eleven, Nash, Monroe, Weaver, and Squires were the best players, Weaver being a swift runner and Monroe an "artful-dodger." Of the Bates eleven we thought the playing of C. M. Hutchins and J. W. Smith the best. Whenever they laid their hands on a man, he stopped, "and in the dust sat down." L. M. Sessions also played well, and E. C. Adams made some good kicks, driving the ball at one time through the Tufts line and almost to their goal, and had he been well backed up there would have been a good prospect for a "touch-down."

We have not space to speak of the many *breaks* in the game, but if this game is kept up, some student inclined to trade would do well to invest in a supply of ready-made clothing.

We give the rules by which the game was played, and by which other games at Bates will probably be played:—

I. The maximum length of the ground shall be one hundred and fifty yards, and the minimum one hundred yards, and the breadth shall be one-half the length.

II. The goals are to be defined by two posts fifteen feet apart, with a bar across them at a height of ten feet.

III. The winners of the toss shall have either the choice of goals or the kick-off.

IV. The game shall be commenced by a kick-off from the centre of the ground by the side not having the choice of goals, the other

side not to approach within ten yards of the ball until it is kicked off.

V. After a goal is won, the losing side shall kick off, and goals be changed. In case no goal is won at the expiration of half an hour, the sides shall change goal and kick-off.

VI. A goal is won when the ball passes over the bar between the goal-posts.

VII. A goal may be won by any kick except a punt or kick-off; but the ball can not be thrown or struck over.

VIII. It shall be a goal if the ball go over the bar, whether it touch it or not, without having touched the dress or person of any player; but no player may stand on the goal-bar to obstruct its passing over.

IX. A ball touched down between the goal-posts may be brought up to either of them, but not between them.

X. A match is won by the side obtaining a majority of goals, the time of the game being three half-hours.

XI. Charging is fair in case of a place-kick as soon as the ball touches the ground, or in a drop-kick as soon as the player offers to kick the ball; but he may always draw back unless he has actually touched the ball.

XII. If a ball passes over the goal-line in any manner so as not to constitute a goal, it shall belong to the first player who holds it upon the ground. If the player is of the side to which the goal belongs, one of his side shall bring the ball out twenty-five yards or less on a line at right angles to the goal-line, and has a drop-kick or punt, the opposite side not being allowed to come nearer than the twenty-five yard line. In case the one who holds it is of the side trying for the goal, it is a "touch-down," and he takes the ball from the ground and gives it to the one appointed by the captain to take it out, who carries it out at right angles to the goal line, and holds it for a place-kick at the goal.

XIII. When a player holding the ball is mauled by one or more of the opposite side outside goal and carried inside goal by the scrum-mage, then only those who are touching the ball with their hands may continue in the maul inside goal; and when a player has once released his hold of the ball he may not again join in the maul, and if he attempts to do so, may be dragged out by the opposite side. (The object of such maul being of course to touch the ball down.)

XIV. A player is off side when the ball has been kicked or touched or is being run with by

any of his own side behind him. A player entering a scrimmage on the wrong side is off side.

XV. A player is on side when the ball has been kicked or touched by a player, on the opposite side, or the player on his side who kicked the ball from behind him has run before him.

XVI. A player being off side is to consider himself out of the game, and is not to touch the ball in any case whatever, either in or out of touch, or in any way interrupt the play or obstruct any player.

XVII. If the ball passes over the side line it belongs to the player first touching it on the ground, who, bringing it to the line where it went off, shall stand with foot each side of the line, and may throw it in at right angles, or bounding it, kick it, or catch and run with it.

XVIII. A player catching the ball on the fly, or any bound, may run with it.

XIX. When the ball goes into touch in goal it shall be treated as in touch, except it shall be thrown in a diagonal line.

XX. It is not lawful to take the ball from the ground except in touch, or after it has been touched down.

XXI. It is not lawful to baby the ball when on the ground, with the hand.

XXII. The goal line is in goal, and the touch line in touch.

XXIII. Running in is allowed to any player on his side, provided he does not take the ball off the ground or through touch.

XXIV. If the ball be held in a Maul, it shall be lawful for a player on the same side to take it, provided he is at the time behind him.

XXV. No one wearing projecting nails, iron plates, or gutta percha on the soles or heels of his boots shall be allowed to play.

XXVI. No hacking or tripping shall be allowed.

XXVII. Holding is unlawful, except a player holds the ball, and even then if it is done so as to throttle or purposely hurt the player.

XXVIII. In case no goal be won during the half-hours, the majority of touch-downs shall count as a goal, provided either side obtain more than two.

XXIX. Any player repeatedly violating any of these rules may be ruled out of the game by the umpires.

XXX. In case of any foul, the ball shall be taken to the place where it was fouled, and given to the opposite side for a scrimmage.

XXXI. Each captain shall appoint an umpire, and the two umpires may together choose a referee.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We sit down to our exchanges this month with no desire to criticise. Our experience for the past two months has taught us that the editors of a college paper are, as a rule, deserving of praise for their success in getting up their paper at all.

The *Dartmouth*, in its new form, is a regular and welcome visitor. It takes the lead among college journals.

The *University Press* has greatly improved in general appearance and make-up.

The *Niagara Index* still continues its "Glimpses of History," in which the object seems to be to prove that Galileo, instead of being persecuted by the Catholic Church, was at first encouraged, and only mildly reprovved when he attempted to prove his theory by Scripture. We are willing to believe this when the writer brings some stronger proof than simply to term all historians not agreeing with him "ignorant and prejudice-blinded." These "Glimpses" would be more interesting if it were not so apparently the writer's endeavor to refute accusations against the Church.

The *Volante* has some interesting correspondence, a letter from Parana, and one from the Adirondacks. Such letters are often more interesting to students than so many sober essays. It seems by the *Volante* that a speaker at last Commencement

day was interrupted by a man in the audience who took exceptions to the young orator's statements. We think that man must have been a Chicago "drummer," for we have heard it said that St. Louis barbers take a lawn mower to shave the cheek of a Chicago "drummer."

The best part of the *College Mercury* is its fine paper and type. Such an abundance of locals, and of such little importance, must be tiresome even to local readers. Give us an occasional article upon some question of the day, or live subject, if for no other reason, to show what students at Racine can do.

None of our exchanges have improved more during the year than the *Archangel*. In one sense the *Archangel* is an exceptionally good paper; it seems to be greatly troubled with the sins of the world. The last number contains two articles upon the evils of extravagance, one upon intemperance, and one upon gambling. The editors must have things pretty much their own way. We notice that of the three officers and six members of the debating society six are connected with the *Archangel*.

The *Irving Union* is another paper which has been steadily improving during the year. Its form is convenient, its appearance neat, and its contents interesting.

The *University Review* in an editorial upon Democracy and the stu-

dents, goes ahead of *Harpers' Weekly* in showing up Ohio democrats. According to the *Review*, the questions put to students to decide their right to vote, were: whether they had paid their board bills for the last term, what they would do if the University building should burn down, etc. Democratic orators have dubbed the students "scabs" and "sores." No wonder they were defeated in the recent election. The editors say they can think of no better way of filling a column or two of the *Review* than by a selected article, "Brains or Brown." The columns had better been left blank. The article is a Western man's fusilade upon boat races and base ball. The writer, by saying that Cornell's first national reputation was made in a matter of arms and legs, lays himself open to the charge of absolute falsehood. We think investigation will prove that many boating men and ball players are among the best scholars in their classes. The writer insinuates that Yale, Harvard, and Princeton may rest assured that unless there is a reform they will lose students. We believe the Freshman classes in most Eastern institutions are even larger than common.

NOTICE.

Students desiring the December number sent elsewhere than to Bates, will please leave name and address with the Manager.

ODDS AND ENDS.

“NICHOLAS Latin Academy” is more popular than ever.

A Senior says, “Blessed are the blind! for they can’t study astronomy.”

A professor applies the term “gibbets” to the goals of the foot-ball grounds:

Capt.(!) Wyman informs us that his eleven are ready for engagements until “snow flies.”

Tutor—“Did you report unprepared to-day?” Fresh.—“No, but would to heaven I had.”—*Argus*.

Tailor measuring fat customer—
“Would you be kind enough to hold the end, sir, while I go around.”—*Ex.*

A distressing spectacle was that Senior, with little on except his nudity, begging in piteous tones for breeches.

Wouldn’t Bowdoin like to try our second and third nines “consolidated”? What a reminder of past victories that pennant must be!

Prof., wishing to get at the vibratory theory of heat, asks: “Mr. D., what is heat?” Mr. D.—“It is higher temperature.” Prof.—“Yes,

but what causes higher temperature?” Mr. D.—“Heat.” Prof. gives it up.

The Bowdoin boys don’t shout “Live Oak,” lately. When they want amusement, they gather round that streamer and sing, “I need thee! oh, I need thee!”

That was a natural mistake which the First Year youth* made when he translated—“*Publius Scipio equestri genere natus*,” “Publius Scipio was born at a horse race.”—*Volante*.

Tutor—“Mr. A.” (Mr. B. rises). Tutor—“Mr. A.” Fresh.—“What word did you say?” Tutor—“Mr. A.” Fresh.—“I don’t see the word.” Tutor—“Will you sit down, sir?”—*Courant*.

During the recent foot-ball game, while shirts and pantaloons flew through the air, one Prof. was heard remarking to another: “If this continues long, I am afraid that we shall have to *contribute* again.”

A ministerial student, when asked to preach to a certain congregation, consented, but upon a moment’s reflection added—“By Jingo! I shall have to write a new sermon. I have preached *mine* once to them.”—*Coll. Herald*.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

PROF. Stanton is giving the Seniors a series of interesting lectures.

Prof. Hayes delivered the address at the dedication of the Grange Hall, at Greene, Tuesday, Nov. 15.

Pres. Cheney gave the students a reception at his house, Monday evening, Nov. 8th. It was pronounced an enjoyable occasion.

The Juniors have chosen G. H. Wyman as first editor of the STUDENT for 1876, in place of Mr. Burnham, who was obliged to resign on account of ill health.

Prof. Wendell's telescope has been received and placed in a temporary structure on College street. This will add a new interest to the study of Astronomy at Bates.

The authorities have issued a remarkably neat-looking catalogue, containing, besides the usual matter, a list of the alumni. The College has 96 students and the Theological School 25.

The Reading-Room Association lately held a meeting which resulted in the election of the following officers: President, T. H. Stacy; Vice President, O. B. Clason; Secretary and Treasurer, J. W. Smith; Exec-

utive Committee—C. S. Libby, L. A. Burr, J. W. Hutchins, E. M. Briggs.

The prize declamations by the first division of the Freshman Class, occurred Thursday evening, Oct. 21st. Johonnett and Briggs were selected to compete with the second division one week later, when the prize was awarded to R. F. Johonnett.

The officers of the Senior Class are as follows: President, H. Woodbury; Vice President, D. J. Callahan; Secretary, R. J. Everett; Orator, O. W. Collins; Poet, J. W. Daniels; Historian, J. O. Emerson; Prophet, E. Whitney; Parting Address, E. R. Goodwin; Treasurer, M. Douglass; Toast Master, W. E. Leavitt; Executive Committee—I. C. Phillips, H. W. Ring, J. Rankin; Odist, A. L. Morey.

The Sophomores have elected the following officers for the coming year: President, E. B. Vining; Vice President, E. V. Scribner; Secretary, B. S. Hurd; Treasurer, F. H. Briggs; Orator, J. Q. Adams; Poet, J. W. Hutchins; Historian, C. E. Hussey; Prophet, J. P. James; Odist, C. F. Peasley; Toast Master, M. Adams; Chaplain, G. W. Phillips; Executive Committee—C. E. Brockway, F. O. Mower, T. H. Bartlett.

PERSONALS.

'75.—J. R. Brackett is principal of the Academy at Foxcroft, Me.

'73.—I. C. Dennett is principal of Yarmouth High School.

'71.—J. R. Abbott was lately admitted to the Suffolk Bar, and is practicing law in Boston, Mass.

'72.—C. A. Bickford is pastor of the Greenwich St. Church, Providence, R. I.

'74.—J. F. Keene is teaching at Barton, Vt.

'75.—H. S. Cowell is principal of Clinton Grove Seminary, N. H.

'75.—H. S. Palmeter is a member of the Bates College Theological School.

'75.—F. H. Smith is studying law at Winthrop, Me.

'75.—James Nash is studying law in this city.

'73.—F. W. Cobb is taking a post-graduate course at Yale.

'73.—E. R. Angell is principal of the High School at Castine, Me.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni, in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Eds.]

CLASS OF 1869.

NEWHALL, GALEN ALPHONSO.—
Born Nov. 12th, 1839. Son of
Stephen and Louisa Newhall.

1870-75, Engaged in farming and
teaching. Unmarried.

Post-office address, West Wash-
ington, Me.

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REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D., Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.	REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M., Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.
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VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1875.

No. 10.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '76.

EDITED BY CHARLES S. LIBBY AND EDWARD WHITNEY.

BUSINESS MANAGER: IRVING C. PHILLIPS.

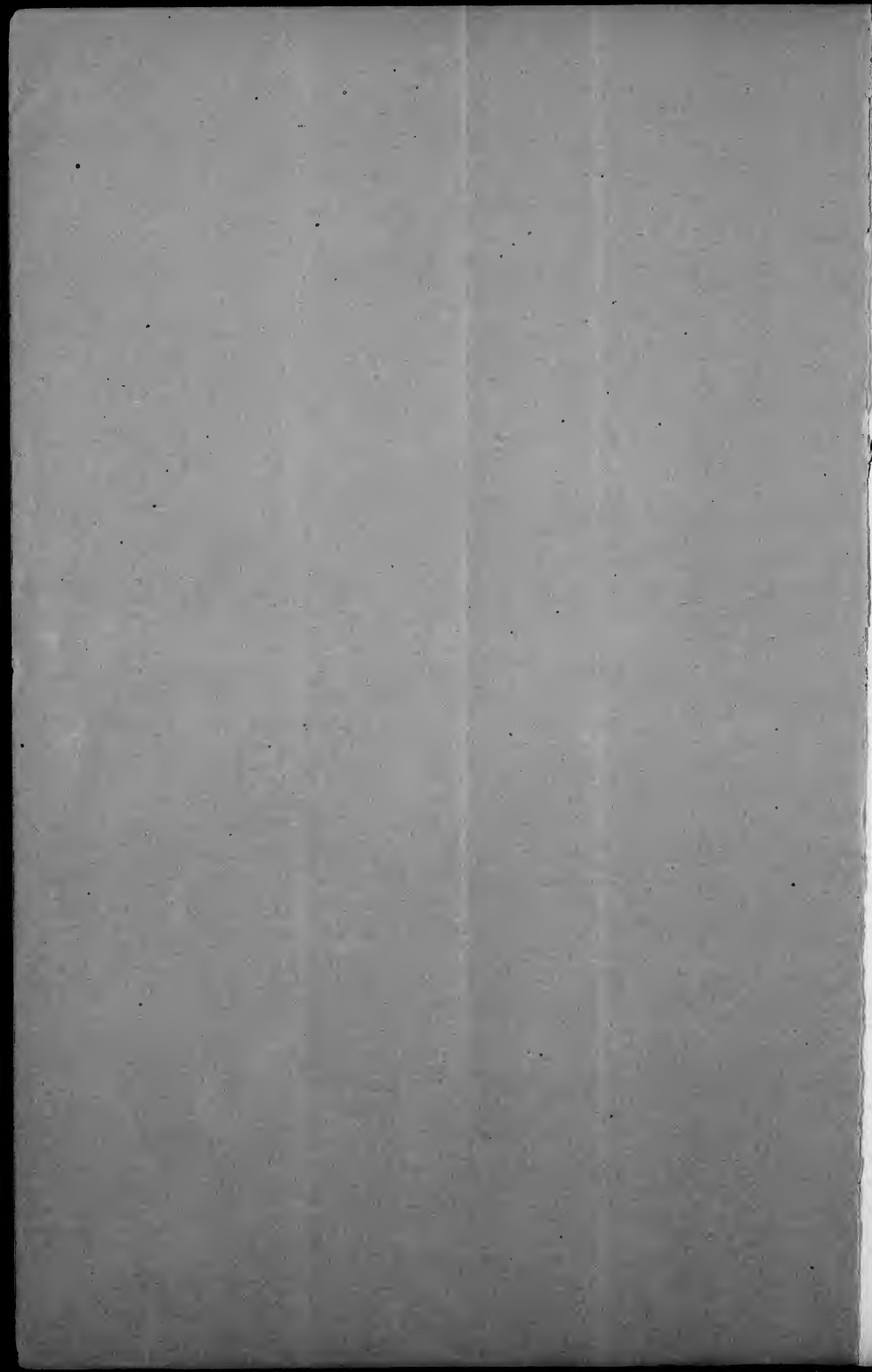
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LEWISTON:

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

1875.



THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1875.

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THE VALUE OF EXPERIMENTAL STUDY.

“EXPERIMENTS,” says Professor Tyndall, “have two uses, a use in discovery and a use in tuition.” Plain as this statement may seem to us of the present day, it is but a few years, comparatively, that the truth contained in it has been fully recognized. The ancient philosophers believed that the heavenly bodies were governed by laws that were worthy of study, but that terrestrial objects and their phenomena were controlled and occasioned by other and imperfect laws, and should be left to the consideration of the lower classes. Thanks, however, to Newton, and the army of his co-laborers, we think the world nearly rid of that notion, and as zealous to do justice to the labor and genius of a Watt as of a Kepler.

An experiment is a question put to nature, and the reply is never false, but the result of invariable law.

Is the reply different from what we expected? Then our method is wrong, but the answer never; and the more we eliminate our errors the nearer we come to the wished-for reply. The verification by experiment of an idea in the mind of the theorist places its truth beyond all carping; and moreover, this process of proof brings with it a joy which we think must differ from all others. Says Fresnel, “All the compliments I have received from Arago, La Place, and Biot, never gave me so much pleasure as the discovery of a theoretic truth or the confirmation of a calculation by experiment.” Although we may never have that pleasure in so high a degree as the great French philosopher, yet the most of us, doubtless, have felt a satisfaction hardly explainable at the successful result of some experiment. Whence comes this pleasure

unless from man's innate love of power and superiority? for we, who are for the most part but the toys of Nature's laws, find that by acting intelligently we may sometimes cause them to accomplish our ends, or may successfully predict their results. That incentive to all thorough work, the love of it, is continually increasing the array of original investigators. It rarely happens that they can expect material profit, but they may hope to add some atom to scientific truth or help to correct some existing error.

We have said that the world is fast getting rid of that idea of the old philosophers, that the study of terrestrial objects is demeaning; yet if some of us would carefully analyze our feelings we should find that the old idea still influences us. There are some who think that a person who enthusiastically devotes his time to the study of chemical reactions never arrives at manhood, and that the physicist stands on a lower plane than the pulpit orator or the astute politician. There are others who think that scientific study has no value unless its results are immediately applicable to the useful arts; that unless steel is made cheaper, or some new motor discovered, all experimenting is a waste of time and the height of folly. The highest object which the experimenter should have in view is the discovery of truth, whatever the result may be; and it is impossible for him to fore-

see that a fact of science seemingly of little importance shall not in a few years be the means of ministering to the wants of man.

A theory is often proved or disproved by some discovery that at first would seem to be far removed from anything in connection with the theory in question. The polarization of light would seem to have no connection whatever with the breaking of a beam of any kind, yet it has proved a fact that was before only a theory. The transverse breaking of a beam placed across two supports is a common thing enough, but there has been much discussion as to how it occurs. The generally received theory is that the fibres on the top of the beam are compressed and those at the bottom extended, while at the centre of gravity of a cross section of the beam is a plane of no stress, or a place where compression changes to extension, and *vice versa*.

Sir David Brewster, in experimenting on light, placed across two supports a small rectangular bar of glass, and loading the bar he saw that the light transmitted through the top and bottom was highly colored, but that the colors diminished toward the centre of gravity of the beam's cross section, and that there the transmitted light was the same as that which passed through the whole beam when no pressure was applied; thus proving conclusively the theory of a neutral plane as far as glass

beams are analogous to others. Thus things apparently incongruous are seen to be intimately related, and progress in physical science is made not by speculation or by half-investigated premises, but by accurately observing the phenomena in all their aspects.

However great may be the value of experiment in discovery, we can never lose sight of its use in tuition. One effect of every well considered experiment is to discipline the mind. In an experiment we must work according to law; if it be an original one we are thrown upon our own resources, and because Nature reveals her secrets only to the worthy we must pay our undivided attention to the process, lest seemingly small errors creep in and entirely change the result. If the experiment is not original a much more lasting impression is made upon our minds than by the mere committal to memory of the same fact. In this way we learn to think and investigate for ourselves. We are not obliged to accept the dictum of any one as final, nor are we bound to the opinions of some past generation carefully preserved for us in highly venerated text-books.

The ancients taught that Nature abhorred a vacuum, and that therefore there could be none; and because these instructors thought experiment of little value, this fallacy was gravely handed down from teacher to pupil for hundreds of

years, until some one stepped out of the time-honored and easy rut and made a simple experiment. And thus it always is, new investigations are bringing to light new facts and demolishing old theories which have been aptly said to be but the scaffolding by which we are enabled to connect the facts; but if we stop experimenting we are likely to look upon the scaffolding, not as a temporary aid, but as a part of the structure itself. Investigation is teaching us that no fact is to be despised; that in the air around us and in the earth beneath our feet there is no force unworthy of our study and no phenomenon from which we may not learn.

By experiment on the lecture platform a large class of people, who could not be otherwise reached, are being taught the elements of Chemistry and Physics. What to them have seemed but the odds and ends of an imperfect world, are shown to be as obedient to Nature's great laws as the worlds that revolve in space. By this means many a mechanic who before looked upon his work as drudgery, or performed it as a machine does its work, has suddenly found it to be not only a pleasure but a means of his intellectual advancement; and thus men have derived a taste for scientific pursuits that has fashioned their whole after-lives.

Let us, then, give to this department of study its true value; and if

we have a love for it let us not repress it as a childish freak, but remember that it is something implanted in our natures that the greatest intellects have thought worthy of cultivation. By a few months or years of such study we may not fill our minds with facts, but we shall begin to think for ourselves in a systematic manner; and that certainly is one of the great aims of all education.

DECEMBER.

AGAIN the world, obedient to the laws which the Great Mind Sealed in His mighty impulse when He bade it motion find, Has traced the starry girdle of its path through endless space, And reached the goal that marks the limit of its annual race.

And while celestial worlds have moved beneath His sleepless eye Who penciled all their orbits on the canvas of the sky, I've wondered if, in their majestic flight, these heavenly spheres Are freighted with a race who measure their brief life in years.

Does He that is Almighty loose the moments from His hand, And pour them on these rolling spheres like showers of golden sand? And, when the moments minutes grow, and these to days and years, Do they return to their Great Source, o'erburdened with their tears?

Does Grief, like a dark angel, circle with its blighting breath O'er all the burning planets and encompass them with death? And as the great orbs swiftly plunge through heaven's unmeasured space, Does dread Despair chase dying Hope? does Death with Life keep pace?

And, when twelve moons have watched the seasons come and go again, Do they of the dim burning worlds above, like mortal men, Place the pale wreath upon the dead year's brow and toll its knell, Then greet the New with garlands bright and ring the gladsome bell?

Alas! how like a child that, wearied with its toys to-day, Joys in the morrow's sun that melts its early years away, We pass the blushing June of our existence in one strife To hail a future bringing the December of our life.

Father Supreme, in whose hand rests the universe of worlds,
Whose perfect plan more perfect still each dying year unfurls,
Whose will the mighty systems cleaving boundless realms obey,
To whose eternity progressive ages are a day,—

When soon for me this flying globe shall circle the great sun
The last time ere life's golden sands from out their hour-glass run,
From thine exalted habitation speak to the fainting soul,
And bid it rise where years die not and death-knells never toll.

AMUSEMENTS.

THERE seems to be in every human breast some desire for amusement, greater or less, according to the nature and education of the individual. It is an irresistible dictate of man's nature to seek amusement of some kind, either to while away time hanging heavily upon his hands, or to bring relief from care, or forgetfulness of sorrow, or recreation from toil. All history proves this. No history of a people or nation is complete and satisfactory without some account of their amusements. The history of national and popular amusements would be an interesting and profitable study, since it is almost the history of civilization. Nothing serves better to reflect the character, culture, and tastes of a people than the character and extent of their amusements. In the earlier stages of civilization we find that the popular amusements were physical strifes,

such as bull-baiting, gladiatorial combats, and the like. Later, as civilization advanced and culture was extended, the popular amusements became gentler in nature and more refined in character. The drama took the place of gladiatorial spectacles, and a thousand little social pleasures were invented.

But it is not our object to compare ancient with modern amusements and sports. We wish to speak briefly of some modern amusements, but not to enter into a discussion of the nature of amusements in general, nor, since there are so-called amusements immoral and evil in their tendency, to draw a strict line between proper and improper amusements. From such an attempt we should be warned by the failures of far abler pens than ours. We will consider some of the reasons that have been and are now advanced against certain popular amusements,

note the reaction of the past thirty years in regard to these, and give our own ideas concerning them.

We think that all will admit that some amusement and recreation is necessary to a healthy condition of the mind; but the point of discussion is, What shall these amusements be? And yet a careful reading of the history of churches and of tracts and sermons can not but show that it has been the policy of nearly all churches, whether Puritan or Presbyterian, Methodist or Baptist, to frown upon *all* popular amusements, especially the most attractive. They have declared them to be vain recreations and badges of worldliness, which they have entreated and even commanded their members never to assume under any circumstances, that they might show that they had come out and were separate from the world. There are three specific kinds of amusement against which the churches have hurled most of their religious thunder, viz., dancing, games of chance, and theatre-going. Confining ourselves to this country and the present century, we find that these amusements were at first declared sinful, not from any extraneous circumstances or abuses, but of themselves and in their very nature. The simple act of dancing was said to be entirely inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, wholly contrary to the thoughts, feelings, and proper deportment of true Christians; and this, no matter how private or

limited its indulgence, whether the effect of stirring music upon a music-loving man, or practiced for exercise. The folly of this idea, long since abandoned by candid minds, needs no exposition from us; but we would suggest the absurdities into which its supporters fell by arguing that all dancing mentioned in the Scriptures without condemnation was an expression of religious joy, a method of praising God.

Again, as regards games of chance, we find the same profoundly wise objections. These games were declared in tracts and sermons to be intrinsically immoral, "immoral and unlawful, precisely on the ground of their abuse and profanity of the lot, which is an institution of God for special religious and moral purposes." This reminds us of the old woman's objection against life insurance, that it was tempting Providence, though in what way we could never quite understand. The common sense of the people would not always tolerate such sophistry; and, forced to abandon the doctrine of intrinsic immorality, the opposers of these amusements condemned them and declared them unworthy of the least countenance, because they were frivolous and led to a waste of time and excesses in other directions. But even this idea is less prevalent than thirty or even twenty years ago. We read that in 1853 a religious body in its general assembly declared that dancing was so inconsistent with Chris-

tianity, that any church member allowing his children to learn the art was a fit subject for discipline. Now we hear leading divines publicly declare that certain dances are most beautiful exercises, and when introduced as one of the amusements at a social gathering of friends, are in no way sinful, and ought to be allowed and even encouraged by Christian people. Once cards, dice, and other games of chance were wicked in themselves; now religious bodies furnish rooms with all these games for the amusement of the young.

Another source of amusement which has been the object of many violent attacks is the theatre. Yet we think that all candid people will admit that the evil effects of the theatre are due to its abuses. We can hardly over-estimate the importance in the progress of learning and culture, of an institution which has given to the world a Sophocles and Euripides, a Moliere and Racine, a Goethe and Schiller, a Shakespeare and Jonson. The theatre is at once a school of eloquence, poetry, and painting. If it is profitable to read chaste dramatic works, beautiful poetry, or thrilling eloquence, how much more profitable to hear these words uttered by one who has given his life to their study. If it is profitable to listen to John B. Gough as he prances across the stage, uttering trite truths and relating his old, old stories, is it not at least equally prof-

itable to hear Edwin Booth utter, with a force and expression gained by years of study, the wit and wisdom of Shakespeare? In Bulwer's *Richelieu*, as played by Booth, the lesson that right will triumph is taught with more force than by the combined eloquence of a whole bureau of lyceum orators.

Let us notice an objection urged alike against theatre-going and other popular amusements,—that they lead to a waste of time. In accordance with the laws of compensation a reasonable amount of time spent in recreation is not wasted, so this objection is only valid when amusements are carried to excess. But behold the consistency of those who advance this argument. They loudly oppose card-playing, though separate from gambling, but say nothing against other games of chance, as checkers, chess, “authors,” etc. A father will not allow his son to learn whist or euchre, but teaches him to love a fast horse. There is the same tendency to waste time in croquet as billiards, in authors as whist or euchre. As one has well expressed it, “the ethical distinctions are quite bewildering between balls of ivory and balls of wood, between mallets and cues, between green baize and green grass.” All forms of recreation or amusement, whether loafing on the street corner or reading fascinating books, whether sitting idle in our own room or visiting our neighbor, are

wicked in so far as they take time which ought to be given to our regular work.

We are sometimes advised to stay away from the theatre because even though it might benefit us individually by going, we should set a bad example for others. We can not quite understand how an act not bad of itself can be a bad example. True, one man may attempt to justify himself in an act by that of his neighbor when there is no true connection between the two. But is the neighbor responsible for this? It is sheer nonsense to refer in this case to that saying of Paul, made in a moment of enthusiasm, that if by eating meat he offended a brother he would eat no more flesh while the world stood. It is impossible for us to act in accordance with the ideas and prejudices of all men. We must be guided by our own sense of rectitude and propriety, otherwise we shall meet with no better success than the man and boy who, driving a donkey to the fair, tried to please everybody, first both walking, then both riding, and finally attempting to carry the donkey.

The strongest objection, however, to the theatre is that its associations and surrounding circumstances are immoral and its representations impure. It can not be denied that it has often been a very sink of pollution. But who is to blame for this? Amusements depend upon tastes. In Athens, where the tastes of the

people were elevated and refined, the drama was carried to the highest point of perfection; while in Rome, where the tastes were more warlike and less refined, it was never a success. And who is to blame, if not for the existence, at least for the fostering of depraved tastes? To whom do we look, to raise the ignorant and depraved from their sloughs of ignorance and depravity, but to the educated, the cultured, the Christian portion of the community? Their privileges and their vows make this their work. We cannot believe that man is naturally so depraved that he demands for his amusement something either cruel or impure. But if the whole field of amusements is left to the irreligious and to those who for the sake of gain will pander to man's lowest appetites, what can we expect but that amusements will deteriorate in character? We are repeatedly told that the purity and permanency of our republican institutions depend upon the efforts of the educated and Christian men of the country. From the pulpit and the press come loud and repeated exhortations for scholars and Christians to enter the political arena, purify its atmosphere, and raise our political system from its slough of corruption. Will not this apply with equal force to the subject of amusements? If we see in an institution signs of abuse, shall we desert it, abandon it to those who will increase its abuses? The leaven is of no

use until it is worked into the mass of its evils by giving it an audience to be leavened. The people, the that will not countenance impure morality-loving people have the representations, and actors who will power to relieve the theatre of many not present them.

EXACTLY!

RUTH.

DARK and laughing eyes are thine;
Lips as sweet as clover;
Hair that dazzles the bright sunshine,
When the breeze blows over.
Exactly!

CLAUDOLPHUS.

A white and manly brow is thine;
Lips just whiskered in;
Lithe and straight as any pine
Ere the storms begin.
Exactly!

These two walked in a shadowy wood,
The sunlight sifting through:
The birds such business understood—
E'en the sparrows knew.
Exactly!

In simple tones his vows he made:
"I love"—"So pure and true!"
These words *her* only thought arrayed:
"Who's good enough for you?"
Exactly!

Then told him how her heart was won;
She dared not be the first
To speak what most she thought upon;
The whole siege was rehearsed.
Exactly!

They chose an early wedding day,
Before the snow should fly.

"He did not marry her," you say;

"Why, sir,—tell me why?"

Exactly!

A merry wedding was there, too;

Each loved one wed her lover;

He wed the one he loved so true;

She wed *his* loved one's brother.

Exactly!

"A double wedding, was it?" Yes;

First as a bride Claud kissed her;

Who, 'tis easy now to guess—

"Ruth was Claudolphus' sister!"

Exactly!

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

THOMAS JEFFERSON once said, "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, it expects what never was and never can be." If ignorance is hostile to a nation's freedom, it must be equally so to its virtue and peace. Wisely recognizing this fact, our people have founded their system of free common schools. Official statistics declare that an average of about ninety per cent. of the population of our several States is able to read and write; but it must be borne in mind that a large number of these are only able to read and write in the rudest possible manner, and the education with

which they are credited is of no practical benefit to them.

That the uneducated portion of our population is a source of crime and social disorder, can be easily shown. A few years ago, great labor and care were given to gather reliable information upon this point, with results somewhat like the following: In Pennsylvania, of the whole number of convicts, a little more than one-half could read and write, while one-fourth could neither read nor write. Only three per cent. of the entire population of the State were found equally ignorant. In Massachusetts three per cent. of the

population and twenty per cent. of the convicts were unable to read and write. In nearly all the States of the Union this fact remains the same. Now if ignorance does not increase criminality, then the percentage of prisoners who can not read or write should not be more than the percentage of citizens who can not read or write. Instead of this, we find over forty per cent. of prisoners and less than three per cent. of citizens who can not read and write. Here is indicated a certain means of largely preventing and diminishing crime; and yet, while the masses are crying frantically for the criminal's blood, the champions of compulsory education are few and almost unheeded.

It is the opinion of able men who have considered this question carefully, that it is both the right and the duty of the State to require the education of every child. A noted professor of Berlin says: "Government must protect the well-being of society, which is endangered by ignorance and vice. As the government makes laws for the prevention of crime, it is both its duty and right to educate the future members of the social community, that they may advance its well-being, not destroy it." Many who appreciate the benefits to society of education, as well as the dangers of ignorance, are still opposed to any prohibition of ignorance. Such laws, they think, are incapable of impartial execution. The State is under the clearest ob-

ligation to protect every citizen in his personal rights, and to guard society against a violation of its peace.

A law providing for universal education has the double purpose of protecting the child in its individual rights to an education and of protecting society against acts of crime. On this account the law would be worthy of the most earnest and hearty efforts for its complete execution. What are the methods to be undertaken to make education universal? is becoming a question of increasing interest. Why may not a law be so framed and enacted as to most effectually execute itself? Why not provide that if the child neglects the opportunity, freely offered on the part of the state, to secure an education, and at the age of twenty-one years is unable to furnish proof of his proficiency in the elements of a good English education, these facts shall work his continued legal minority. Until such proof is secured, let him be deprived of the right of voting and holding office or of doing business and holding property in his own name. With such a law very few uneducated children would remain among us to grow up, breeding moral distemper and crime. It may be objected that this is establishing an educational qualification for the right of suffrage, which is entirely un-American. It would be the establishment of no qualification not already acknowledged in principle.

Already the ballot is refused to idiots. This is establishing an intellectual qualification. Who thinks it a greater sin to be born an idiot than to keep a mind capable of improvement dwarfed and ruined? Who believes the idiot an agent of greater danger to society than the uneducated person? We already refuse the criminal, condemned as such, the right to vote. "Because ignorance produces crime it is itself criminal in character."

The ballot should never be placed in the hands of the authors of crime; and so should be withheld from the uneducated on the same principle that it is denied the inmates of pris-

ons. As we look at the uneducated thousands growing up in our midst, and as we remember the influence they are to exert upon society, when we reflect that these are they who will startle us with deeds of blood and shame, for which they will go down to dishonored graves from dungeons and scaffolds, then there is an unspeakable meaning in the words of a distinguished writer who says: "What shall be done with these children, soon to be the dangerous classes in society? Can not the state take measures to prevent as well as punish crime? Is it not its solemn and imperative duty to do so?"

ALMA MATER.

I.

A RIVER running to the sea
 Leaps the rock, and through the village
 Still winds its way in 'ecstasy,
 Bearing health and strength to tillage,
 And, to the youthful and the bold,
 A treasure better far than gold.

II.

The good green wood on either bank
 Gave way; and dwellings grim and gaunt
 Crept down, the water's edge to flank,
 And well protect the fisher's haunt
 From stormy winds and drifting snow,
 And peering eyes of those below,—

III.

Who, coming from the sea, might know
The legend of the Falls, and hear
The story of the white man's foe,
Whose boat was seen to disappear
Within that stony-channeled niche,
Where roar the waters of West Pitch.

IV.

Then sloping backward to the mount,
David by name, there rests the Hall,
Of youthful trick and trade the fount,
With Alma Mater crowning all;
The Campus stretching far and near;
The trees, the pump, and "Gym" at rear.

V.

This, all of this, to-day I bring,
As fancy paints the scene anew;
And more than this I fain would sing,
And quainter things relate to you;
But, as the sun goes down at night,
So they are better out of sight.

VI.

In early autumn, when the trees
Their golden robe put on in joy,
With head erect, yet trembling knees,
We entered as a College boy:
The "Red Barn" sending forth its spawn
To flounder on the Campus lawn.

VII.

Then down we sat before the Prex,
Or bust returned from Barnum's show,
Named after some old Roman Rex
That all the world was s'posed to know;
And one I watched with deep respect,
As oft he murmured, "Nice! Perfect!"

VIII.

Up to the Chapel then he went,
And pointed out where we must stay
And listen to the prayers they sent
For us to keep the narrow way;
But I was wise, the way was old,—
I should not stray and leave the fold.

IX.

And so I flew too near the light
And fell within the Sophomore's mesh,
Or wakened in the darksome night
To feel once more I was a "Fresh";
Until the year rolled round, and I
Laid up my tadpole gear to dry.

X.

A hat and cane I then put on,
Some mighty trumpet notes reeled off;
Then walked about like any don;
Was duly mustached *à la* "Soph";
And felt that all the world to me
Must homage pay in high degree.

XI.

The Junior year, I shed again
The garments I had worn before;
Held down my head in shame and pain
To think that I should know no more;
For "in that sense" my way was slow,
Before the sterner "Oh, no—no!"

XII.

A full-blown Senior I became,
And felt how great the world outside;
My soul within me now quite tame,
I floated forth upon the tide;
And beat against the brown and bare
Cold rocks that skirt the tempest's lair.

XIII.

And here to-day, in distant lands,
Beside Vesuvius' crater,
I strain my eyes, and lift my hands,
To my own, my Alma Mater;
And pray that she may lead aright
Her children till the morning light

XIV.

Shall clothe the hills in glad surprise,
And flood the valley with its glow;
The righteous of the Lord baptize,
And "pony riders" drive below,
Where "Bennie," "Dickey," "Tommy," "Prex,"
May ne'er the soul of mortal vex.

XV.

And when the fruitage, fully ripe,
Shall garnered be by hoary Time,
Without a wrinkle or a stripe,
May Alma Mater strike the chime,
And ringing through the false, the true,
Ring out a welcome e'en to you.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

EXEUNT.

"One step and then another, and the longest walk is ended."

ONE year ago we were puzzling our brains as to what we should write for editorials, and wondering where we were to get articles for ten numbers of the *STUDENT*. We had suddenly found an elephant on our hands and hardly knew what to do with it. But, remembering that we had to publish only one number of the magazine at a time, we took one step at a time, and now find ourselves at the end of our walk.

Among the recollections of our college course, the year '75 and its experiences will always hold a prominent position. We entered upon the year with many misgivings, and can not deny that we hail its close with feelings of joy and relief. The sandwiching in editorial work between regular and unavoidable college duties becomes at times monotonous and even disagreeable. If you don't believe it, try it yourself.

But we have made our complaints regularly and unsparingly, and will not bore our readers with any further account of our troubles. Though we have seen times when the prospect was dubious—and as it's always darkest just before light, so the last three months have been

our darkest—yet we have succeeded each month in laying before our readers a certain amount of reading matter in the form of essays, poems, attempts at jokes, college news, &c.; and the time has now come to hand over this work to '77.

Before we lay down the editorial pen for the last time, we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the many friends who have so kindly and ably assisted us during the year, and our forgiveness (yes, we think we can forgive them now) to those who so faithfully promised but failed to fulfill their promises. To the members of '76 we say: As far as we can learn, you have done more for the *STUDENT*, while in your charge, than either of the two preceding classes; at least you have contributed more. Not only the merit of your contributions, but especially your readiness to contribute, has far exceeded what we dared expect. The kind and valuable assistance which you have rendered will never be forgotten by those by whom it was so much needed.

And now a word as to the future of the *STUDENT*. It seems to us that it has been thus far little more than an experiment. The time has come for improvements, and there is certainly ample room. During the

first two years serial stories were published. This year, in accordance with the advice of many friends and especially of the class, we have published no story. This of course increased the work of the editors, since the size of the magazine was not lessened. The next editors can now judge which is the better course. Without changing the form of the *STUDENT*, there are other desirable improvements to be made, such as having a regular day of publication. But the editors alone can not do this. How can they always issue on a certain day of the month, if, just as they are getting ready for the press, one-half of their promised contributors send word that they can not furnish the promised articles? Under such circumstances, can it be wondered at that an article should occasionally appear which is no credit to the magazine?

Other points to be carefully considered by each class are the subscription price and the number of editors. At the present low subscription price, even with a large number of advertisements and the best of management, the *STUDENT* will not pay for itself. One dollar is perhaps all that its contents are really worth; but it should be remembered that there is not another college publication in the country of the same size whose subscription price is so low, while that of many of less size and cost, and even of less merit, is even higher. The class

that raises the price may lose a few subscribers, but we trust the step will be taken ere long.

Again, the *STUDENT* has the smallest board of editors of any college journal. In the first year only two editors were chosen, and this precedent has been almost unhesitatingly followed by the succeeding classes. As for ourselves, when we entered upon this work we did not know enough about it to judge whether two were enough or not; but, after one year's experience, we unhesitatingly give it as our opinion that the sooner the number is increased from two to three or even four, the better it will be for the *STUDENT*. The care is too great for two pairs of shoulders. To have that blue *STUDENT* before one's eyes day and night, is to have the blues of the worst sort. With so small a board of editors, either the magazine or studies must be neglected; and the tendency is, we think, to neglect the studies—in proof of which we refer, not to the excellences of the *STUDENT*, but to the depreciation of our rank bills.

Each class, however, will of course do as it thinks best. We make these suggestions from our interest in the future of the *STUDENT*, and as the result of our year's experience. The Junior class, following the established precedent, has chosen two editors and a manager—three men who, with the earnest co-operation of their class, have the ability and energy to make the *STU-*

DENT a success. For their encouragement we would say that the interest in the *STUDENT* is livelier, and the readiness to contribute for it is greater, each year.

Wishing the many friends and readers of the *STUDENT* a happy New Year, and the new editors the highest success, we wipe our editorial Spencerian, and, rising from this chair in which we have "rattled round" for the past year, cheerfully step down and out.

THOROUGHNESS.

Every thoughtful student must realize, as he draws near the end of his course of study,—and well would it be if he realized it at the beginning,—how much he has lost by not being more thorough in the studies that he has passed over. "Slow, but sure," is the motto of too few, either in business or study. Many of the greatest and most successful men the world has ever known, say that the secret of their success lay in fully mastering one thing before passing to another. Now, if thoroughness is essential to success anywhere, it certainly is in study. A course of study is a chain in which every link should be most carefully forged, since each link depends upon the preceding, and the strength and value of the chain upon all the links combined.

It is the opinion of many of our ablest educators that four years is too short a time for anything like

thorough work in the many studies crowded into the common curriculum of American colleges. How important, then, that each student should see to it that he masters as completely as possible each study while it is a part of his daily work. Then, if ever, is the time for thorough work. Then is the time for interest and enthusiasm in the work, and then we have valuable assistance. But the study once laid aside, other things demand our time and attention, and our interest is gone. Every student knows that if he enters college poorly fitted, he will realize the fact throughout his whole course. Ask any student, who in his preparatory course has neglected the careful study of his Latin and Greek grammars, if he does not feel the need of a thorough acquaintance with these books in reading Livy and Thucydides. But it seems to us that this need of thorough work is seen more plainly in the study of mathematics. In the languages, as studied in most of our colleges, the same rules are applied and illustrated so constantly and in such similar ways that most students with very little real study soon retain them sufficiently for the reading of the works commonly read. But in mathematics there is a more perceptible advancement. More new rules and principles are constantly developed, and each one depends upon the preceding. In passing from one branch or text-book to

another, the first must be thoroughly mastered or the second can not be. Slight geometry, and you feel the effects in trigonometry. Slight trigonometry, and the effect is felt in mechanics. Slight analytics and mechanics, and the effect is felt in astronomy. And so on *ad infinitum*, slight the rudiments of any branch, and the effect is seen during all the time spent upon the study.

But since we all know this, why is it that we are not more thorough in our studies? Partly on account of man's natural aversion to labor, and partly on account of the tendency to superficiality developed and fostered by American habits, or *rushing* through everything, whether business, pleasure, or study. How shall we avoid this superficiality? Evidently by closer application. By more careful preparation of lessons, and by stricter attention to recitations of classmates and explanations of instructors. How often we hear it said on the way to recitation, "I've read this over once." This, no doubt, is sometimes the result of unreasonably long assignments, but oftener the result of spending an unreasonably small amount of time upon the assignment. With such study no one can expect to be thorough. Again, there are very few students but that occasionally, and some of us oftener, might as well be a hundred miles from college as in the recitation room, as to any benefit they are deriving from the exercises.

Now all this is generally the result of thoughtlessness, and can be corrected with care; and the sooner one begins, the easier the reform and the more beneficial the result. Another salutary method of avoiding this superficiality would be for each student to carefully review by himself, or with his chum, all points of a lesson not clearly understood in recitation. A few minutes spent in this way each day would produce grand results by the close of the year. With such careful instruction and frequent reviews as we have at Bates we can blame no one but ourselves for our lack of thoroughness.

THAT PENNANT.

Unfailing source of dispute and editorials! Better far than the old fable of the gnat and the lion dost thou illustrate that small bodies may have great power. How monotonous would have been college life this fall, had it not been for thee! True, we might have had more scrip in our pockets, had it not been for thy fascinating influence.

It seems we are never to be allowed to feast our eyes upon the beauteous folds of that pennant. We are never to see it waving in the gentle zephyrs that breathe over our campus. Our hopes that we should see it hanging in beautiful folds upon the walls of our club room are "blasted hopes." Can it be that this pennant is all a myth, a

dream, a delusion, a mere creature of the phantasy? We only know that \$5 went from Bates to Portland to aid in purchasing a flag or streamer, to be played for by certain clubs. That streamer is said to be lingering among the "whispering pines" at Brunswick. We have visited Bowdoin twice this fall, and even been admitted to the B. B. Club rooms; but no streamer have we seen. Perhaps it is laid away under lock and key when Bates boys are in town. The Bates nine have fairly defeated the Bowdoin; but that far-famed, deep-sighted, unprejudiced, and justice-loving Judiciary Committee say that we can't have that piece of bunting. Perhaps we have mistaken, but we supposed that the streamer was to be given to the club playing the best game; but as the Committee gave no other reason for their decision, we are forced to conclude that it is given to the club losing the most games; if so, the Bowdoin certainly are entitled to it.

After a long delay, not on the part of the Bates boys, but rather on the part of the officers of the State Association, three of the Judiciary Committee met at the Preble House, Portland, Nov. 29th. Delegates were present from each of the two clubs, to represent their respective cases. The representatives from Bates stated to the Committee that a game of ball was played between two clubs belonging to the State Association and governed by the

rules of that Association—one club known as the Bowdoin College Club, the other as the Bates College Club—it being understood that the winning club was to have the championship pennant; but that the Bates having fairly won, the Bowdoin refused to give up the flag. The gentleman from Bowdoin admitted that no rules were violated in the game; but said that there was on the Bates nine a man not yet admitted to College, and that this was the only point that the Bowdoin did or could raise—admitting that if this man could be allowed to play, Bates fairly won the game. The Bates representative then endeavored to show to the Committee how closely this man was connected with the College, but that this had nothing to do with the case; that these two clubs were not to be considered as College clubs, but as State clubs; that unless the Bates club had violated some rule of the Association they were entitled to the streamer.

The Committee asked but one question, viz., whether the man objected to by the Bowdoin had played upon the Bates club before, and were told that he had played with them on five match games, no objection ever being raised except by the Bowdoin.

The Committee were then left to themselves, and in a few minutes reported that they had decided in favor of the Bowdoin; but did not state on what grounds, or whether

the vote was unanimous,—being in a great hurry, and “couldn’t stop to talk.” Sufficient, however, was said to show that they could cite no rule which had been violated by Bates, and that one of the Committee had a prejudice against us—was afraid that we have already too many privileges, etc.; and as one of the Committee was a member of Bowdoin College, it is not surprising that the case was decided as it was.

Well, boys, you have been, not defeated, but *gouged*; and we advise you to have nothing more to do with this State Association. You certainly ought not to restrict yourselves to students in the College proper, so long as there is a man in the Latin School who is a good player and willing to play.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Many college editors complain of the tediousness of reading and reviewing their exchanges. Well, if you find it so tiresome and unpleasant as some of you pretend, why do it? There is nothing compulsory about it; and if you find nothing in your exchanges worthy of comment, favorable or unfavorable, this work is certainly a waste of time, paper, and ink. If done merely to “fill up” it must indeed be tedious. As for ourselves, had it not been for the encouragement, pleasure, and profit derived from our literary visitors, we should have been completely discouraged at the very outset of

our editorial career. Through these exchanges we feel that we have formed quite an intimate acquaintance with many of the great army of American colleges. We have been enabled to form some idea of the relations between instructors and students, and of the methods of study in these institutions. Had it not been for our connection with the *STUDENT* we might never have heard of some of those great Universities of the South and West, some of which institutions seem to have sprung up in a single night, and the next morning issued a *Gazette*, or *Herald*, or *Chronicle*, or *Record*. We give below a list of our exchanges.

Cornell Era, *Alumni Journal*, *Yale Literary Magazine*, *Union College Magazine*, *Targum*, *University Herald*, *Pucker Quarterly*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Hesperian Student*, *Brunonian*, *College Spectator*, *College Olio*, *Mulhisenensis*, *Univ. Press*, *Oxford Undergraduates' Journal*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Chronicle*, *Dennison Collegian*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *College Argus*, *Univ. Record*, *High School Monthly*, *Capitol*, *Alumnae Quarterly*, *Alabama Univ. Monthly*, *Scholastic*, *Archangel*, *College Journal*, *Crimson*, *Triad*, *Transcript*, *College Herald*, *Lehigh Journal*, *Niagara Index*, *Chronicle*, *Univ. Review*, *Tyro*, *Aurora*, *Ewing Review*, *Philomathean*, *McKendree Repository*, *College Mercurey*, *Raven*, *Amherst Student*, *Dartmouth*, *Lewiston Gazette*, *American Newspaper Reporter*, *Alfred Student*, *Irving Union*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *Eurhetorian Argosy*, *High School Budget*, *Univ. Monthly*, *High School*, *Tyro*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *Tripod*, *Aurora*, *Central Collegian*, *Seminary Budget*, *Purdue*, *Volante*, *College Journal*, *Old and New*.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A WILL teach with the "centennial shank," that lasts "A" hundred years.

An "Ex." says of an alumnus that he is "sweetening death as a life insurance agent."

Which is worse—to have Rhetorical Exercises in the evening, or the day after the term closes?

"Jupiter presents numerous phases to us, but the distance is so great that they are not visible."

Prof.—"What is phantasy?" Student—"When the spirit—well, if the imagination—whenever the sensorium—what is the question, sir?"

"Seek-we-hairs" has purchased a shovel and two cats, preparatory to taking his "diminutive course in theology," just long enough to make sermons.

The Portland *Press* states that the Freshmen have burned "Thuyedicdes," and also notices the prize declamation of the "Nicholas Latin Academy."

A student making up Zoölogy described the whale as the largest of fishes. Prof.—"Ah—no—is the whale a fish?" Student—"That's what Jonah called it."

Our friend Hayes, the grocer, says that as he has no sons to send, he wouldn't object to having his sign go to college, if it had not come back so badly "cracked."

A high-school teacher, Miss S., who frequently finds errors in text books, remarks upon a print in Hadley that she must write and call the author's attention to his error. Pupil—"Beg pardon, the mail don't go to Hades."

As a Soph. handed his last "paper rag" to the Treasurer of the B. B. Association, he staggered that official with the following: "How do I thus show that I am a poet?" "Give it up." "Because I show that I am devoted to the 'Nine.'"

Evidence of ill feeling between classmates always pains us, and we were especially grieved recently to see two long-haired Seniors in the lecture room twining their fingers in each other's auburn locks and twisting and pulling like any vi-ragos.

A metaphysically inclined Senior recently attended a gathering where he indulged in Copenhagen. He is now eager to discuss the question: "Is a kiss a subject-object or an object-object?" He is certain that it

is a psychical act or state, and is evanescent; but he doubts its being intellectual.

During a clerical conference the following conversation was heard between two newsboys: "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here all together?" "Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meet once a year, to swap sermons."

A Freshman asks why a Theologue, going away Saturday night and returning Monday morning, must always carry a huge satchel and an umbrella, no matter how short the trip or pleasant the weather. Rash youth! seek not to penetrate such sacred mysteries.

A professor, commenting on a student's essay in psychology, said: "You have given the class a very good introduction to the subject, I think." The student thinks, if he succeeded in doing that, he ought to have perfect rank and a protracted holiday for the rest of his course.

Chemistry has hitherto designated sulphur by the symbol "S"; but as our biblical research has led us to believe that the sulphur of futurity will be radically changed from its present normal temperature and chemical characteristics, we propose as a formula, both new, interesting, and suggestive, " $\text{HE}(\text{L})$."—*Univ. Press.*

Scene—an examination. Tutor sees a mysterious and suspicious-looking paper fall to the floor. He also sees an opportunity to distinguish himself. Cautiously he advances to the attack, and captures the paper. He reads: "*Sold again.*"—*Dartmouth.*

We learn that a German chemist has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of saw-dust. We are friends to the temperance movement and want it to succeed, but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence rail?—*Ex.*

The Judiciary Committee of the State Association of Base-Ball Players held a meeting at the Preble House in Portland, Monday afternoon, to decide the disputed game between the Bowdoin and Bates college clubs for the State championship. Both clubs were ably represented at the meeting, and after a full hearing the Committee decided to award the championship to Bowdoin.—*Ex.*

No remarks are necessary over this decision, as all interested in base-ball matters know the truth of the thing. But we do not see how the boys can possibly derive any enjoyment from the pennant they are allowed to keep, unless they have the happy faculty of enjoying themselves over their own funeral.—*Lewiston Gazette.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE Fall term closed Friday, Nov. 19th. Vacation of six weeks.

Oxford has 504 Freshmen, and Cambridge 687.

Syracuse University is opposed to college boating.

Cornell has a crew in training for the next regatta.

Middlebury College proposes to organize a rifle team.

A Swedish college is to be established at Knoxville, Ill.

The University of Copenhagen has opened its doors to women.

Prof. E. P. Smith has declined the Professorship of Latin at Oberlin.

All the apparatus of the natural history school at Penikese has been sold at auction.

An unusually small number of students had engaged schools at the close of the term.

Dr. Matthews, formerly of this State, has resigned his professorship in Chicago University.

Forty students have been expelled from Princeton for belonging to a society which was opposed by the Faculty.

Maine State Agricultural College has an attendance of 125 students, and a larger Freshman class than either of the other colleges in the State.

Several students were lately arrested at Dartmouth for assaulting an auctioneer. The prisoners were escorted to their trial by over 400 of their fellow students.

The Dartmouth boys, unlike the Bates, did not think best to play the Tufts at foot-ball until they had learned the game. Together with the fever and the book-store man, the Dartmouth boys have had a hard time.

The annual auction sale of the Reading Room magazines and papers occurred Nov. 12th. The bids did not run quite so high as last year, but the result was very satisfactory. Several new and valuable additions have been made to the already large list of periodicals to be found upon the table and rack.

The Freshmen cremated Thucydides at the close of the term. The funeral pyre was erected upon David's summit. An oration and poem were delivered, and a touching farewell paid to the departing shades of

the great historian. A policeman, attracted by the light and music, appeared upon the scene; but the boys say he was harmless.

And now quiet old Colby has had its little excitement. A Junior took unto himself a wife, and was of course serenaded by the boys. After the regular exercises, the boys on their way home could not refrain from an occasional shake of the bell and blast of the horn; all which disturbed the slumbers and roused the ire of the peaceful and order-loving citizens of sleepy little Waterville.

At Dartmouth, the term bills amount to \$70; at Brown, \$85; at Williams, \$80 to \$95; at Yale, \$140; at Harvard, \$150.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Cady Stanton has two daughters at Vassar whom she intends to make examples for the world. One is to enter the ministry, the other the legal profession.—*Ex.*

At an entertainment at Weare, N. H., Friday night, a pistol accidentally discharged came near ending the lives of Mr. H. S. Cowell, Principal of the Seminary, and a lady—the bullet narrowly missing both.—*Boston Herald.*

There's a moral there, boys. Hervey, you know, was always to be found close to the ladies.

Plans have been drawn for an observatory at Bates College, to be erected on the summit of Mt. David, at a cost of \$10,000. It will be 32×32, of brick, with wings. The dome will be movable on cannon-balls, with a slit for a \$20,000 telescope. The college asks Lewiston and Auburn to raise \$10,000 to erect the building. All but about \$13,500 of the \$300,000 endowment fund of the college has been raised.—*Gazette.*

The *National Teacher's Monthly* has the following upon memorizing: "The practice of considering everything deliberately, of attempting to recite matter imperfectly learned, of putting memory's burdens on the back of reasoning, which prevails in our schools and colleges, has resulted in our public speakers being guilty of disgraceful drawling, repetition, and hesitation, for which the more disgraceful written discourse is the usual remedy. Your ready, fluent, graceful, extemporaneous speakers are really those who in youth trained their memory in spite of the sneers of schoolmasters and the laxity of the schools. Say what you may, grace and fluency in delivery, pointed paragraphs, rounded periods, and, better than all, the trick of stopping when one is done, can be attained only by training the memory for ready recitation at school."

PERSONALS.

'70.—W. E. C. Rich has been elected Usher in the Lawrence Grammar School, Boston, Mass.

'73.—E. A. Smith is on the editorial staff of the *Morning Star*, Dover, N. H.

'74.—H. H. Acterian is preaching at West Gardiner, Me.

'74.—J. H. Hoffman is in the Bangor Theological Seminary.

'74.—C. S. Frost supplies the pulpit of the Free-Baptist Church at Gardiner, Me.

'74.—Robert Given has recently closed a successful term of school at Bowdoinham, and contemplates a trip West for his health.

'75.—H. F. Giles is at his home in Sanbornton, N. H.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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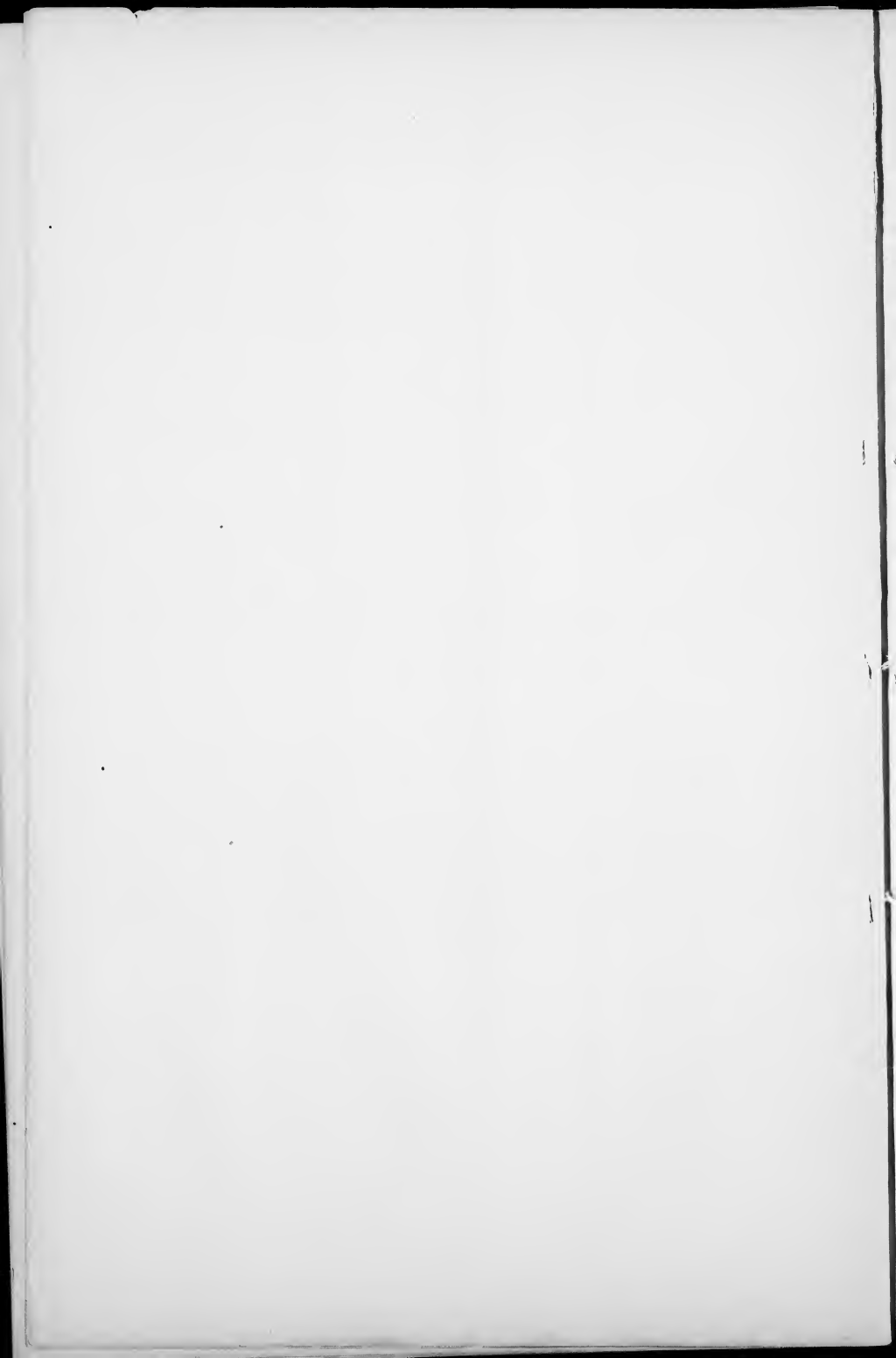
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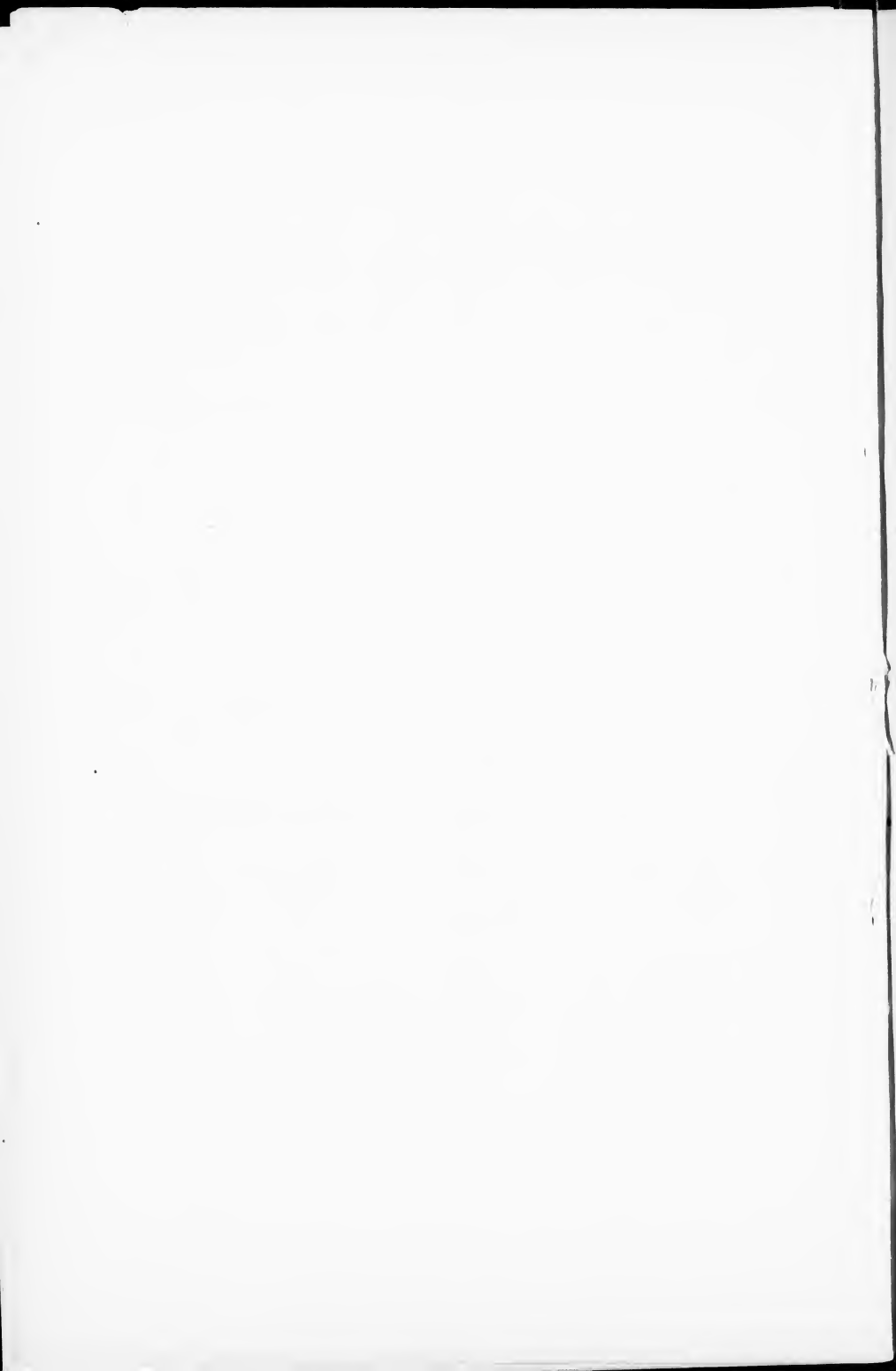
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